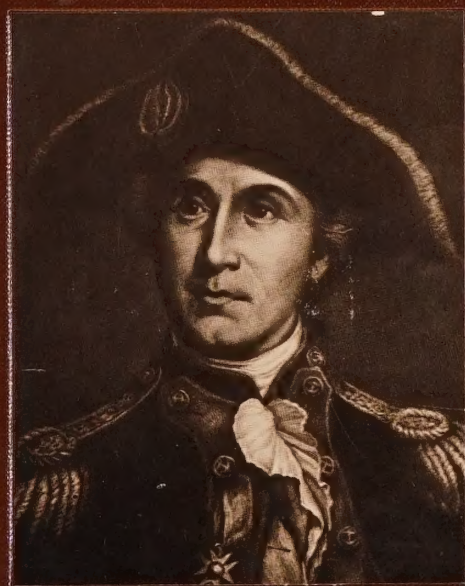




Archives, U. S. Naval Academy,

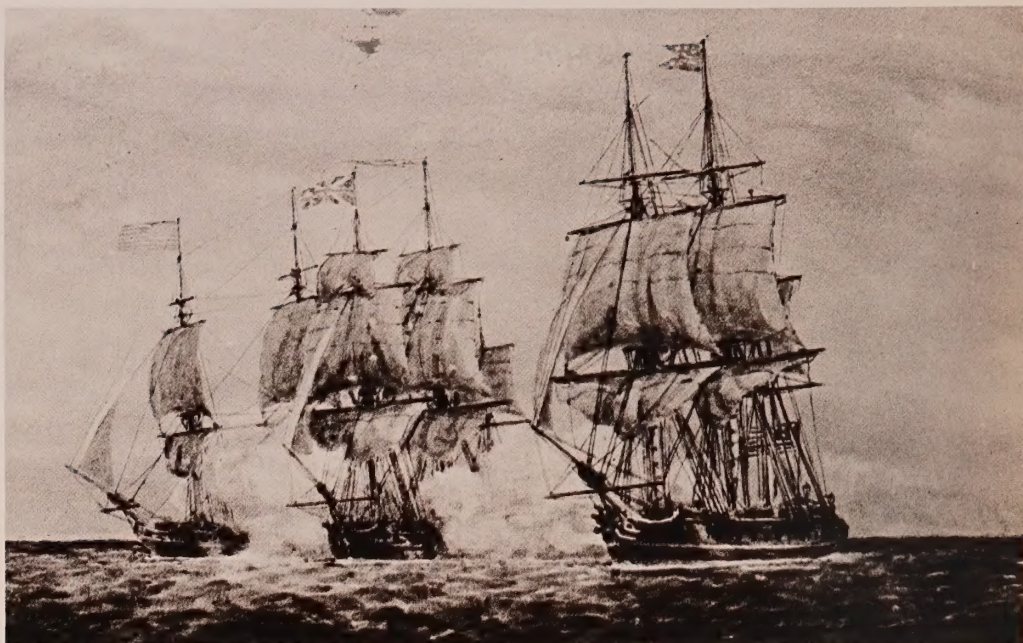
It is by no means enough that an officer of the Navy should be a capable mariner. He must be that of course, but also a great deal more. He should be as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor.

He should be the soul of tact, patience, justice, firmness, and charity. No meritorious act of a subordinate should escape his attention or be left to pass without its reward, even if the reward is only a word of approval. Conversely, he should not be blind to a single fault in any subordinate, though, at the same time, he should be quick and unfailing to distinguish error from malice, thoughtlessness from incompetency, and well meant shortcoming from heedless or stupid blunder.

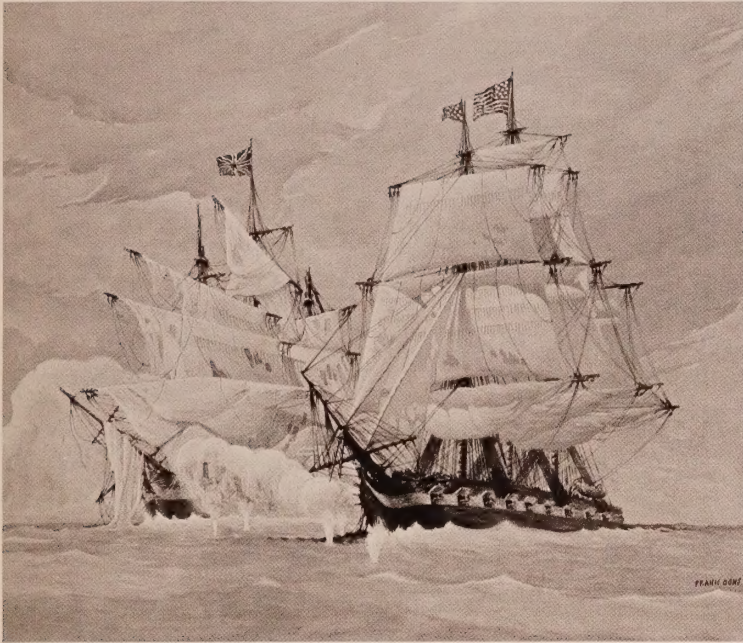
John Paul Jones



OUR NAVY

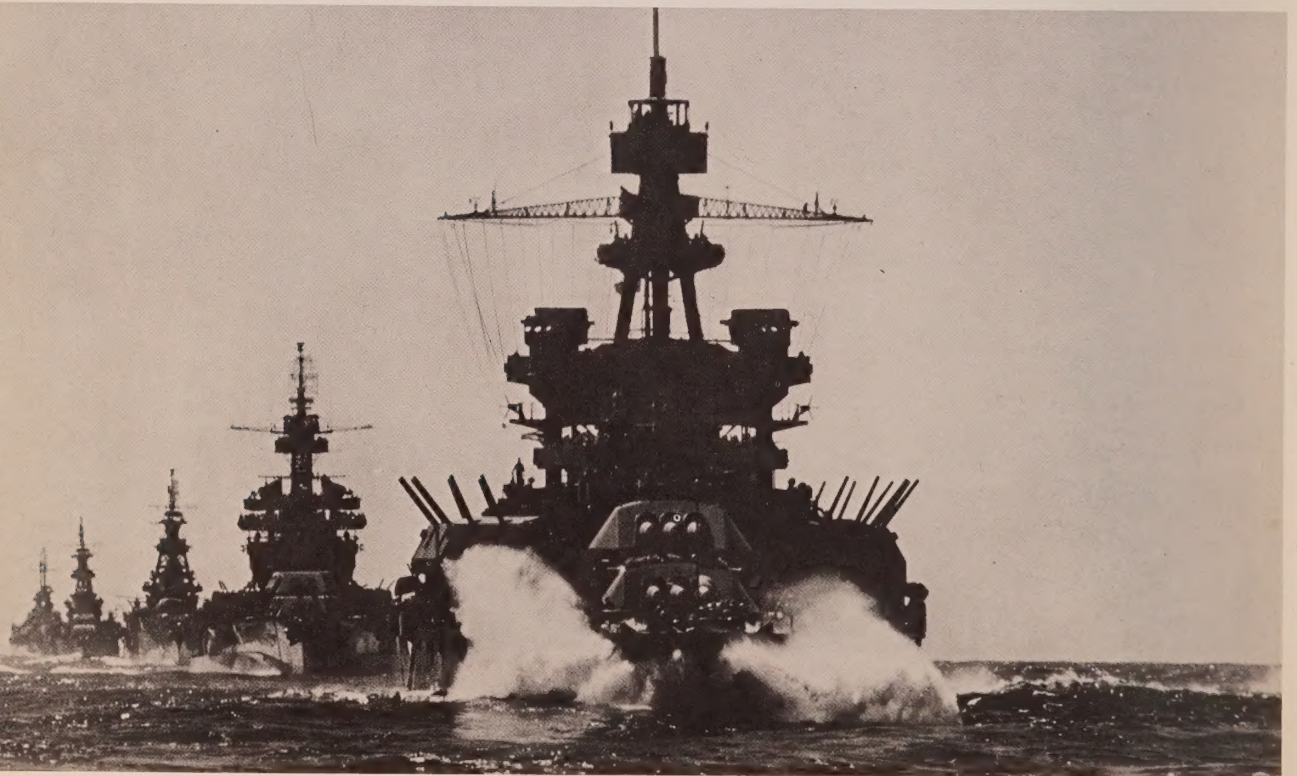


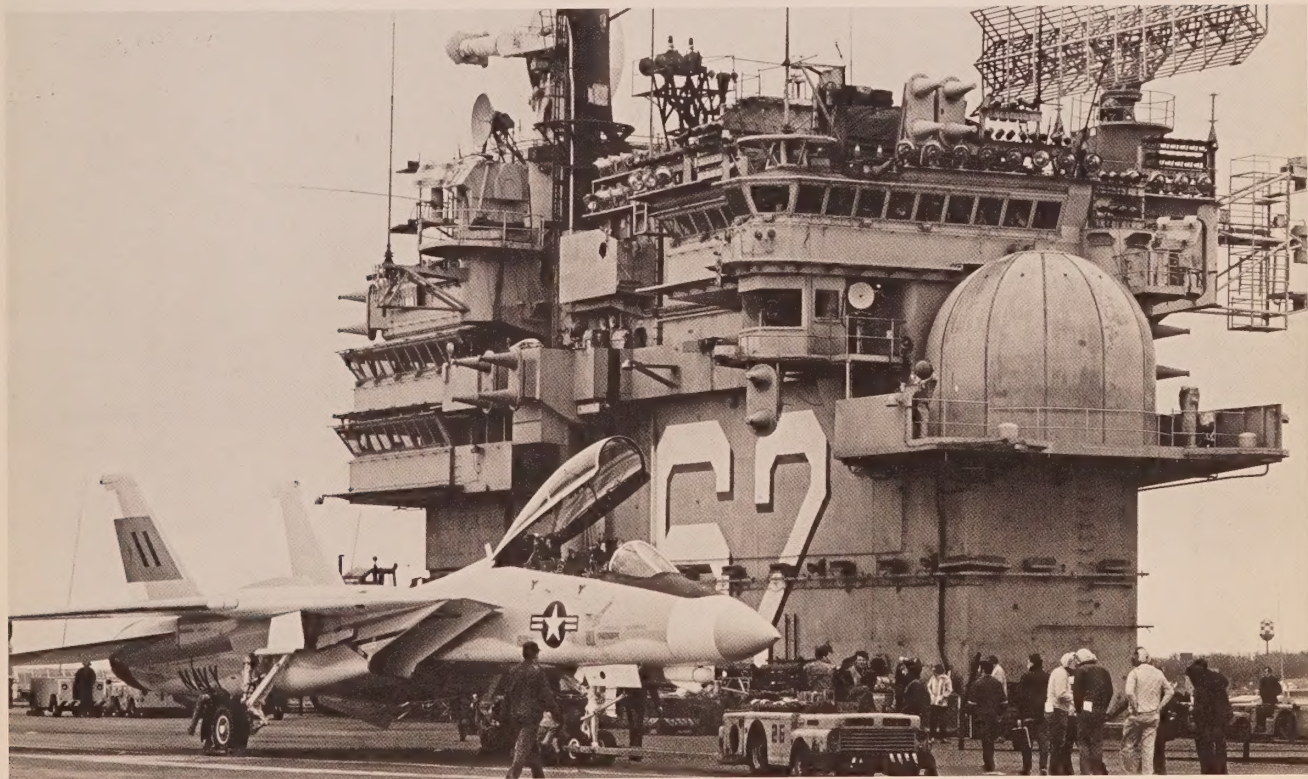
IT ALL BEGAN

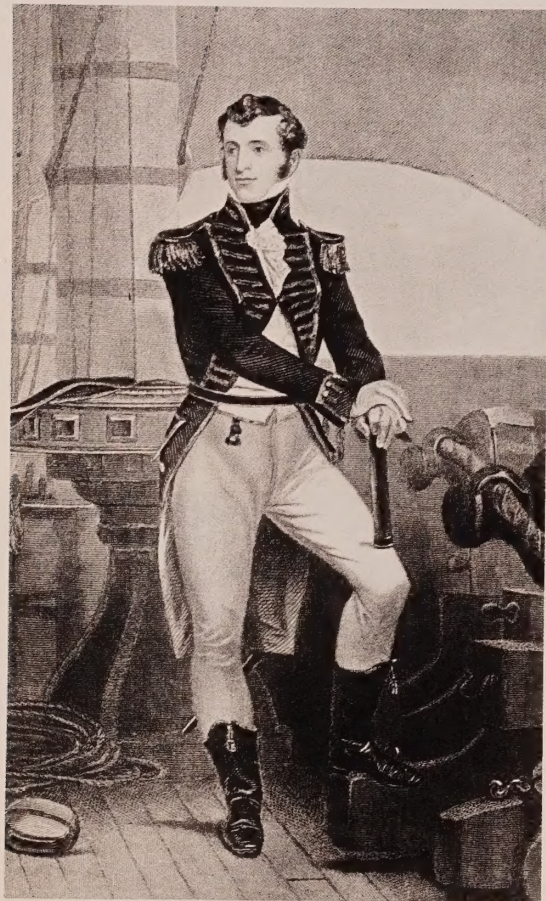


200 YEARS AGO

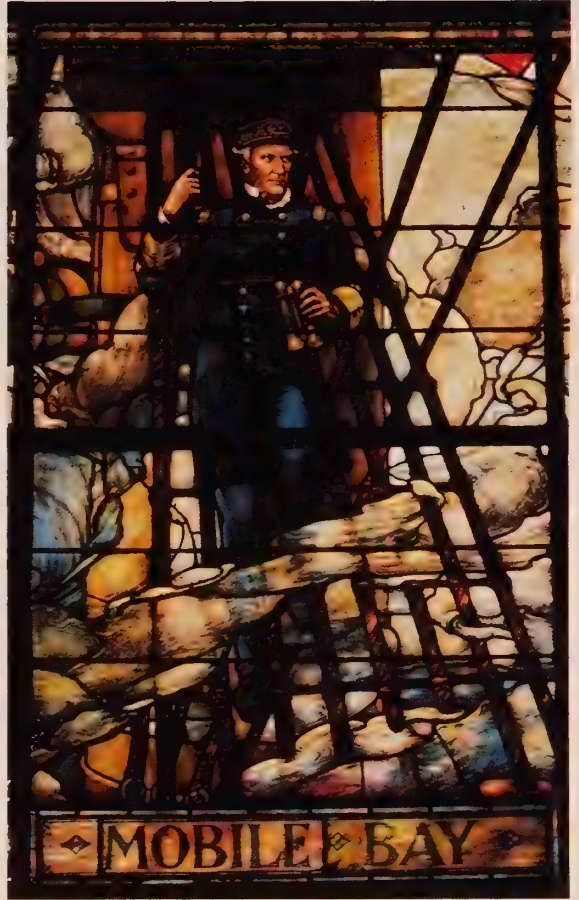
*AND
GREW*

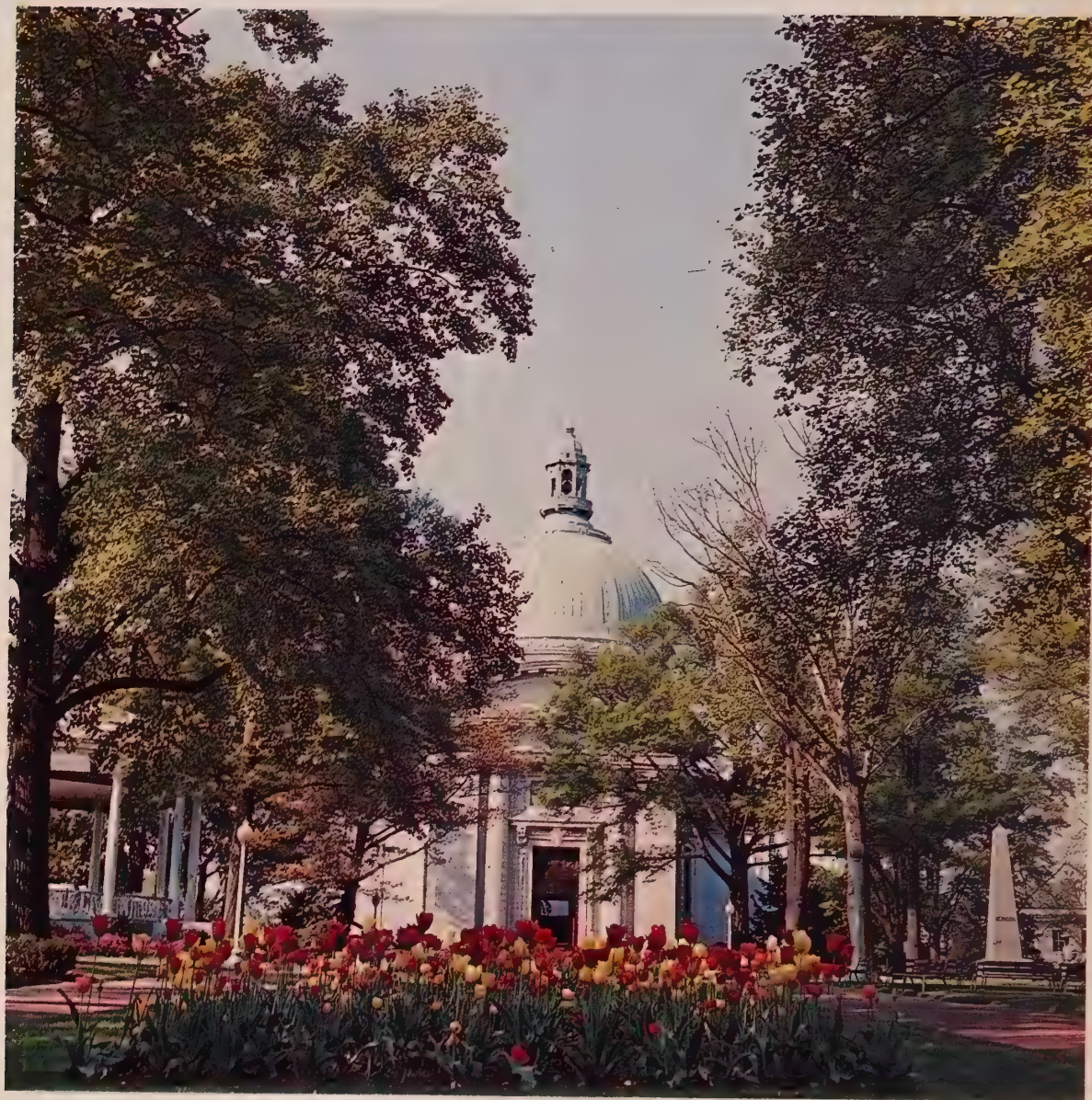






BUT IT NEEDED LEADERS





AND IT STILL DOES





The Class of Nineteen Seventy-Six of

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

PRESENTS

THE BICENTENNIAL EDITION OF

THE LUCKY BAG

EDITOR NICHOLAS E. KARANGELEN

MANAGING EDITOR ERIC S. GARDNER

BUSINESS MANAGER RICHARD D. HEPBURN





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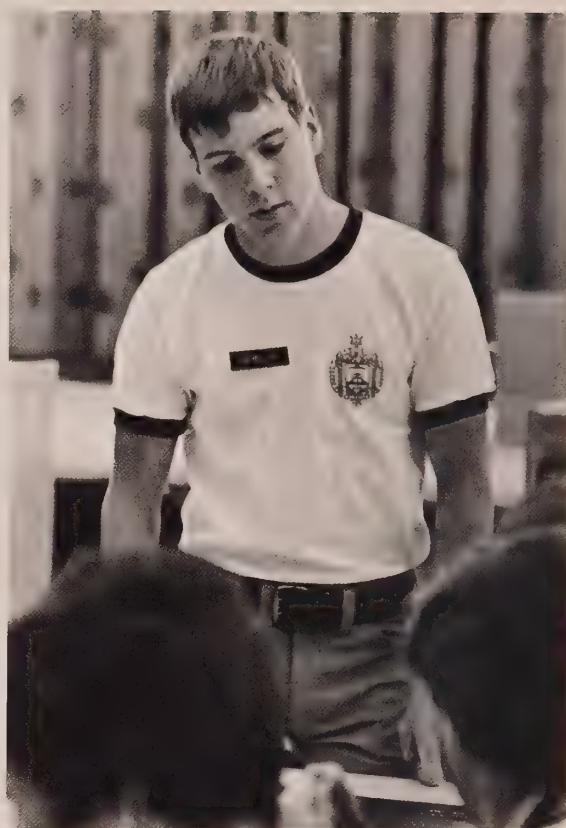
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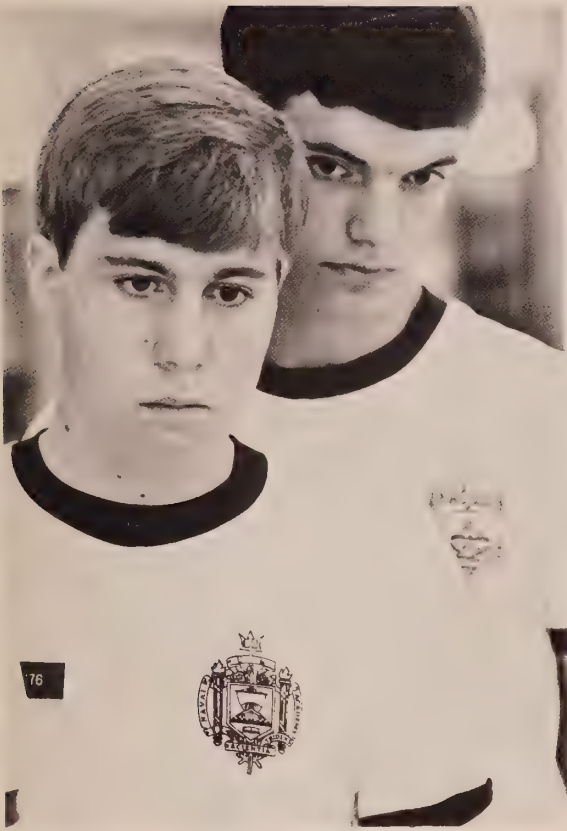
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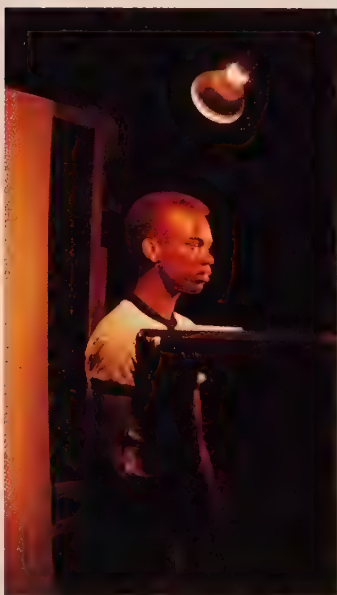


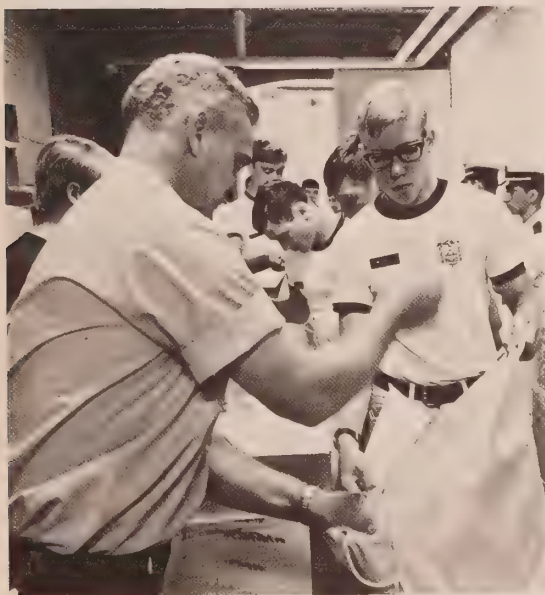
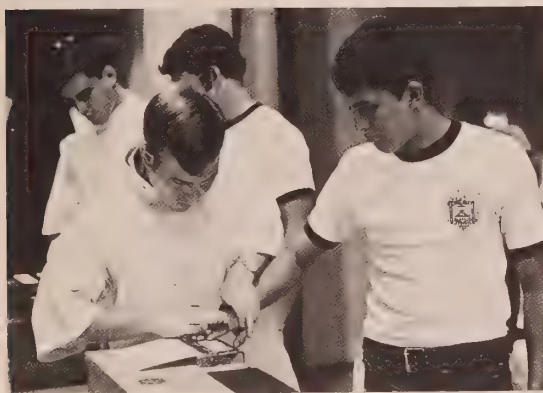












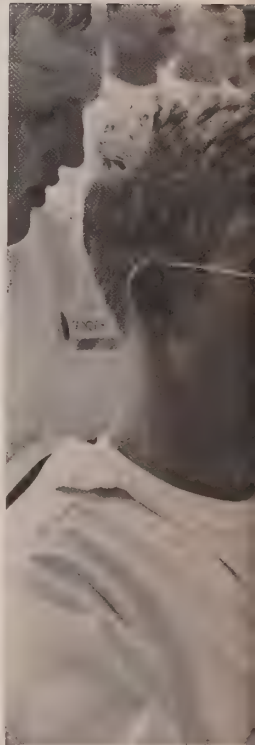
Today I watched the Plebes walking down the Hall, moving slowly down the middle of the passageway, eyes straight ahead. They looked, I suppose, as Plebes always have looked — embalmed. That aspect of Plebe year, the staring, slightly frightened, lost eyes has not changed. But so much else has, so damn much.

We're firsties now, seniors at Annapolis. It seems so strange. It was two seconds and a thousand years ago that I watched sweat drip from my armpits to the ground during my own Plebe Summer. It was hot then, strange and different. I never understood quite all of it, and I suppose few of us did. We ran everywhere, shouting, singing, wondering. Looking back, the Kaleidoscope closes down and blurs with the memories. "Pep", the wet slickness of cold grass as we lay looking at the sky, straining over sit-ups. Or the sodden taste of cotton in our mouths at the end of the day-opening runs. Did anyone like it? I guess we all did. And I guess we all didn't.

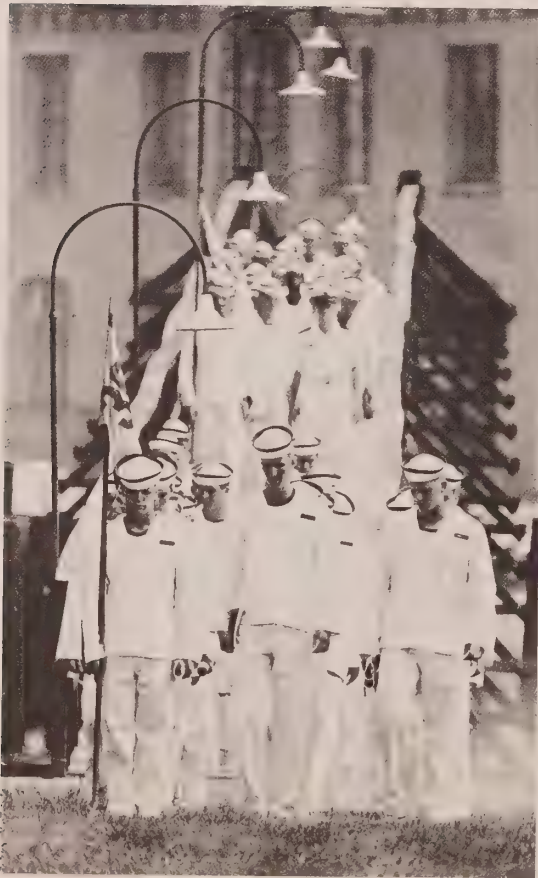
Breakfast was soggy cornflakes that never settled right, since we always knew that boxing was coming up right after. The days, my God, the way they kept running and running past. I can still close my eyes and remember the shiny newness of myself, learning for the first time that all was not wine, roses and unbroken triumph. Even then we began to hear the names, the people that would become personalities, become well-known for one reason or another. The kid that always asked questions at the etiquette lectures was one. The guy that had been on the talk show before he got here that the firsties had seen. He called it a "summer camp." The legends began back then, in the shiny newness of each other. The football team was already getting the breaks, already we knew that some of us would do better than others. All we had then was the sorry ritual of story-telling, talking around the cokes in the sticky rooms, boasting of beautiful women, laughing at the already famous and infamous classmates, wishing that we weighed more and could play football and get out of the last two weeks of the summer. The shiny newness began to tarnish about then I suppose. In each company we made the discovery that we all weren't going to get along, no matter what the firsties told us about having to pull together. The friendships were forming and the hatreds as well. Like the first discovery of a blemish, we each found someone to love — and someone to hate. Cliques, the endless, formless, amoeba-like alliances of any service academy started to gel.













I think back and see it all again, all over again.

We all left women behind. Take a moment, right now and remember the last time you kissed the girl you started Plebe summer with. It was more than likely a kiss of goodbye, a bittersweet last tasting of love, the after taste of a once-sweet wine. She took part of your newness away with her. And you'll never see that particular part of your innocence again, even if you wanted to.

I don't remember exactly the day the Brigade came back. I only remember the meals for the first few days, when all I had to eat was potato skins and onion rings that fell from the pan. It was a strange time. Bits were being added to the legend all the time, as names of professors now began to play their frustrating songs to each of us. Chemistry, Calculus – we paid our money and took our chances, winning occasionally and often losing badly. Soon though, there were more names to tell of in the night time, in the talks after the lights had flicked dead. The smart ones now. The guy that just got A's. That's all – just A's. The one that was smarter than God. Sure, they were all there for the talking. To admire, despise, to wish for their gifts. There were people then who worked for a day that even now, as I write this, hasn't come – graduation. They knew somehow that grades was the panacea at Navy, the ultimate metaphor for performance, the tipping of the scales. And they got the grades.

The cliques got stronger every day. The friends, the roommates, plans for cross-visits over Christmas, sub-runs on Saturday afternoon, the gouge, the set-up for the Christmas dance – the patterns, the seeds of friends planted and begun. The petty jealousies and hatreds begun too. "Smack", "sweat", "bead", the incantations of dislike are as endless as the platitudes of admiration. The bad grease chits or the good ones, even the forgotten middle, the silent majority of each company already defied unto itself into an almost unshakable hierarchy that finally came down to "good guy" or "smack." The newness was wearing thin, buckling at the edges, and we could almost tell that the shine wasn't going to fool anyone for long, not even ourselves.





Plebe year ended, as all plebe years finally do. We had changed. We were finally at our childhood's end, to borrow a phrase from Arthur Clarke. No more the simple, single track responses of a Midshipman Fourth Class. Youngster Cruise was upon us, and so with gleams in our eyes and bags across our backs we went down to the sea in ships, as thousands must have before us. The ships weren't the best. But the places these ugly grey hulls carried us to were indeed worth the going down. The merchants of Hong Kong, the lights of Germany, the streets of Tokyo, the laughing women of England, the con-artists of Hawaiian alleys, and everywhere the beer. We drank and saw and drank and loved and drank and drank across half of Europe and the Far East. No one would ever, we felt sure, accuse of us of innocence again. Cruise was, I guess, the usual mixture of exhilaration, of living on the edge on tomorrow and the low life depressions that can associate themselves with that peculiar kind of frenzy.

The legends continued. Some fell in love with the exotic, others with the Navy. Some loved the feel of the bridge, the night lights on the horizons, the roll in the storm, the sweaty closeness of a ship. Others danced with relief everytime we tied up at another port. Learning, always learning, but we just went to different teachers and seemed to study different subjects. At the end of the summer was leave. Back to parents and girlfriends, back to high school friends who weren't sure of us anymore. We had dropped from the cycles, and this was the time most of us learned it. No more easy talk about the high school crowd. They were either too scattered or too strung out to talk about it. Strangely, it began to be time to return to Bancroft again, this time as upperclass. I doubt that any of felt new anymore, or shiny. Parents didn't fuss this time when we left. The girl you kissed and said goodbye to this time was no doubt different, and you didn't promise to write with the same fervent promises of a year ago. It was time to be cool.

And that, in the final analysis, was youngster year. A time to be cool, distant and detached. No position, no responsibilities in the system. A time to sleep in your uniform, get fried for bad haircuts your roommate gave you with a Norelco the night before, a time for finding the good bars and the cheap bars, a time to meet the local women. It was, for most, a lonely time, a long time. Standing in Annapolis, walking around, wondering. It was a time, above all to wonder. At the end of the year the options ended, and it became time to make the ante, to raise the bid. We were honestly going to stay after that year was over. Like the Cincinnati kid, we had to take a long look at the cards, finger your chips, talk about the options, swear we were going to leave, and finally – if you were like most of us – stay. For it is hard to leave, hard to turn your back on friends, familiarities, and even on the immense idiosyncrasies of a place that has been home for two years. Harder in the doing than it seems to be in the talking anyway.

And so on into second class summer you stayed, and so did I, and so did most of us. Through that red-carpet month, shuttled from base to base like itinerant wastrels, checking out tennis courts and O-Clubs, meeting the inevitable friends of a single kind night, and one night only, learning about the Navy, and again wondering. But now not wondering about leaving – for you were going to stay. No, now you wondered about service selection. You saw the fine dining in Newport, the sleek grey cruiser, so unlike last summer's LPD's. The Marines taught you the taste the dirt and the smell of sweat and K-rations, and in Pensacola, a few of us learned that flying was not so glamorous with an air-stick bag full to bursting point. New London was the tower of water and two-day ride of a submarine that became a round of sleeping and eating the endless ice-cream cones.

Then it was back to USNA for ACTRAMID. It couldn't be as bad as everyone had told you it was going to be. But it was, in fact it was worse. We got fried for lack of everything from pillow cases to haircuts, and just about anything in between. We rode the YP's to Little Creek, learning, always learning.





You know, the most important thing for all of us has been the people. The quiet bitch sessions under the lamps in Plebe summer, the laughter on the soccer field, the total together yelling at the ball games – it wasn't the visual event, or the sound. It was always the people. The cruises were always special. You met friends, people you knew would be always special in their turn. The guy you knew would bail you out of jail at 2 a.m., or loan you money, or share a cigarette or a girl or a joke or a good story. They were always there, always keeping you going. The roommate with the food from his girl and the stupid jokes, the guy down the hall who finally got four stripes after trying a little too hard for all four years, the five-time N star winner and the hall rat, the genius and the gouge hunter, the cassanova and the guy who went to mass every morning. The guys from Montana and New York and New Jersey and California. The guys on the ships, in the pews ahead of you in Chapel, sitting behind you in wires, in front of you at lectures, next to you at a bar in Subic Bay. It was always the people, the Mids, the *friends*.

Second Class year was a jolt for some, a graceful leap onto the stage for others. Most, as is the usual case, found an untempered middle ground, and always, did their job quietly. Talked to the plebes, shined their shoes, got their uniforms pressed, got C's in wires, weps, and steam, bemoaned the lack of a car and just stayed good. Some bought cars, hid them, and got caught. Others were lucky. Washington was starting to be discovered as transportation became available. The "run" to D.C. became the new standby, and the bars in Annapolis were suddenly crowded with youngsters. Visits from the ladies were handled farther and farther afield from the Academy itself, and I think they were seriously disappointed that they couldn't see us in uniforms. But we just spent too much time in that black and white label.

The courses were getting tougher, and the academic boards had been cutting our numbers right along. The threat of that omnipotent presence was enough to keep many of us in on some weekends, but for the most part we broke loose with a regular schedule.









I came here a long while ago, four years ago. We have walked some long roads in the ensuing years, teaching each other, liking and hating each other, watching and wondering. High Points? Have to say graduation first. Then the Herndon moment, that static burst of pure exhilaration when the hat finally dropped down. I imagine everyone has felt the rush of conning at night, of watching the lights bleeding into the horizon. The Ring Dance is in there somewhere, and watching the 51-0 game. Lows? A lot, but mostly little moments, difficult to put together. Taken together, they would be a harsh tapestry of burlap, a cloth that burned and irritated, but never really got under the skin. Getting fried for eating a piece of cheese before seats, opening that first "Dear John" letter, getting laughed at by friends for short hair. Nothing major, but they exist all the same, an imutable part of the picture that is us.

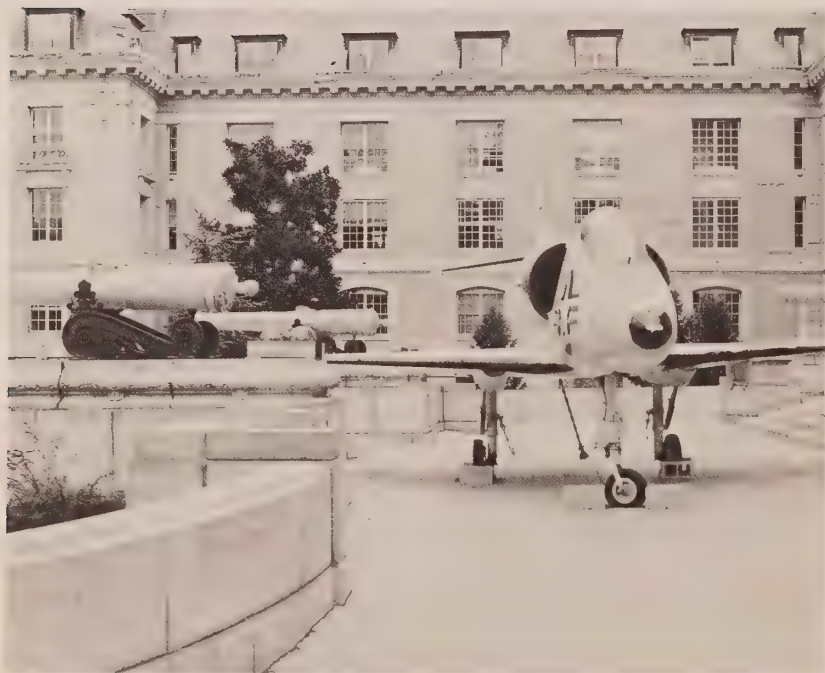
I ramble on and on, don't I? I never meant for it to roll on like this. There is a comparison here, I guess, to the way the years at Annapolis have rolled on and on. And now they are done, finally done. The stories we could tell, my God, the stories we could tell. Somehow I wanted this to tell what it was like for each of us, as we progressed from that first muggy day in Dahlgren Hall to the last muggy day in the Field House. In a word, "friendship" seems to say it all. Friendship of people, of classmates and the upperclass, the underclass and the professors. Yes, even friendship with the stony grey buildings that took away the shiny newness of myself that I carried here a long time ago with 1300 other people. Here, I've loved at times, and hated at other times. The truth, I suppose, falls as it always does, somewhere in the hazy ground between. I have learned and learned. We have all learned, finally, about ourselves. And for that knowledge of ourselves, we must be, we are, grateful.

— *Jim Stavridies*





















SPORTS





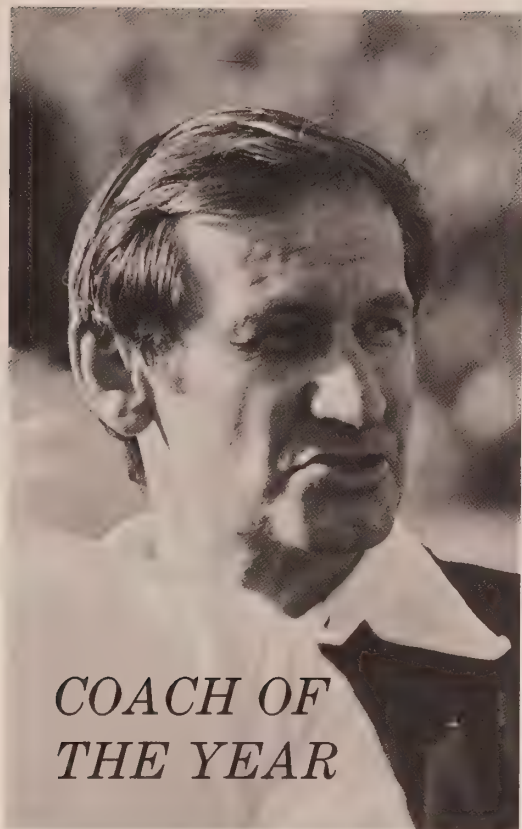
FOOTBALL











*COACH OF
THE YEAR*





CHET MOELLER ALL-AMERICAN

They were good though, weren't they?

When I think back on the Navy Football team of '75-'76, I can't help but remember the game they played in Philadelphia against Army during our youngster year. Fifty-one to *nothing*, and in many ways it formed the team that would become a measuring stick for other squads of the Seventies. The names that would become commonplace by our senior year were just then beginning to emerge. For the first time we were becoming aware of a phenomenal number of tackles by names like Papak, Bushak, Mogan, Moeller, and the rest. It seemed like a promise they gave us, as we sat in the cold, splintery seats in that wind-rattled stadium. "Stick around, watch and wait," it seemed to say.

Plebe year, football here wasn't any joy to behold. Weak team, a loss to Army and no real prominence for any of the players. It was discouraging for the plebes. Football, for better or for worse, is a vast, unwritten force that sweeps the Brigade during the fall months. The talk on the tables, even then, was of winning, upsets, hopes and wishes. Our plebe year none were fulfilled. I still remember the guy in my squad who was forced by our squad leader to go up to the OOD's table and give Coach Forzano his prediction for the upcoming Navy-Michigan game. The poor plebe had predicted 51-0, *Michigan*. Forzano laughed, the plebe was embarrassed, and the squad leader satisfied, — until the score came in: 51-0, *Michigan*.

Youngster year wasn't much better. I'm hazy on the actual final record, but it wasn't a winning season. Yet — fifty-one to nothing, Navy over Army. It was like the hand descending to the proverbial wall to write the words for all to see — "Stick around, watch and wait."

Our second class year was a deceptive season. The record wasn't all that great, but nothing forged cleanly, sharpened well, is made in a single day, or even a single series of contests. It was an uneven season, with different days showing glimpses of power, a whisper of finesse, a hint of coming strength. The names were getting attached to faces now, the same faces that sat in the classrooms and the bars with each of us. Chet Moeller, the quiet, reserved roverback, sitting wedged between Ed Jeter and Dave Papak as they listened to scouting reports on Boston College. The fierce, col-

lective exhalations of the team doing their warm-ups in Marine Corps Stadium, on the astroturf, or in Wolverine Stadium. The tackles by Andy Bushak that left runners stumbling and glancing over their shoulders on the way back to the huddle. The images seemed to be falling through the kaleidoscope, sliding and shifting, preparing to implode into a constellation that would remain to glitter for years.

The '75 season of the USNA Varsity Football team was certainly a good one. They rolled over their first two opponents, slashing behind a running offense, and anchored by perhaps the best defensive unit in the nation. Chet Moeller, using a sixth sense to locate the ball, became the point away from which every opponent was forced to run. The problem was that wherever the opponents ran, or passed, or kicked, there was a Navy player. Dave Papak, Gene Ford, Bob Caulk, Lenny Mogan, Randy Hutcherson — there wasn't a hole to be had. The offense kept striking as well, Bob Jackson, Eddie Gilmore, Phil Porier, Larry Muczynski, and the rest, each chipping in point after point.

They had arrived, and they were good.

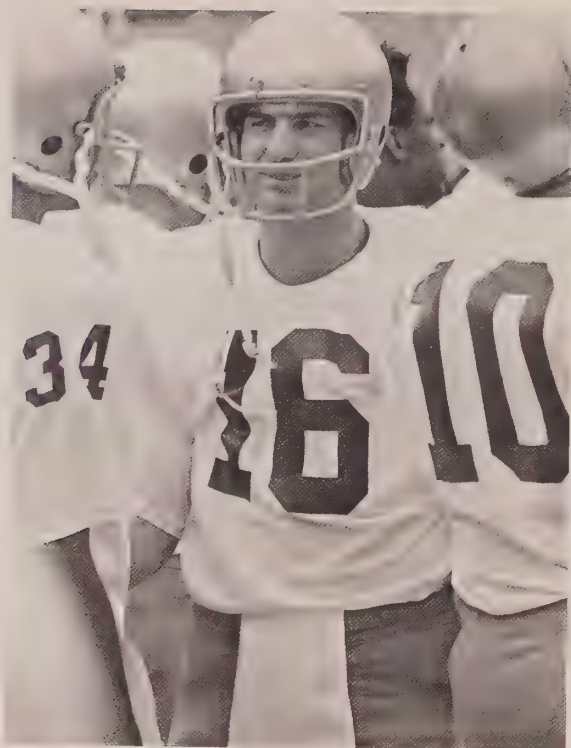
We won seven games, and lost two others by the whispers that float to the other side of the wind. One of the whispers cost us a trip to a bowl game, and in fact that team turned down one less-prestigious bowl. The defense ended up ranked third in the nation, and honors for individuals poured in. Larry Muczynski broke every kicking record in sight, and Chet Moeller was an All-American.

We beat Army again, of course, and Air Force, too. Once again, the Army game was in that same rickety oval in South Philly. Walking into the stands that day, ready to watch my last football game at Navy, I thought back on the season. It was right that it would all end there, in that stadium where all of those names had seemed to make the Brigade, everyone really, a kind of promise. They had stuck true to their word: "Stick around, watch and wait."

Well, we've all graduated now, but I'll always remember that Big Blue:

They were good though, weren't they?

Jim Stavridis





	NAVY	OPP.
Virginia	42	14
Connecticut	55	7
Washington	13	14
Air Force	17	0
Syracuse	10	6
Boston College	3	17
Pittsburgh	17	0
Notre Dame	10	31
Miami (Fla.)	17	16
Georgia Tech	13	14
Army	30	6

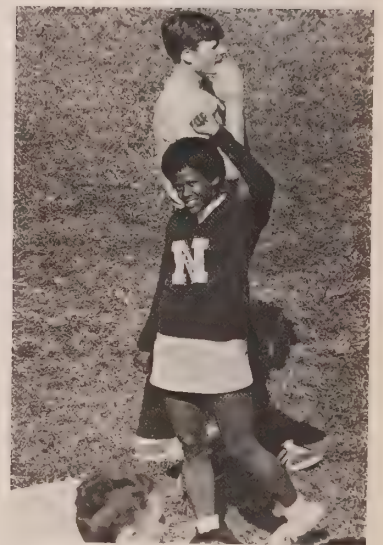
FOOTBALL

7 wins

4 losses









SOCCER









	NAVY	OPP.
Lehigh	2	1
Haverford	4	1
VPI	1	0
George Washington	2	1
Pennsylvania	1	2
Penn State	1	2
Maryland	2	1
Washington & Lee	10	0
Swarthmore	2	1
Virginia	2	1
Army	2	1

SOCCKER
9 wins
2 losses



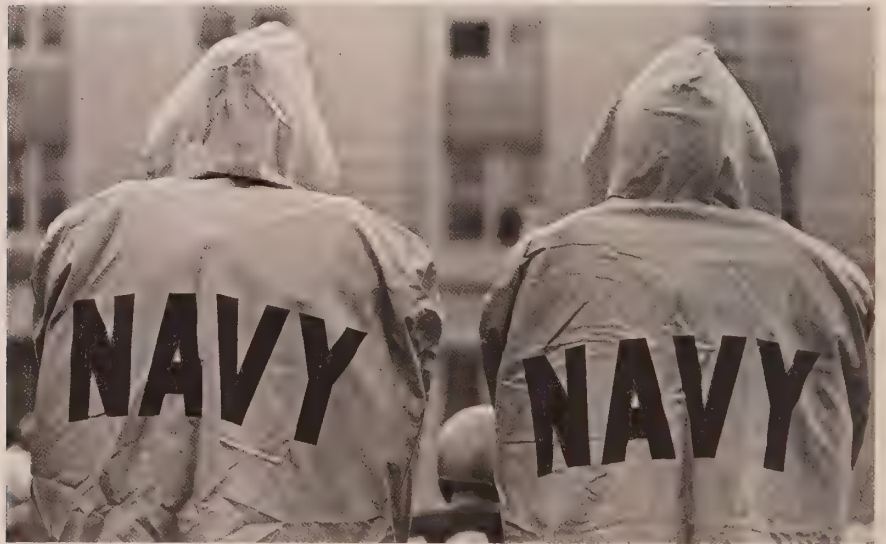
CROSS COUNTRY







	NAVY	OPP.
S.E. Massachusetts	17	46
Madison College	15	50
Stockton State	15	50
Shippensburg State	15	50
Quantico Marines	29	26
Mt. St. Mary's	17	47
Georgetown	32	23
New York University	15	50
Maryland	41	18
Capital Area Championships	2nd	
Heptagonals	2nd	
IC4A Championships	7th	
Army	25	36
NCAA Championships	25th	
CROSS COUNTRY		
	7 wins	
	3 losses	



150 lb. FOOTBALL

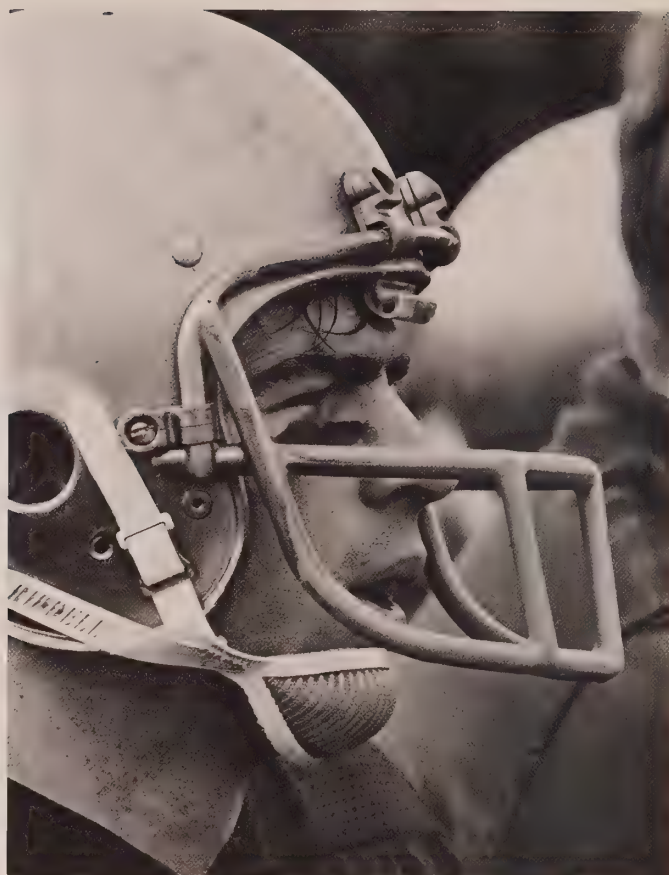


	NAVY	OPP.
Army	26	31
Columbia	40	6
Princeton	6	27
Cornell	35	13
Rutgers	20	0
Pennsylvania	57	7

150-POUND FOOTBALL

4 wins

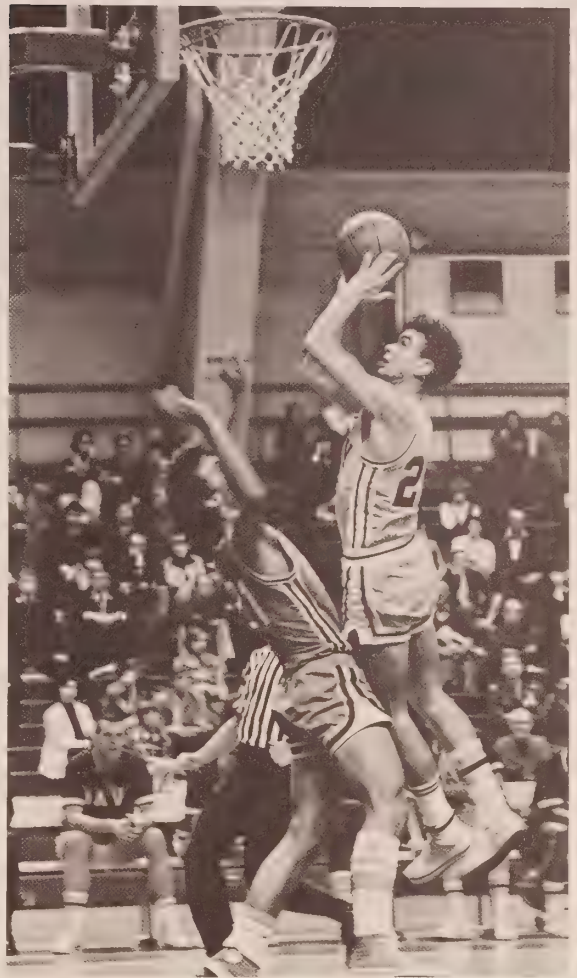
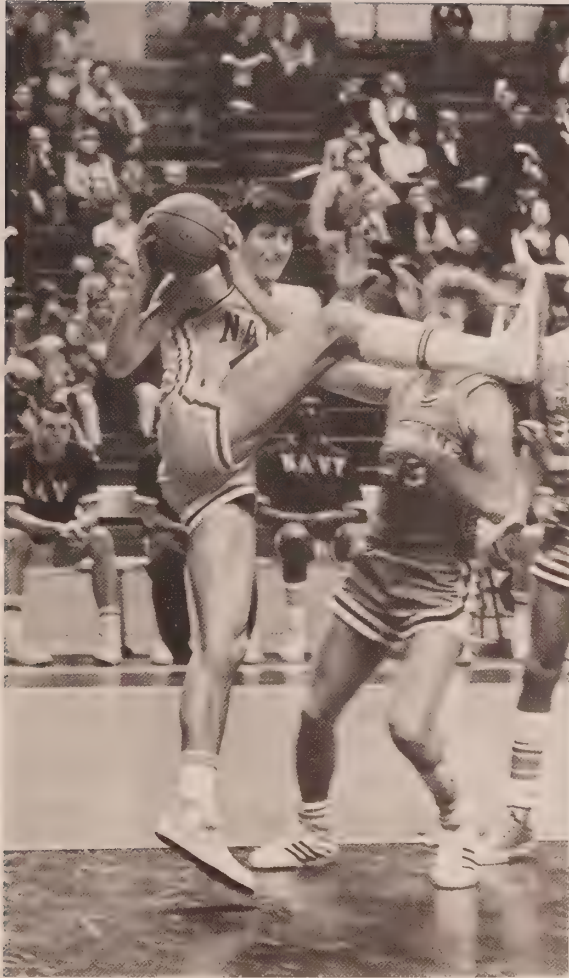
2 losses





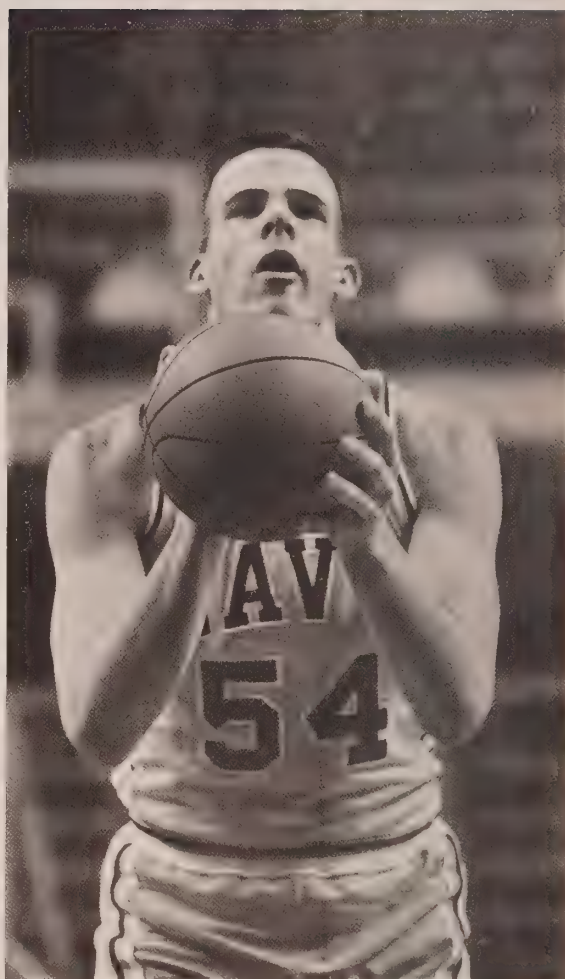


BASKETBALL









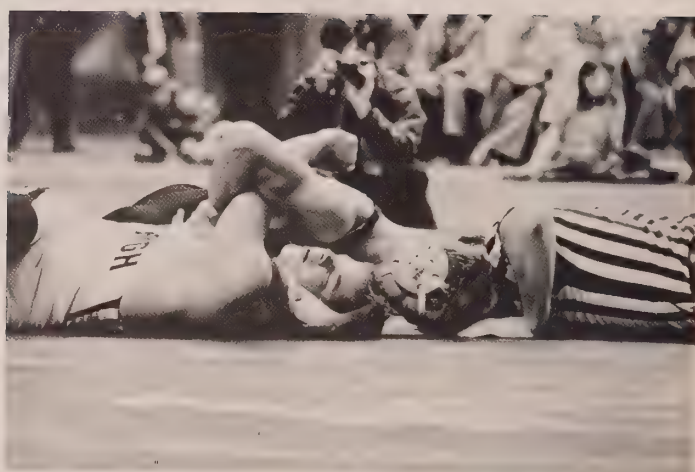


	NAVY	OPP.
Fordham	55	63
Haverford	109	72
Princeton	59	60
Pennsylvania	74	93
Lycoming	92	62
Temple	81	57
St. Francis (NY)	66	78
Gannon (Pa.)	52	55
Colgate	52	48
Loyola (Md.)	77	72
Air Force	69	58
Muhlenberg	90	66
Georgetown	65	73
Maryland	69	87
Xavier	64	67
George Washington	71	93
George Mason	63	68
Johns Hopkins	86	69
Rutgers	71	86
Washington College	99	68
Penn State (2 ov't)	83	81
American University	47	50
Manhattan	63	81
Army	62	78

BASKETBALL

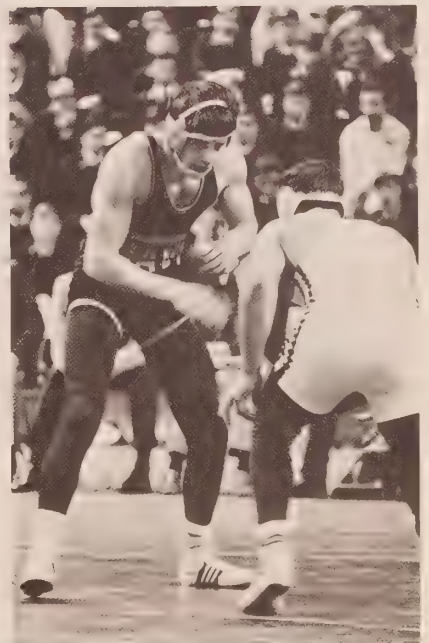
10 wins

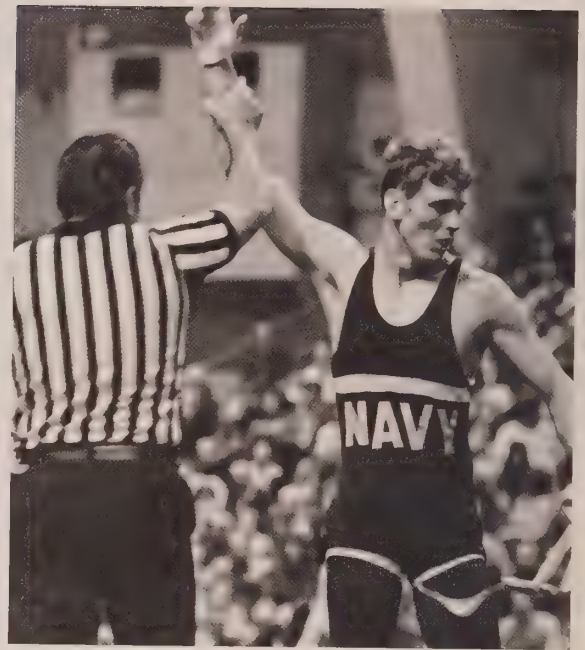
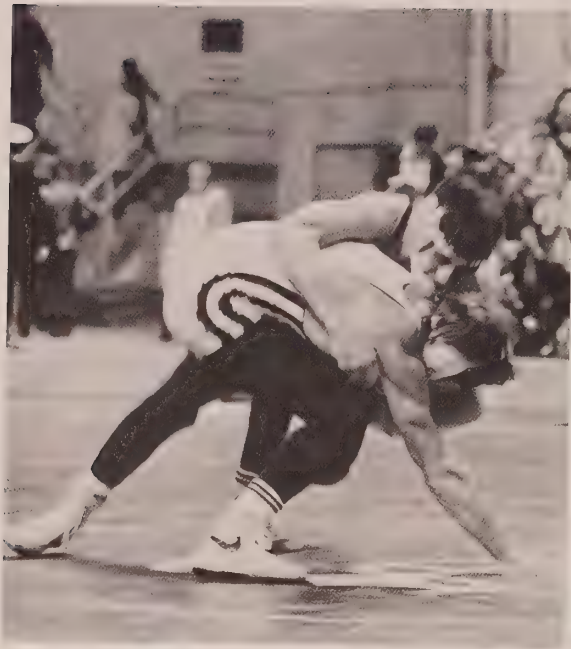
14 losses





WRESTLING











	NAVY	OPP.
Penn State Invitational	5th	
Wilkes	27	16
Rutgers	35	5
Cleveland St. Tourney	1st	
Bloomsburg State	29	11
Yale	18	21
William & Mary	18	16
Pittsburgh	15	18
Princeton	25	12
Rhode Island	20	19
Maryland	23	9
Clarion State	20	17
North Carolina	22	16
Lehigh	22	16
Penn State	20	19
West Chester	35	8
Army	40	5
Easterns	Tied for Second	

WRESTLING

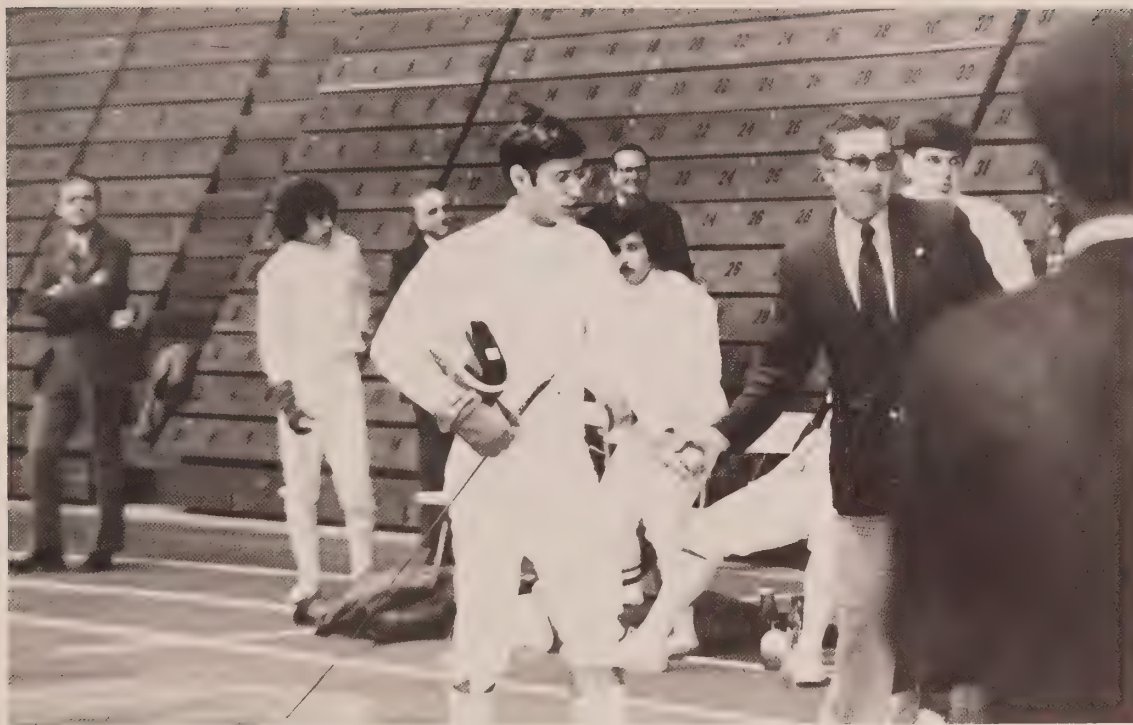
13 wins

2 losses







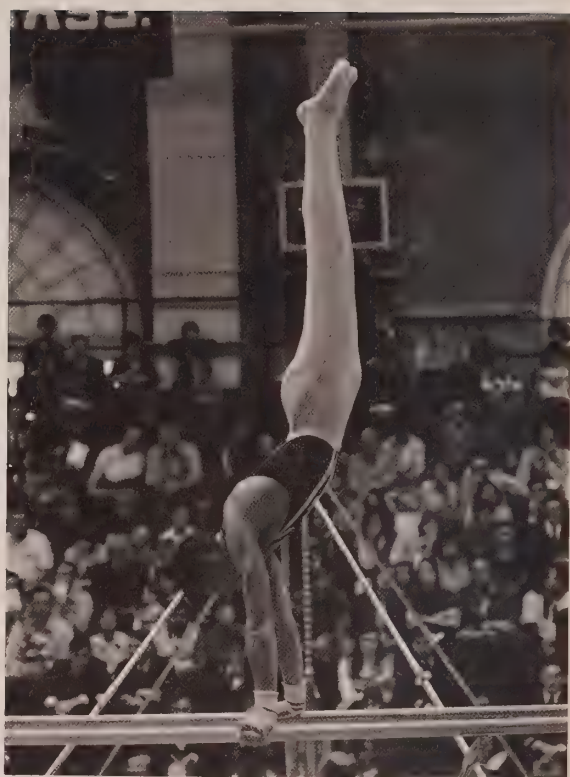
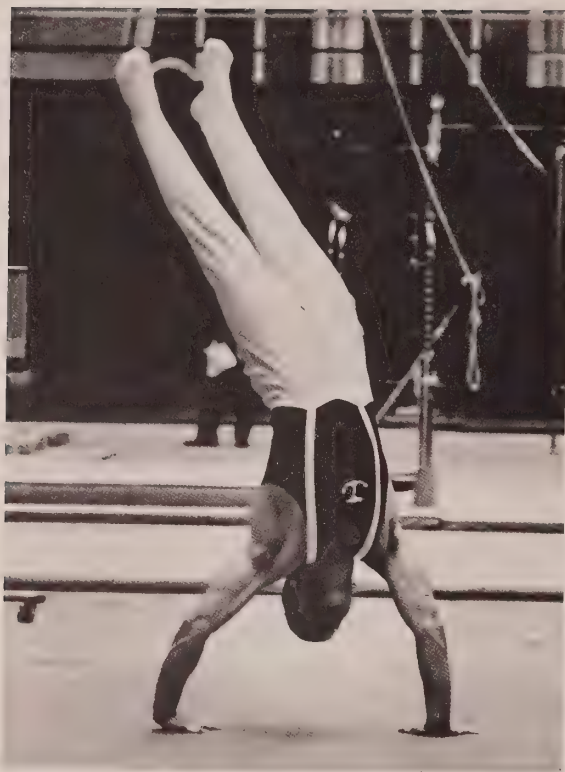


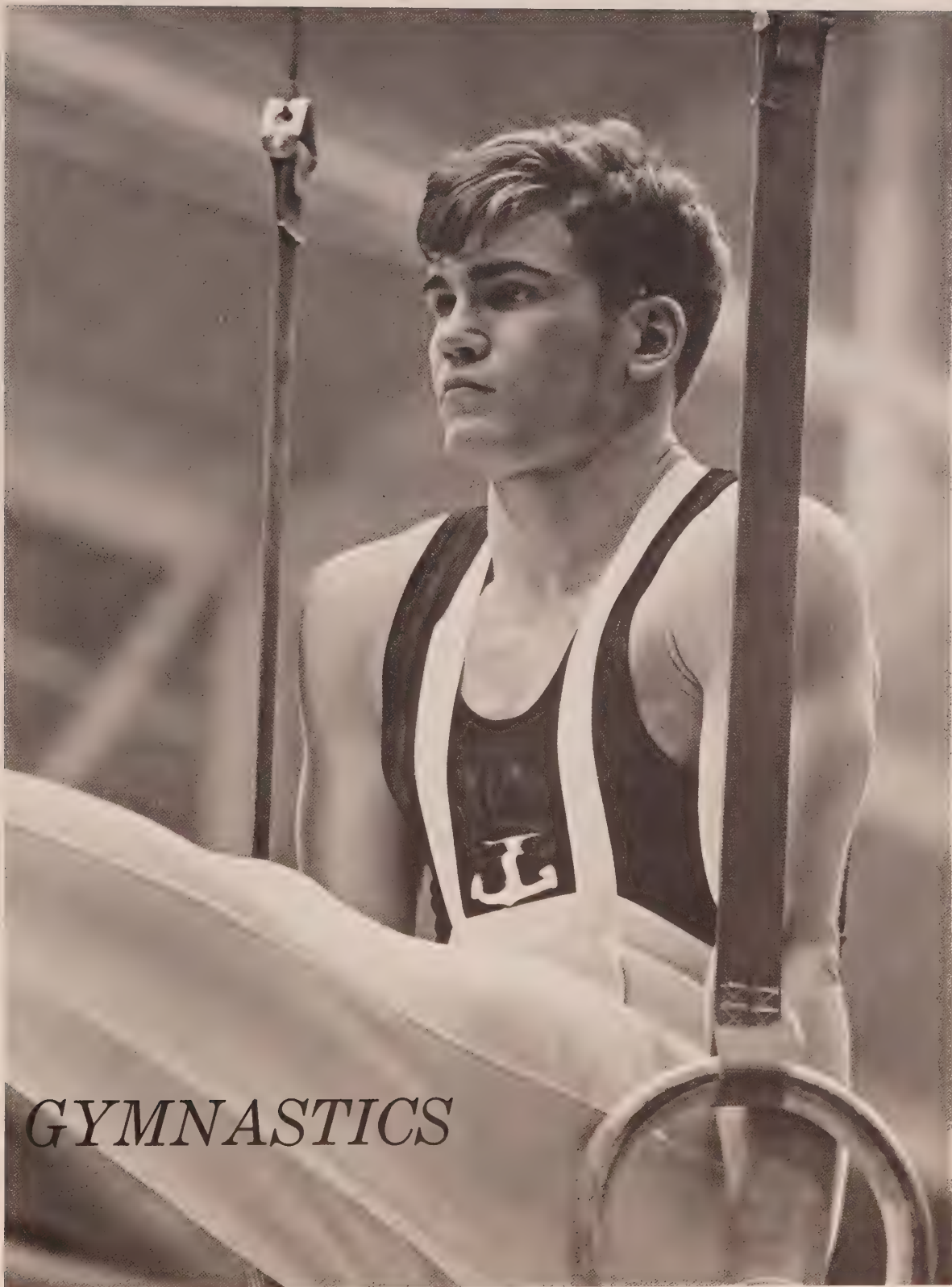
	NAVY	OPP
Virginia	24	3
Princeton	11	16
North Carolina State	21	6
Maryland	21	6
Pennsylvania	10	17
Columbia	12	15
Penn State	14	13
New York University	10	17
Army	19	8
EIFA	3rd	
NCAA	9th	

FENCING

5 wins

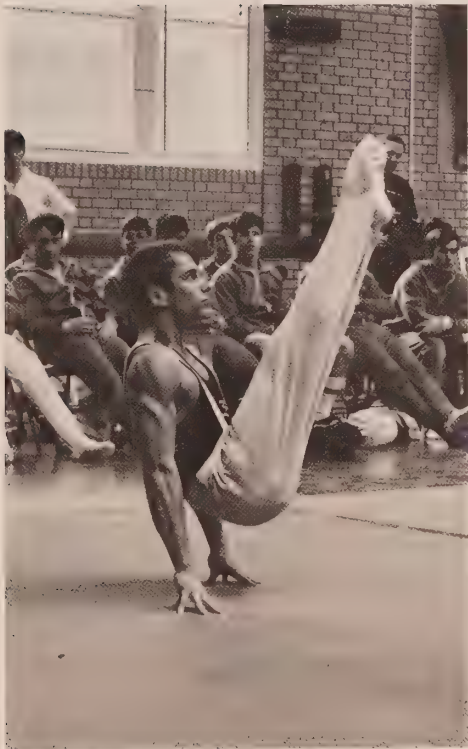
4 losses





GYMNASTICS





	NAVY	OPP.
Syracuse	191.20	190.20
Southern Conn. State	185.65	199.35
Temple	188.80	203.15
West Chester State	180.90	167.55
Cornell	179.80	151.70
Springfield	192.95	198.50
Pittsburgh	188.10	145.70
East Stroudsburg State	149.05	134.90
Massachusetts	194.75	202.95
Long Island Univ.	182.55	132.40
Army	196.80	202.80
GYMNASTICS		
6 wins		
5 losses		



TRACK AND FIELD





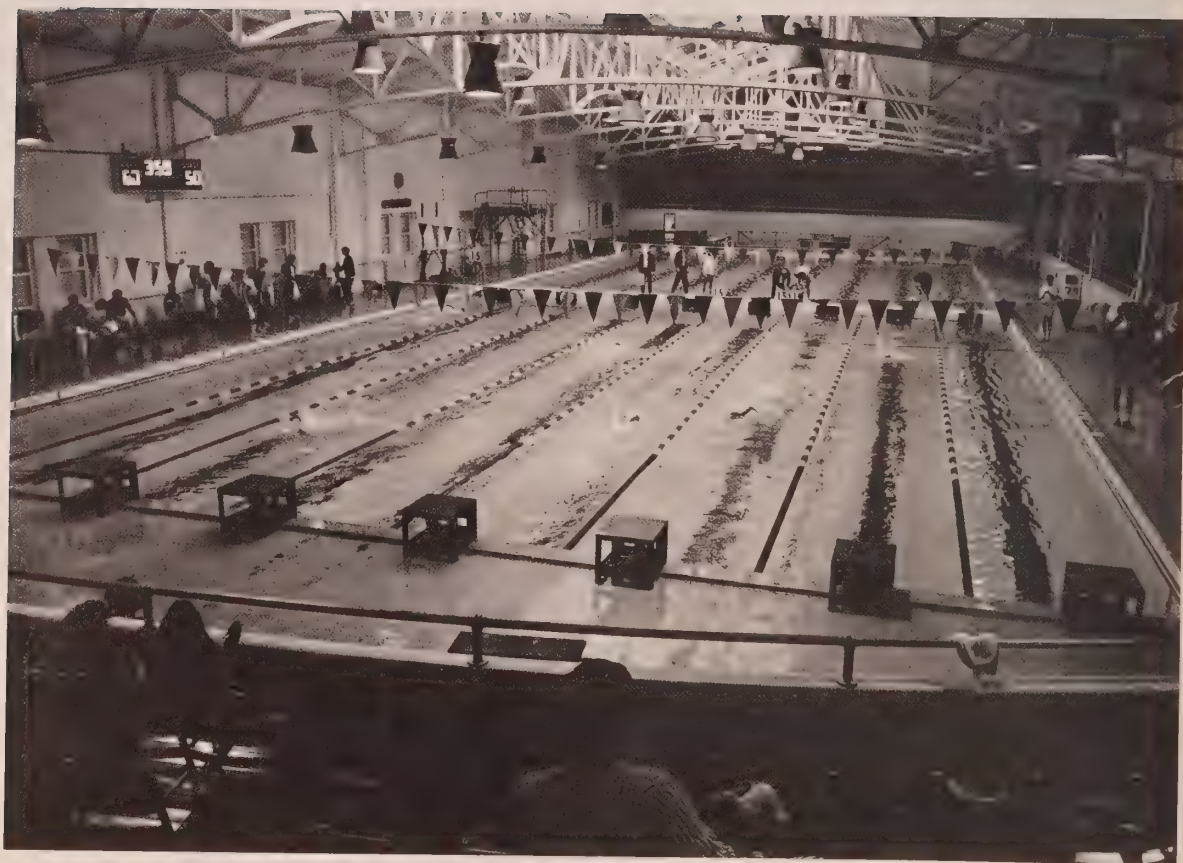
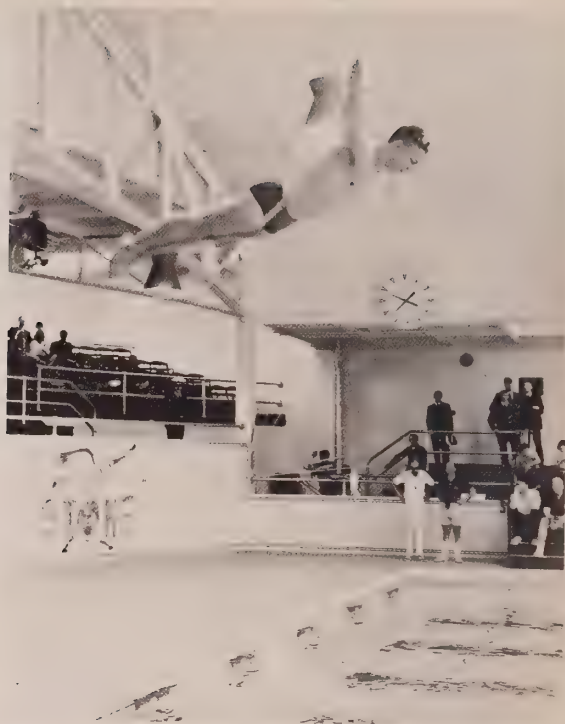


	<i>NAVY</i>	<i>OPP.</i>
Manhattan	96	57
Maryland	38	115
Quantico Marines	103	58
Heptagonal Championships	2nd	
IC4A Championships	6th	
Army	92	70

TRACK & FIELD

3 wins

1 loss





SWIMMING





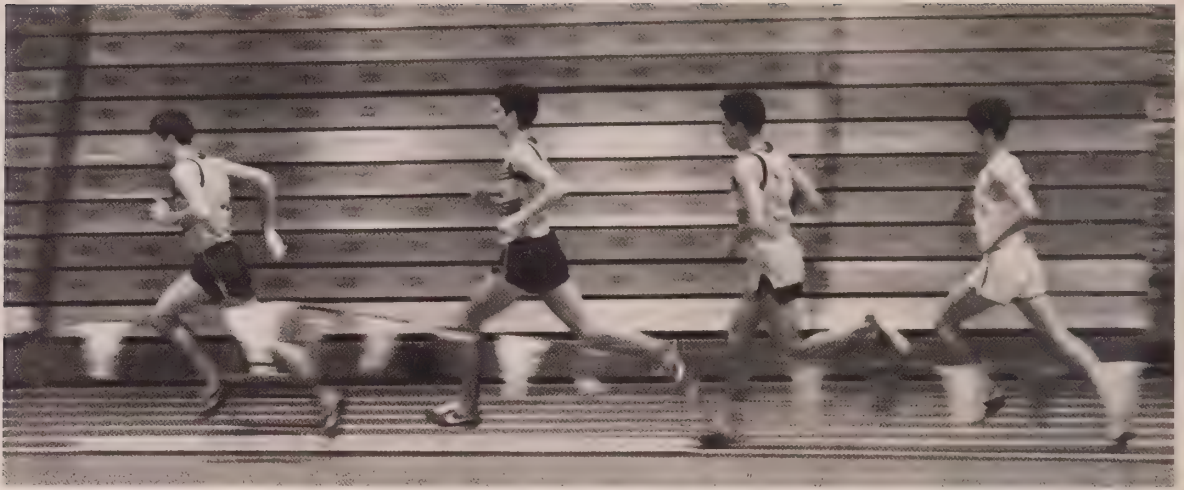


	NAVY	OPP.
Harvard	39	74
Maryland	40	73
Brown	51	62
Dartmouth	45	68
Johns Hopkins	67	46
Cornell	61	52
Yale	53	60
Pennsylvania	59	54
Princeton	37	76
Army	46	67
SWIMMING		
3 wins		
7 losses		

*INDOOR
TRACK*









	NAVY	OPP.
Mt. St. Mary's	85	38
Georgetown		25
Catholic University		11
American University		1
St. John's	79	39
Virginia	87½	29½
Maryland	25	93
Princeton	57½	60½
Penn	56¾	61¼
Manhattan	76	42
Army	79	39
Heptagonals	4th	
IC4A	6th	

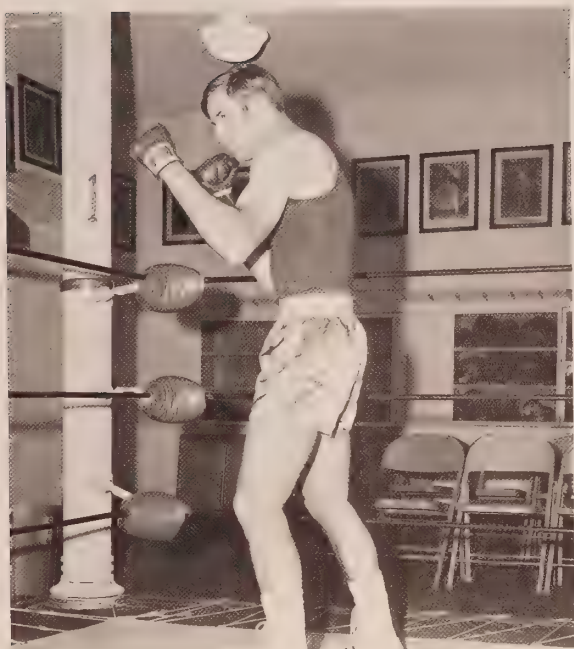
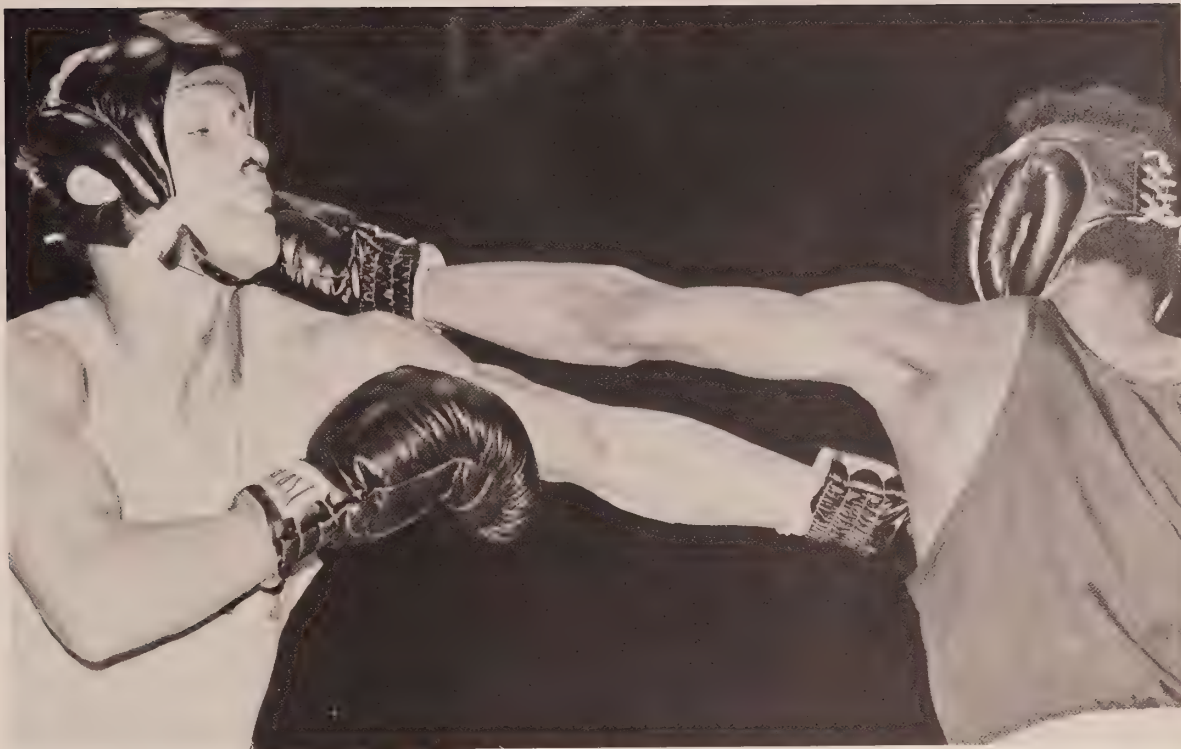
TRACK

5 wins

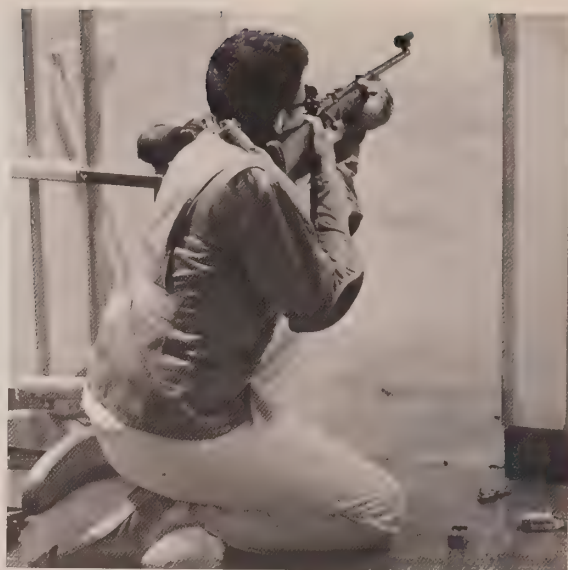
3 losses

BRIGADE BOXING





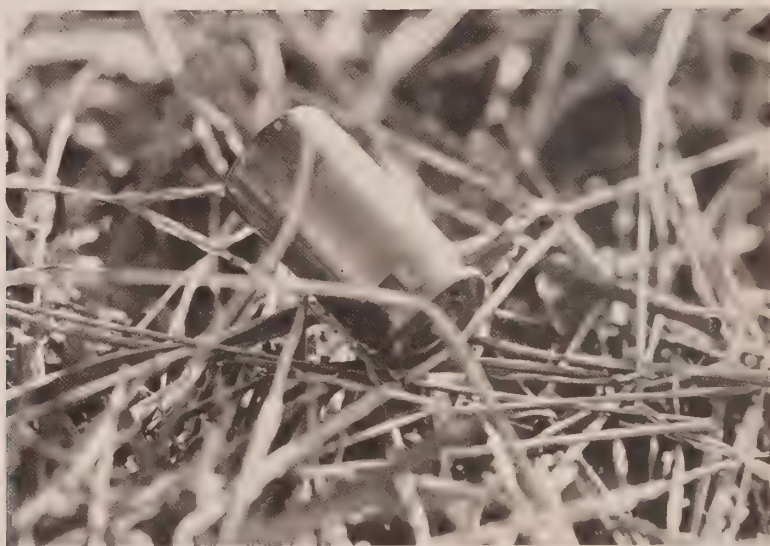
Stan O'Connor
150 lb. NCAA Champion 1976





	<i>NAVY</i>	<i>OPP.</i>
Coast Guard	2761	2667
Merchant Marine	2802	2613
Air Force	2803	2740
VMI	2803	2607
Penn State	2803	2656
Murray State	2808	2791
E. Tennessee State	2808	2871
St. John's	2812	2676
West Virginia	2809	2833
North Carolina State	2817	2782
William & Mary	2817	2614
Army	2825	2769

RIFLE
10 wins
2 losses





PISTOL

	NAVY	OPP.
Coast Guard	3179	2999
Merchant Marine	3198	2975
Pennsylvania	3198	2838
Virginia	3198	For-
	feit	
N.J. Inst. of Tech.	3188	3073
Air Force	3236	3177
Villanova	3232	3028
Virginia	3232	2738
MIT	3221	3158
Worcester Poly	3221	2923
Boston State	3221	2757
Army	7757	7814

PISTOL
11 wins
1 loss

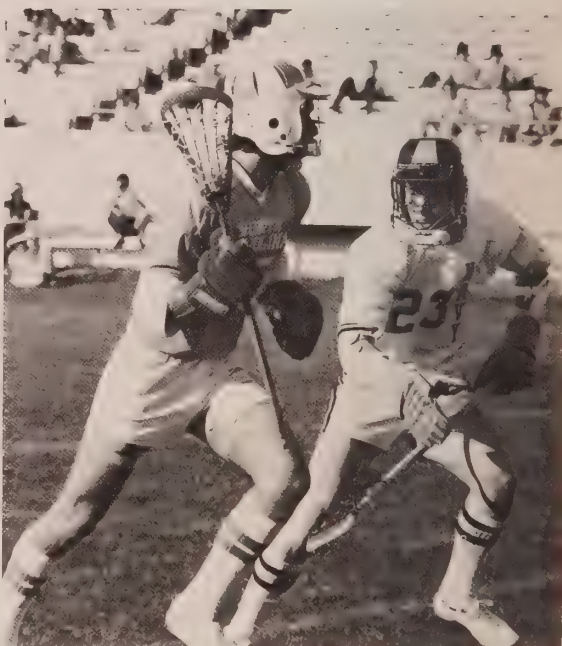
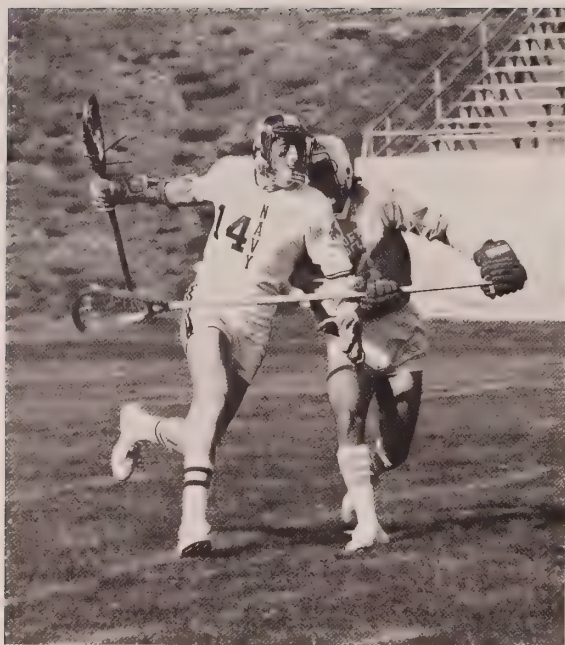


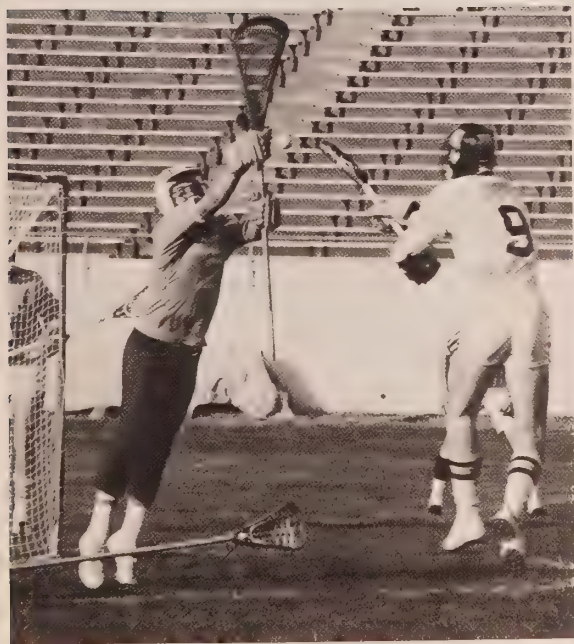


ICE HOCKEY



LACROSSE

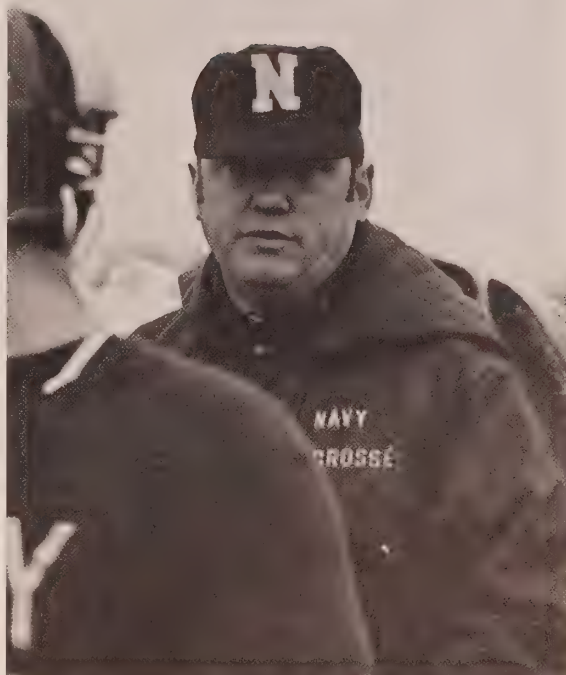
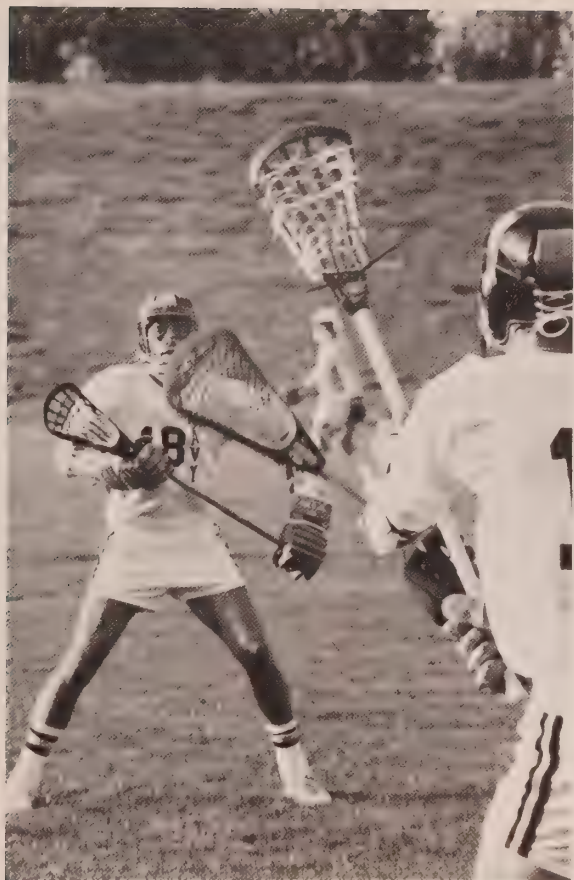












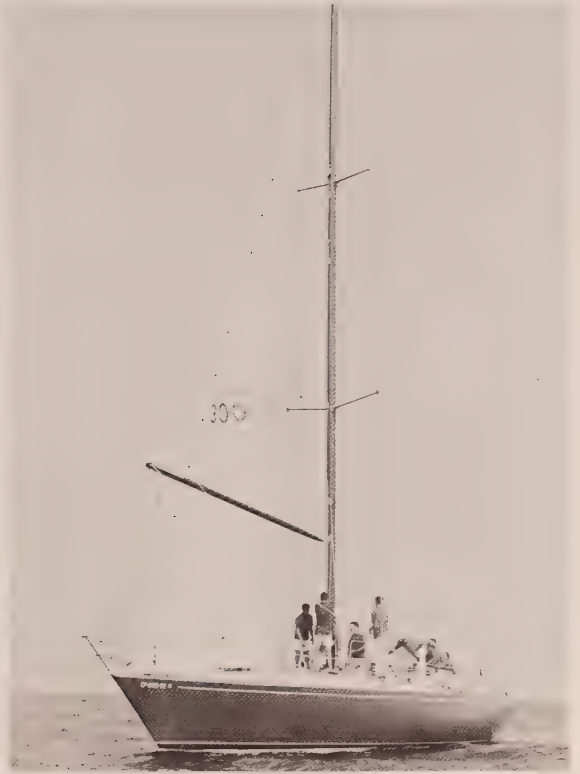
	NAVY	OPP.
Rutgers	14	10
Washington & Lee	8	7
Maryland (Baltimore Co.)	13	9
Washington College	12	11
Princeton	10	8
North Carolina	10	4
Hofstra	17	13
Maryland	10	14
Virginia	15	12
Johns Hopkins	10	18
North Carolina (NCAA)	13	9
Maryland (NCAA)	11	22
Army	18	10

LACROSSE

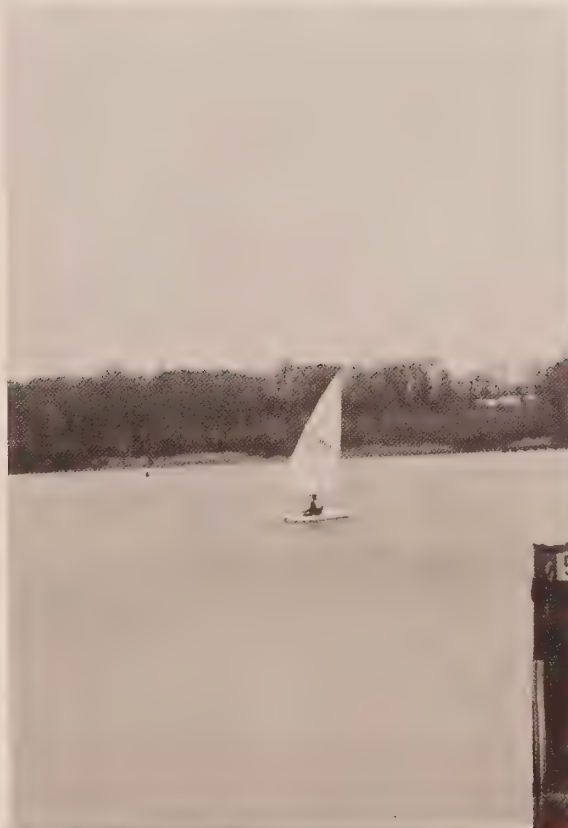
10 wins

3 losses













Yale Invitational
 Freshman Invitational
 Service Academy Sloop Champ.
 Area Dinghy Championships
 Shields Eliminations #1
 Cary Price Regatta
 Shields Eliminations #2
 Team Race Eliminations
 Shields Quadrangle #3
 Southern MAISA Freshman
 Eliminations
 McMillan Cup
 Nevins Trophy
 Corny Shields Trophy
 Freshman Championships
 Baldwin Wood Dinghy Regatta
 Dinghy Team Race Champ.
 War Memorial Regatta
 (Navy MAISA Champions)
 Yawl Invitational
 Atlantic Coast Championships
 Freshman Atlantic Coast
 Championships
 Timme Augsten Regatta

NAVY

1st
 1st
 1st
 1st
 1st
 5th
 1st
 1st
 1st
 1st
 1st
 4th
 3rd
 4th
 1st
 2nd
 1st
 3rd
 1st
 9th
 2nd
 9th

SAILING REGATTAS

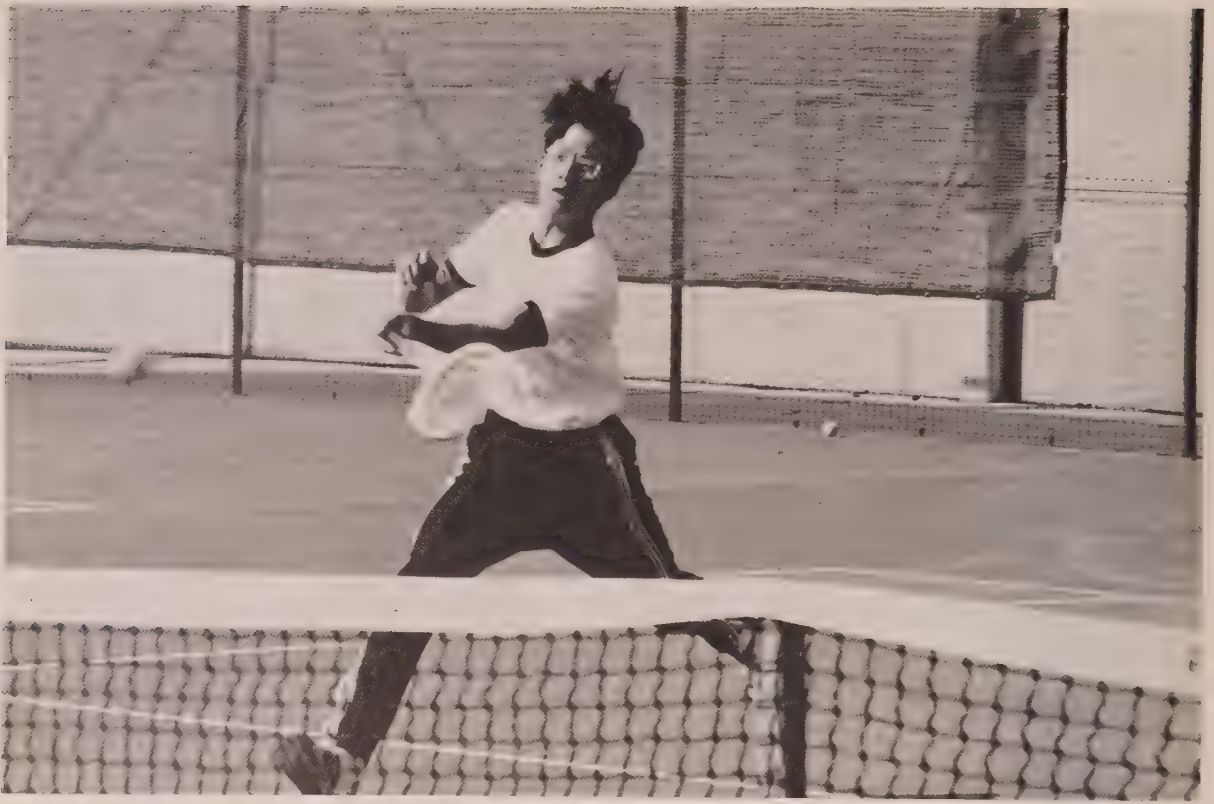
St. Mary's Invitational: Navy 1st
 Windjammer Regatta: Navy 2nd
 Admiral Moore Regatta: Navy 5th
 Middle Atlantic Championship Eliminations:
 Navy 1st
 Kings Point Frostbite: Navy 2nd
 Truxton Umsted Memorial Regatta: Navy 3rd
 Monotype Eliminations: Navy 1st
 Shields Eliminations Quad #1: Navy 1st
 Boston Regatta: Navy 7th
 Owen Trophy: Navy 3rd
 Navy Laser Invitational: Navy 3rd
 John F. Kennedy Memorial Cup Regatta: Navy
 3rd
 Shields Quad #3: Navy 1st
 MAISA Monotype Championships: Navy 1st
 Yawl Scrimmage: Navy 3rd
 MAISA Freshman Championships: Navy 4th
 Service Academy Championships: Navy 1st
 Friis Trophy: Navy 5th
 Amer Trophy: Navy 2nd
 Sloop Eliminations: #1: Navy 2nd
 Freshman Invitational: Navy 1st
 American University Regatta: Navy 1st

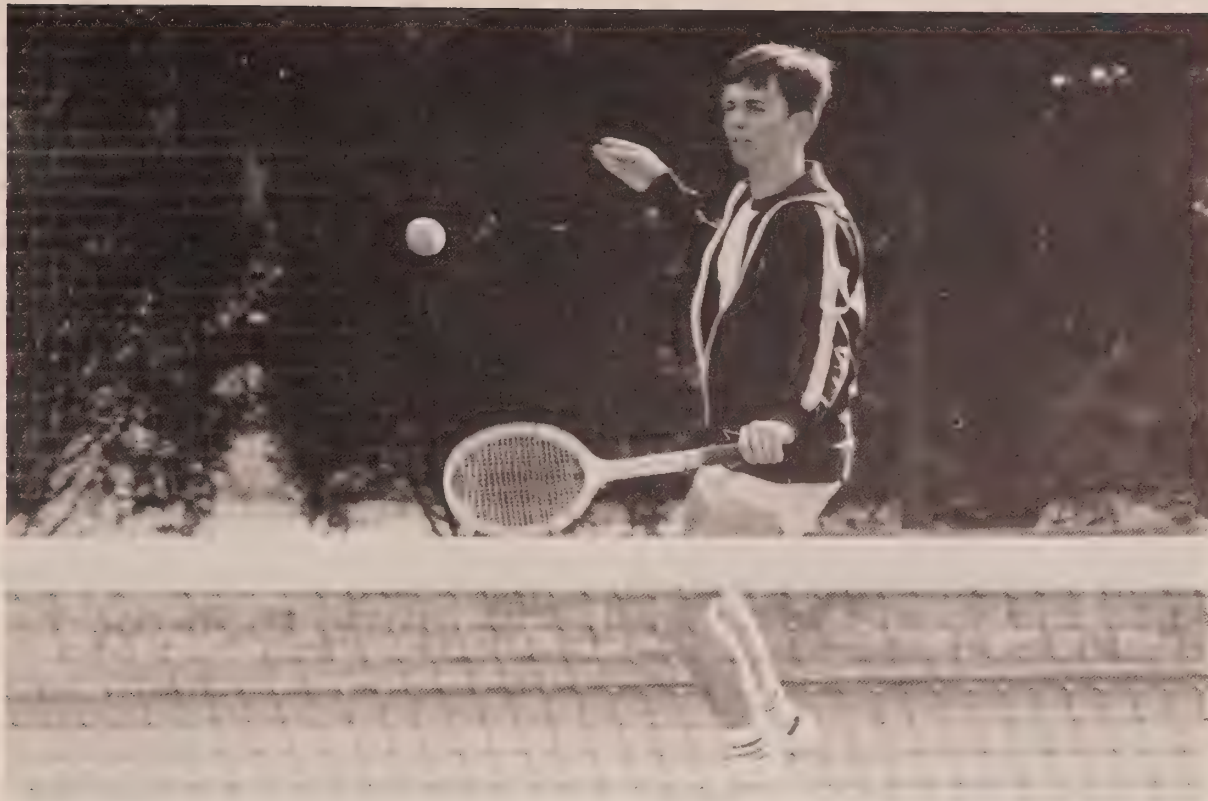




RUGBY







TENNIS

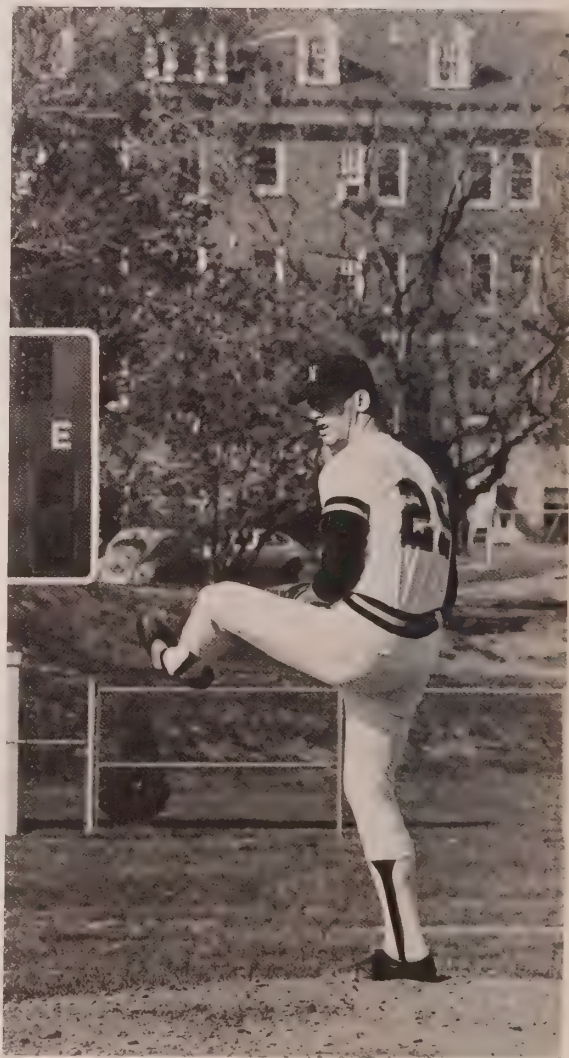
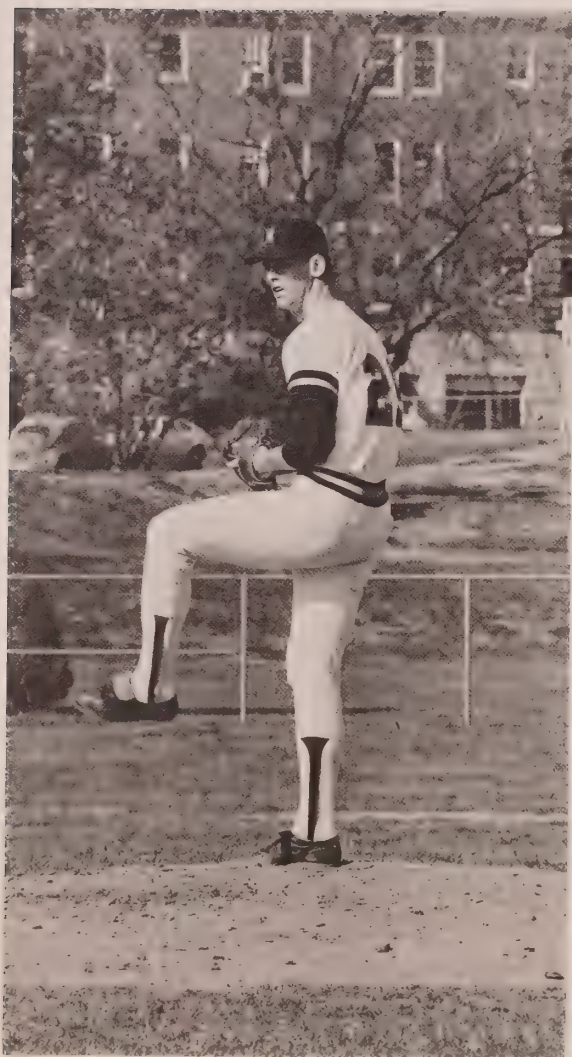
	NAVY	OPP.
Michigan State	8	1
East Stroudsburg State	9	0
Bloomsburg State	9	0
Towson State	9	0
Georgetown	9	0
Maryland	0	9
Swarthmore	7	2
Penn State	6	3
Brown	9	0
Yale	6	3
Richmond	7	2
Princeton	1	8
George Washington	7	2
Pennsylvania	3	6
Columbia	3	6
Cornell	9	0
Johns Hopkins	9	0
Dartmouth	5	4
Harvard	4	5
Washington & Lee	9	0
Army	8	1

TENNIS

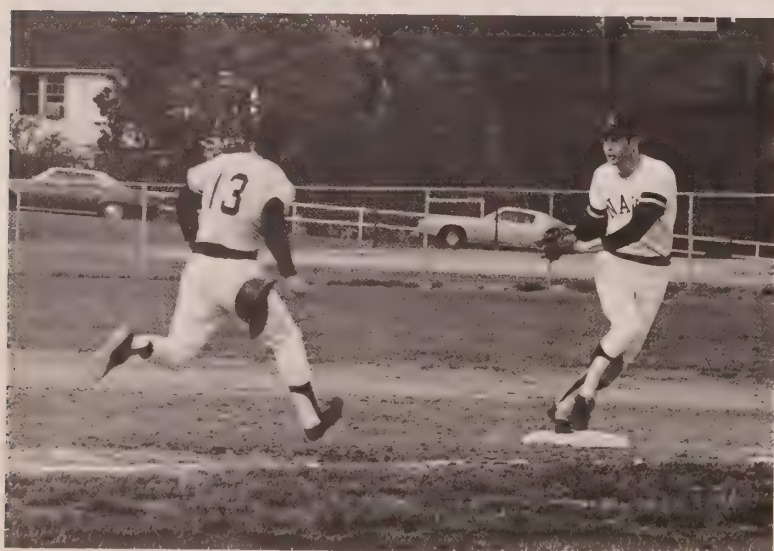
16 wins

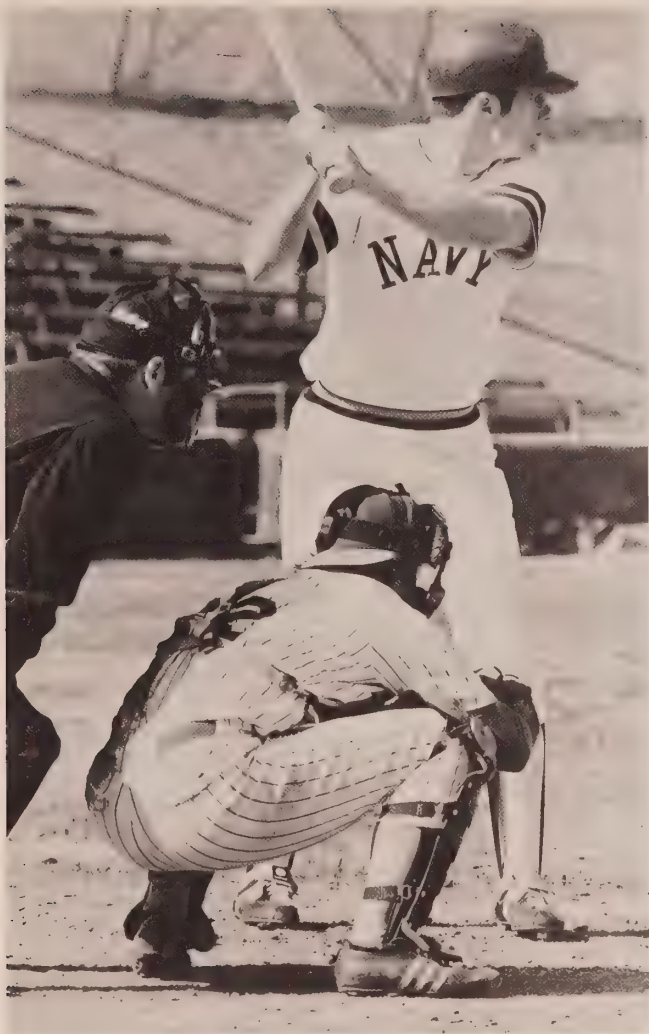
5 losses

BASEBALL







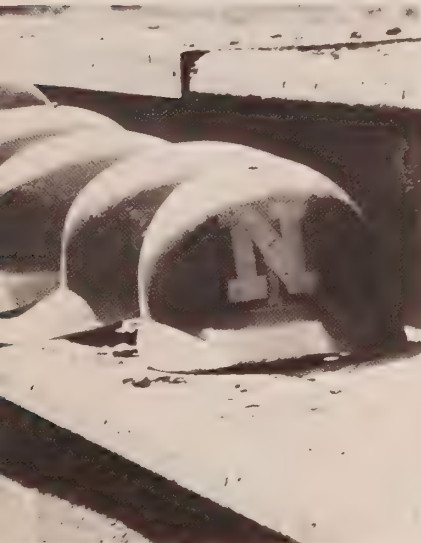


	NAVY	OPP.
Brockport State	10	1
Maryland	0	7
Georgetown	12	1
Holy Cross	2	1
Holy Cross	5	4
Towson State	6	1
Towson State	3	6
Villanova	4	0
Loyola	5	1
Brown	8	6
Yale	4	3
Yale	3	0
Richmond	3	1
Catholic University	2	10
Princeton	0	3
Princeton	0	5
Pennsylvania	5	2
Columbia	0	1
Columbia	1	11
George Washington	7	2
Penn State	6	14
Army	11	4
Wagner	5	6
Dartmouth	4	2
Harvard	17	2
Harvard	1	3
George Mason	2	3
Delaware	3	2
Delaware	4	3
Army	13	1

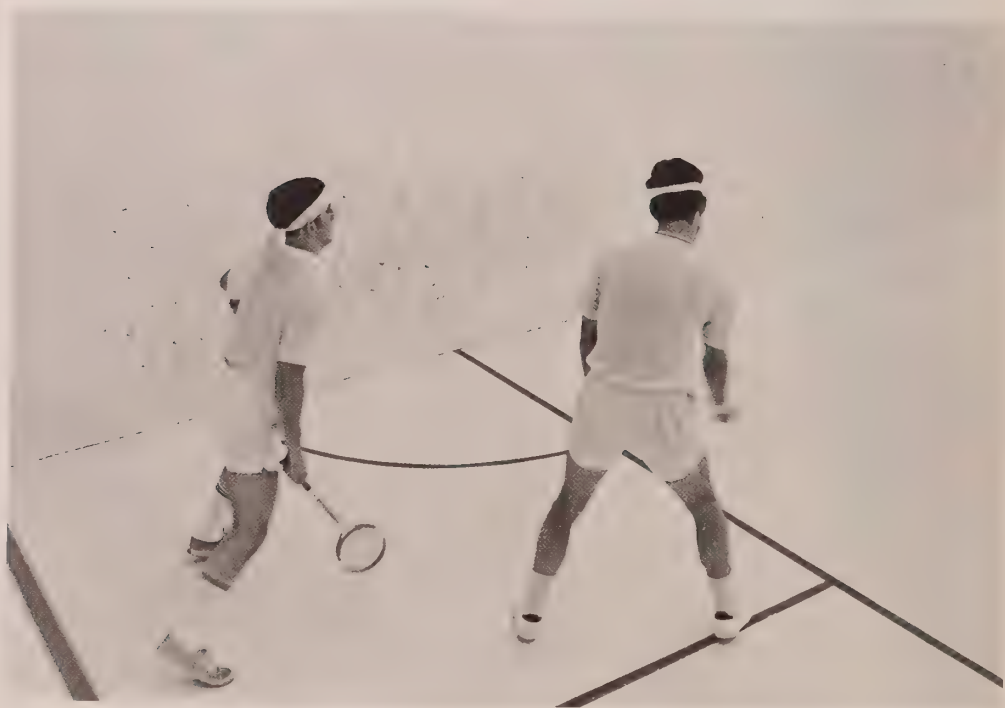
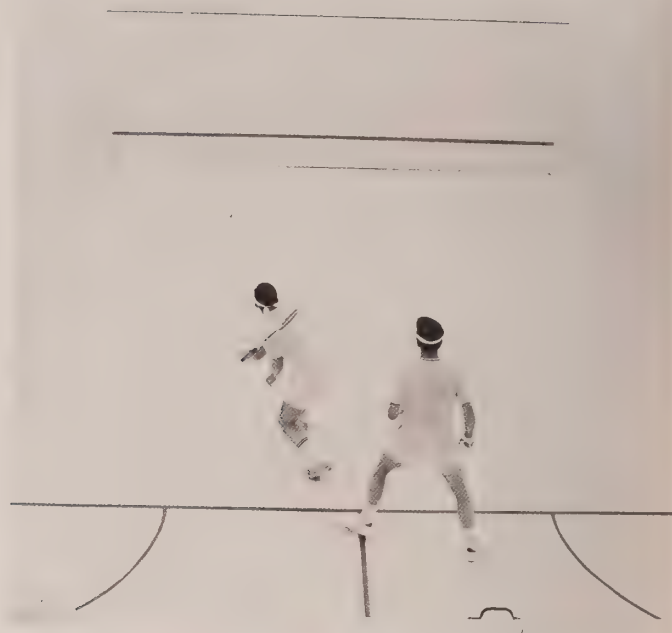
BASEBALL

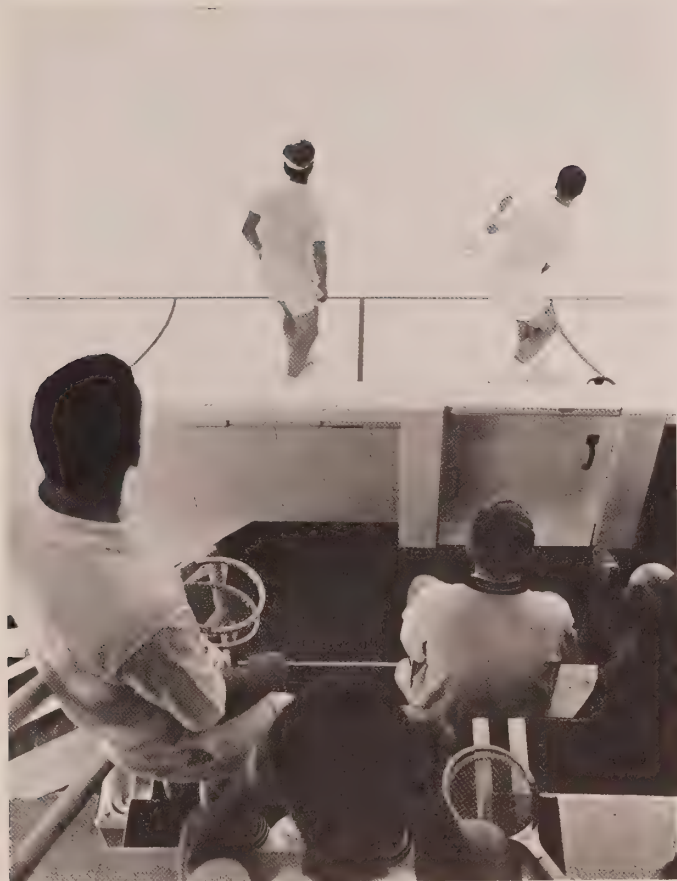
19 wins

11 losses



SQUASH





Tufts	8	1
MIT	9	0
Williams	5	4
Amherst	8	1
Bowdoin	7	2
Harvard	1	8
Colby	9	0
Stevens Tech	9	0
Princeton	0	9
Fordham	8	1
Lehigh	9	0
Stony Brook	7	2
Penn	3	6
Franklin & Marshall	4	5
Rochester	9	0
Army	3	6

SQUASH

11 wins
5 losses

NAVY *OPP.*





CREW











HEAVYWEIGHT CREW

San Diego Crew Classis:

V – 5th (Grand Finals)

2V 4th (Grand Finals)

Navy-Columbia:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st; P – 1st

Navy-Princeton:

V – 2nd; 2V – 1st; P – 2nd

Navy-Coast Guard:

V – 2nd; 2V – 1st; P – 2nd

Navy-Yale Trinity:

V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd; P – 2nd

Navy-Cornell:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st; P – 1st

Navy-Pennsylvania-Harvard:

V – 3rd; 2V – 2nd; P – 3rd

Eastern Sprints: V – 1st (Petite Finals)

2V – 2nd (Grand Finals); P – 1st (Petite)

IRA Regatta: 4/cox, 1st;

Pair/cox, 1st

LIGHTWEIGHT CREW

Navy-Georgetown:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st

Navy-Princeton:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st; P – 2nd

Coast Guard:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st

Navy-Yale Trinity:

V – 1st; 2V – 1st

Navy-Harvard U. of Mass:

V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd

Navy-Pennsylvania – MIT

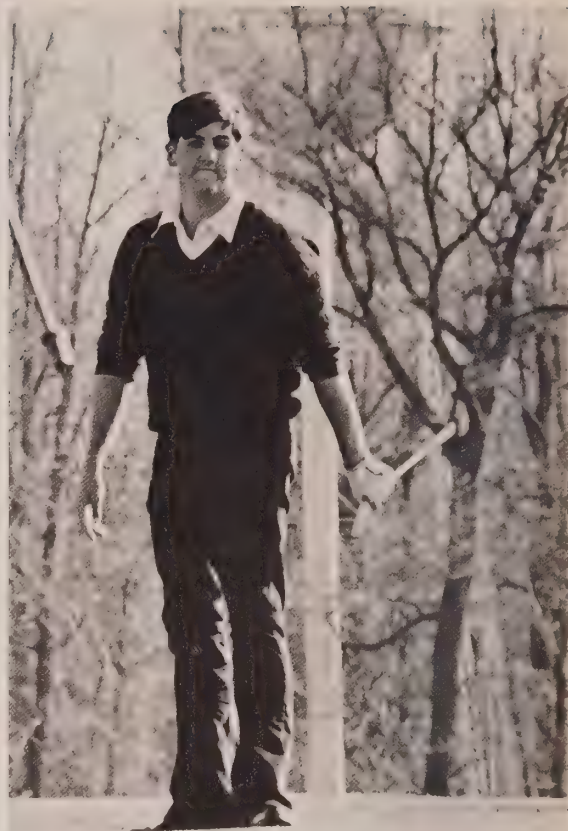
V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd; P – 1st

Eastern Sprints:

V – 4th (Grand Finals)

2V – 2nd (Grand Finals)

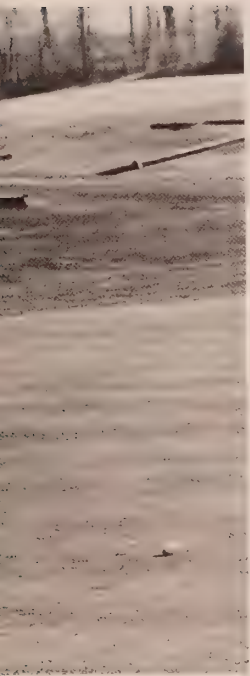
P – 4th (Petite Finals)



	NAVY	OPP.
Maryland	392	396
Towson State	408	392
Bucknell	392	405
William & Mary	392	425
Penn State	402	392
Pennsylvania	397	389
St. Joseph's	397	393
Delaware	409	411
Villanova	409	423
Fordham	409	440
Columbia	394	427
Princeton	392	409
Lehigh	392	409
John Hopkins	392	457
EIGA Tournament	9th	
Army	400	394

GOLF
11 wins
4 losses





TEAM RECORDS

<i>BASEBALL</i>	<i>19-11</i>	<i>RIFLE</i>	<i>10-2</i>
<i>BASKETBALL</i>	<i>10-14</i>	<i>SAILING</i>	<i>71-7-4</i>
<i>CROSS COUNTRY</i>	<i>7-3</i>	<i>SOCCER</i>	<i>9-2</i>
<i>FENCING</i>	<i>5-4</i>	<i>SQUASH</i>	<i>11-5</i>
<i>150 LB FOOTBALL</i>	<i>4-2</i>	<i>SWIMMING</i>	<i>3-7</i>
<i>FOOTBALL</i>	<i>7-4</i>	<i>TENNIS</i>	<i>16-5</i>
<i>GOLF</i>	<i>11-4</i>	<i>INDOOR TRACK</i>	<i>5-3</i>
<i>GYMNASTICS</i>	<i>6-5</i>	<i>TRACK & FIELD</i>	<i>3-1</i>
<i>LACROSSE</i>	<i>10-3</i>	<i>WRESTLING</i>	<i>13-2</i>
<i>PISTOL</i>	<i>11-1</i>		

FOR THE RECORD

ALL-AMERICANS

Football

Chet Moeller

Pistol

David Swingle

Bradley Tilgner

Mark Willis

Rifle

Thomas Rentz

Sailing

Doug Hart

Soccer

Thomas Panik

Bruce Montgomery

Wrestling

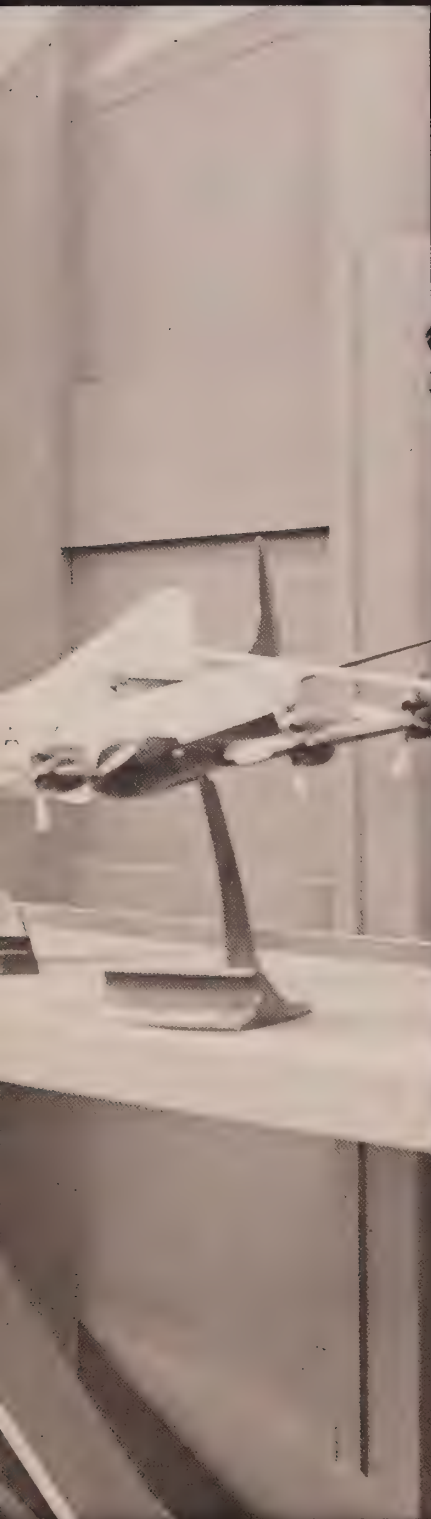
John Althans

Mark Costello

NCAA BOXING CHAMPION

STAN O'CONNOR





ACADEMICS



Bruce M. Davidson
Academic Dean

TRIDENT SCHOLARS

D. C. Boch	Frequency Analysis Using a Minicomputer
D. E. Crisalli	Design Construction, and Flight Testing of a Liquid Fueled Missile System
S. M. Jenkins	Low Frequency Dielectric Properties of Wide Band Gap Semiconductors
F. G. Johnson	Investigation into the Feasibility of Utilizing Wind Shear for Obtaining Continuous Non-Powered Flight
N. E. Karangelen	Cyclic Liquid-jet Behavior in Collapsing Bubbles
D. H. Mills	The ESR Determination of Site Populations in Erbium Doped CaF ₂ by Comparison with a Calibrated Ruby Standard
S. J. Raher	Mathematical-Statistical and Digital Computer Analysis of Time Series Data
J. S. Tandy	The Design of a Sonar Target Simulator

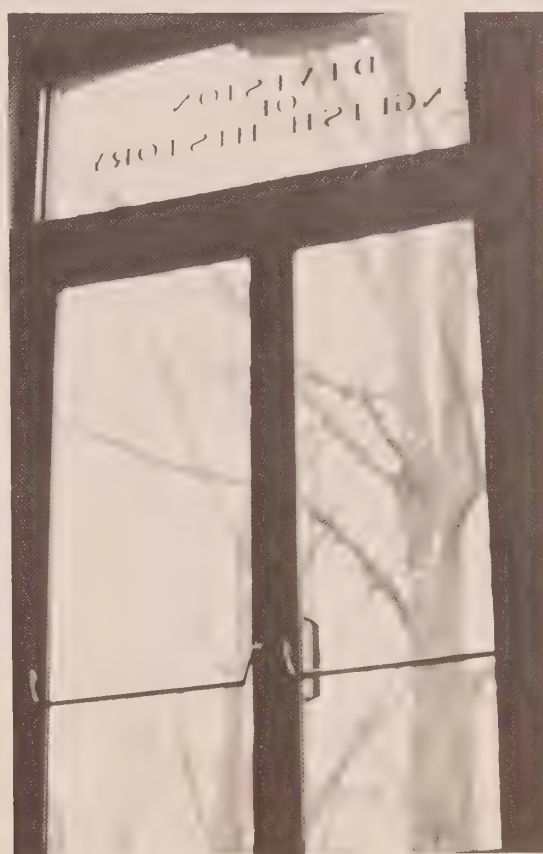


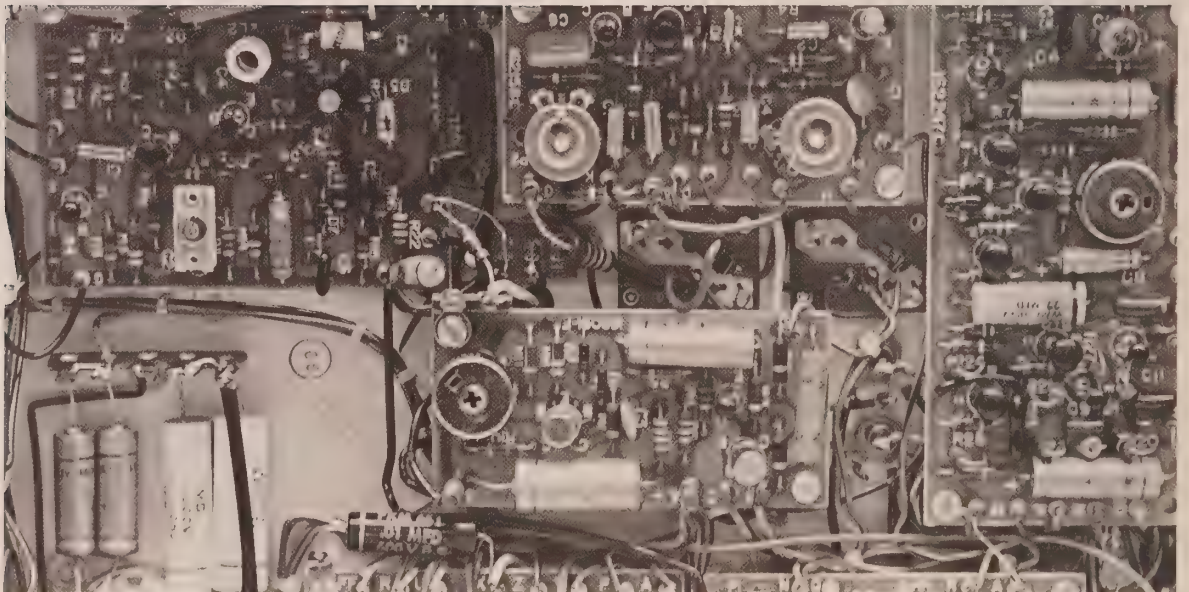






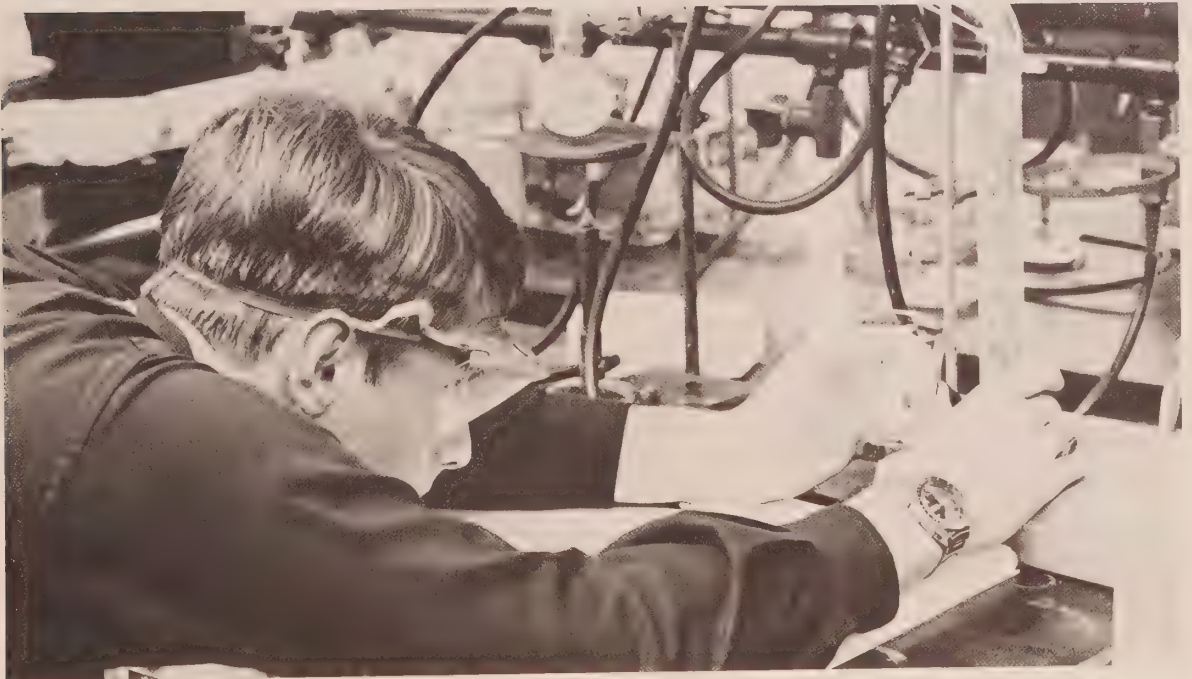
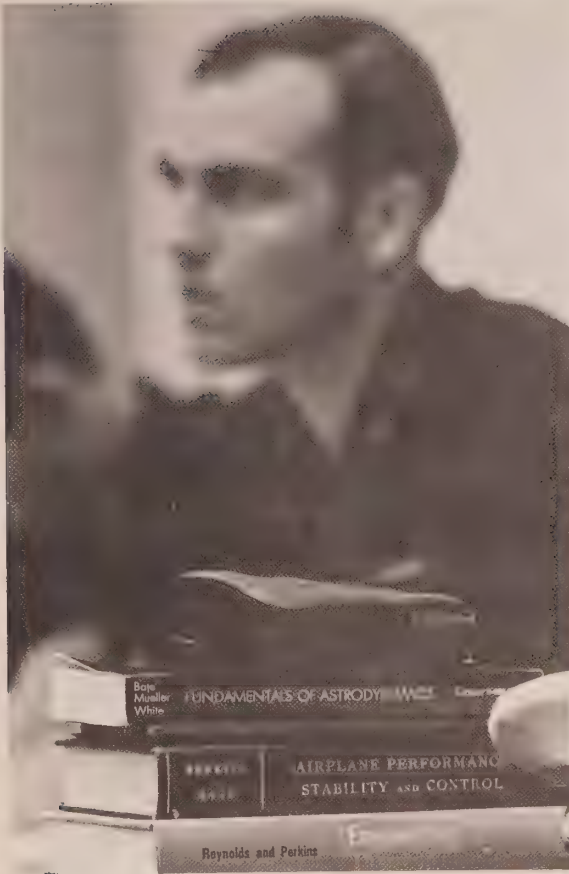






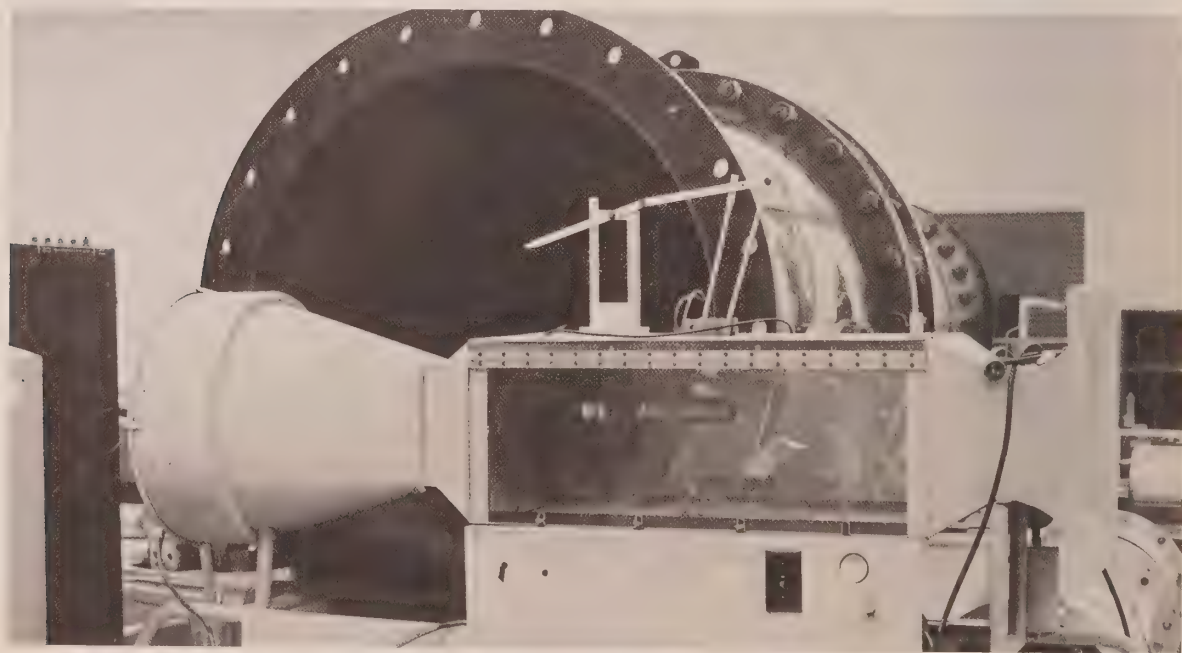
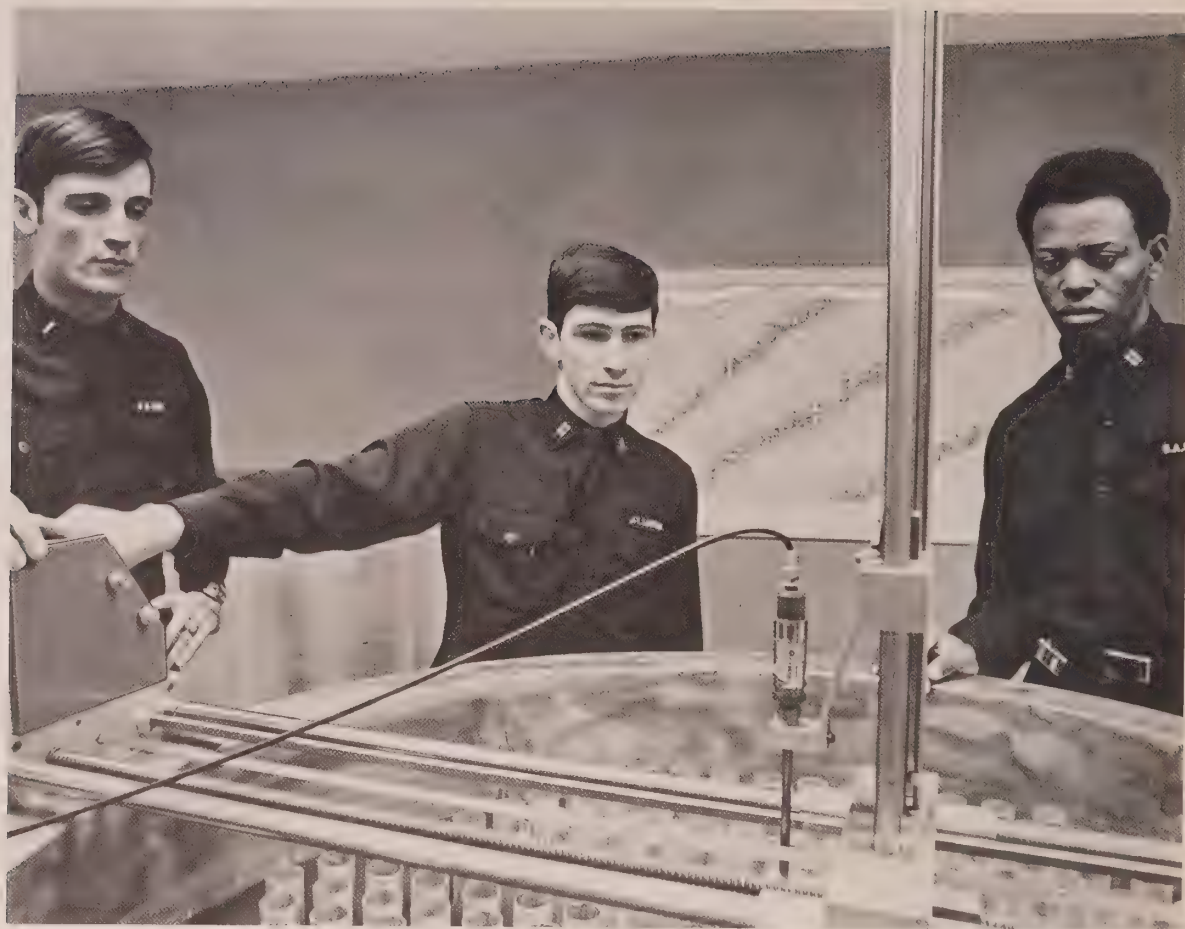


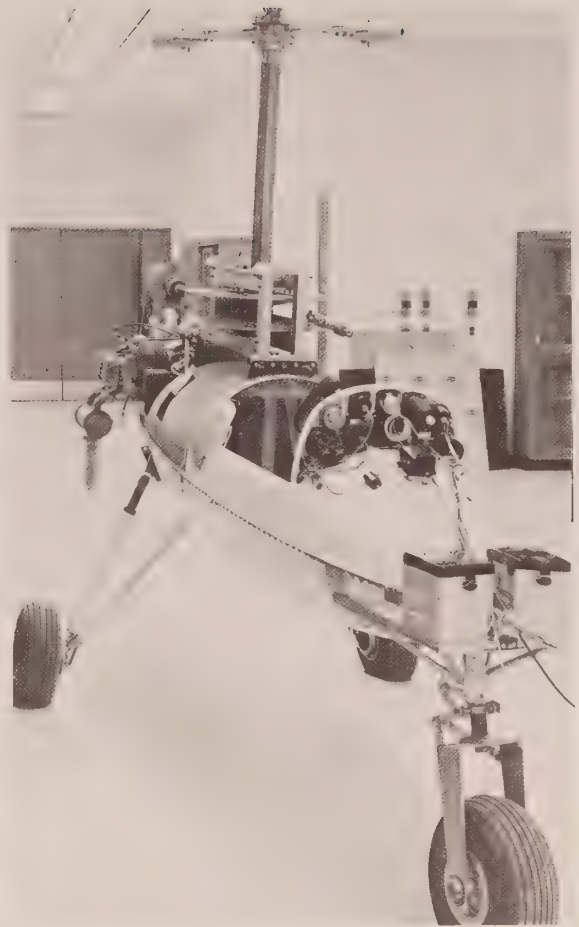
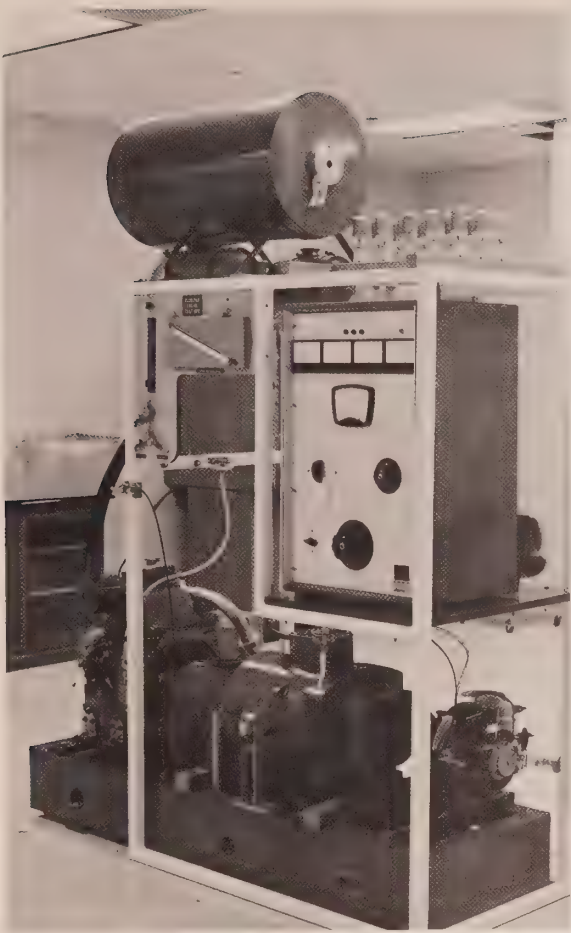


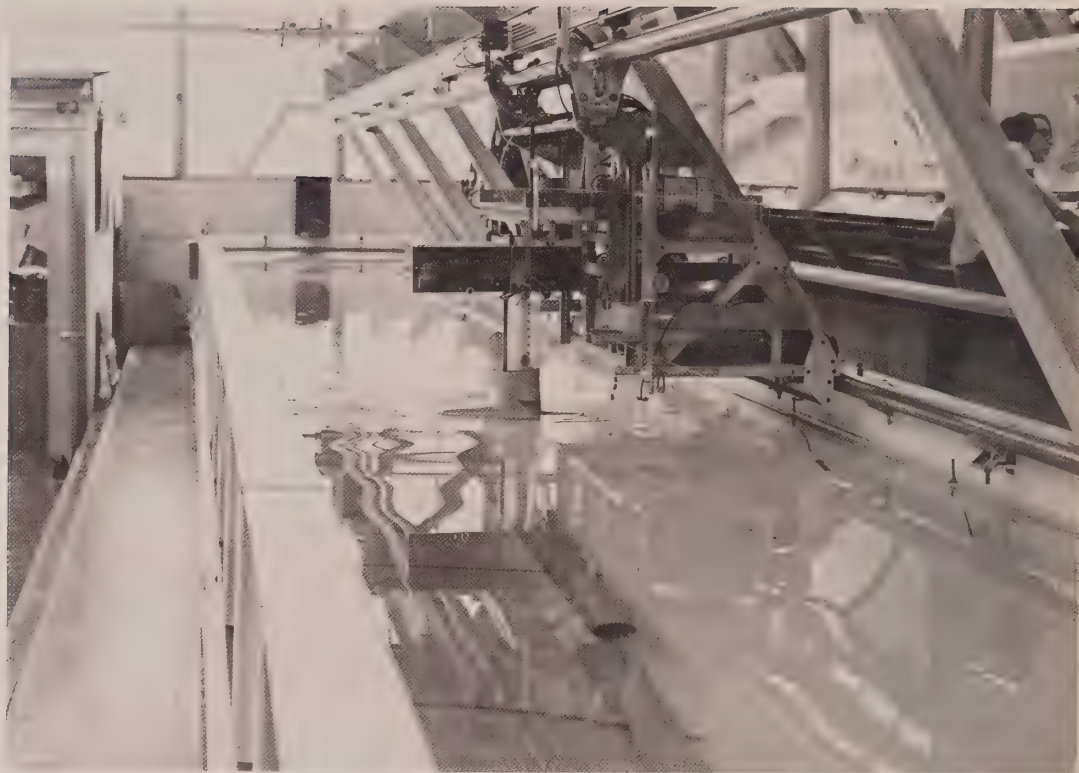








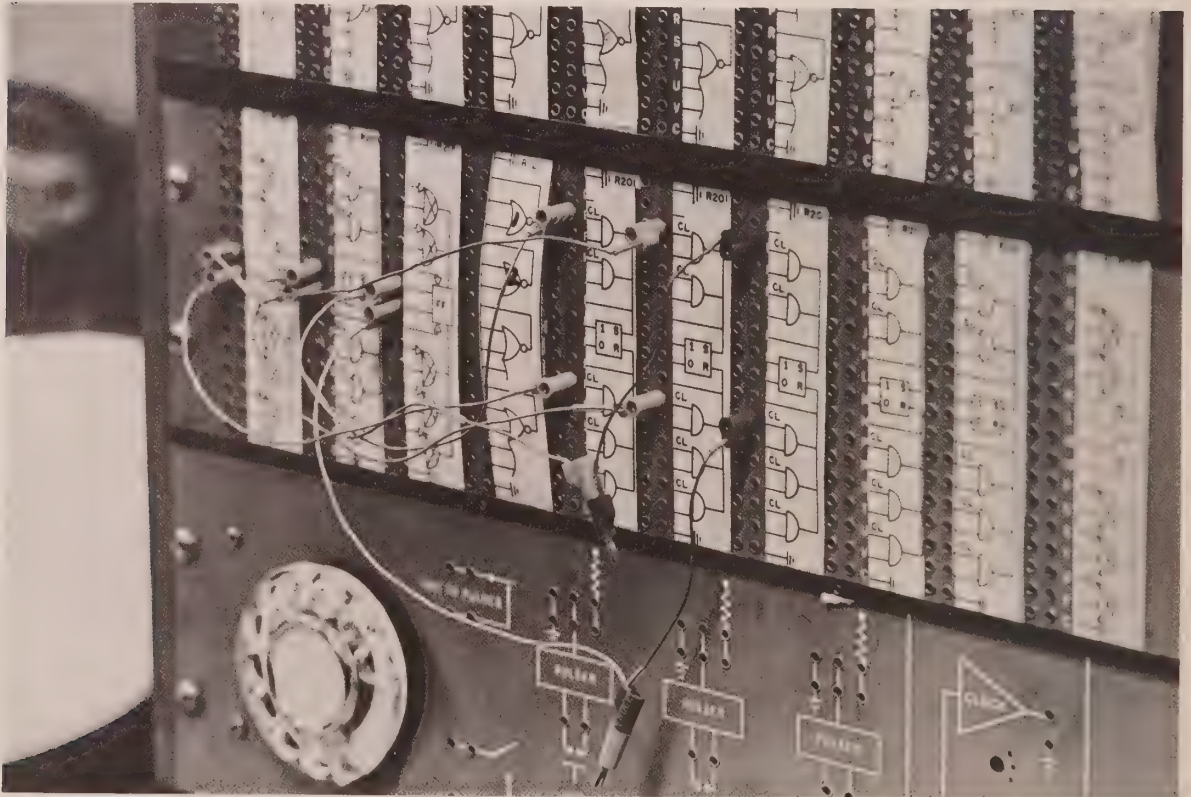














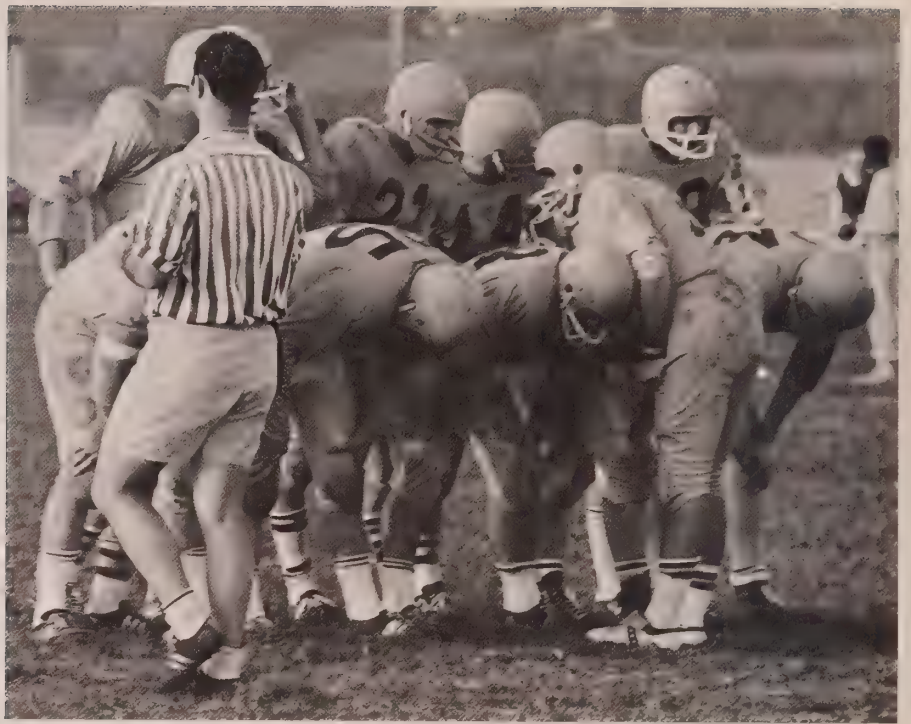


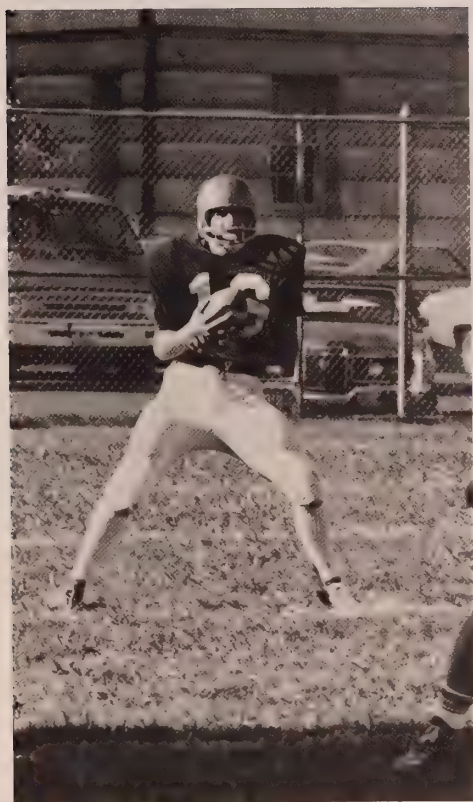
DIVERSIONS

















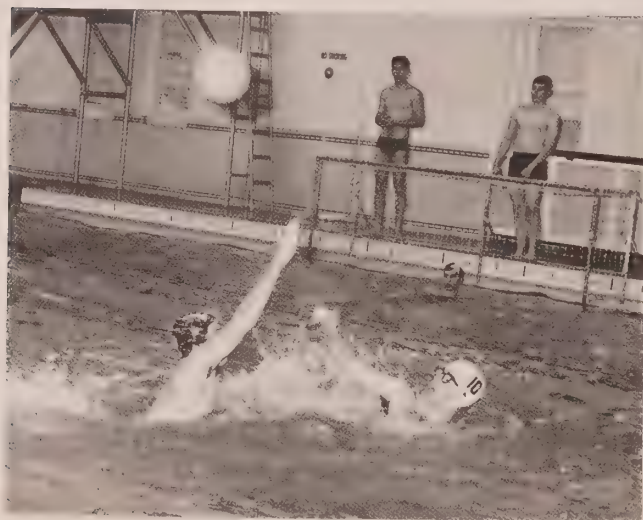








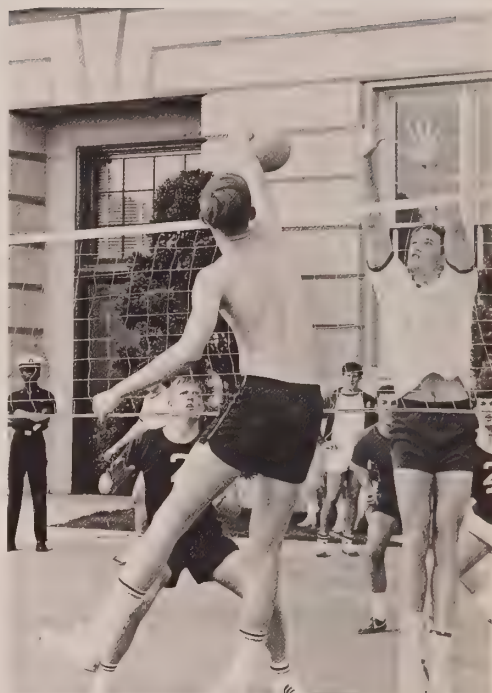






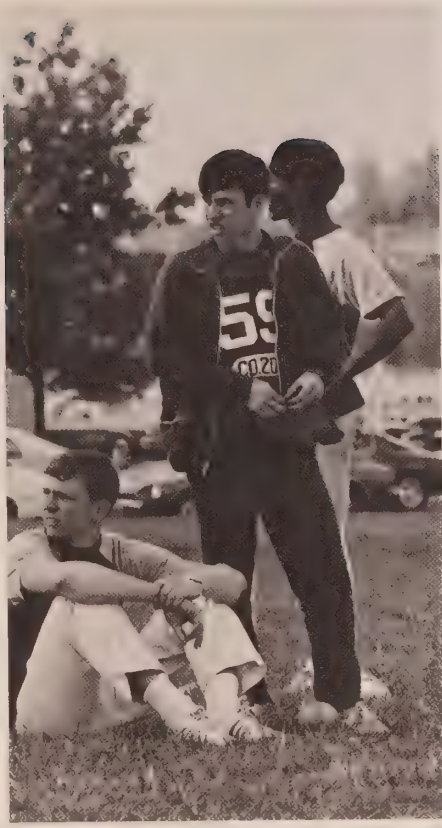


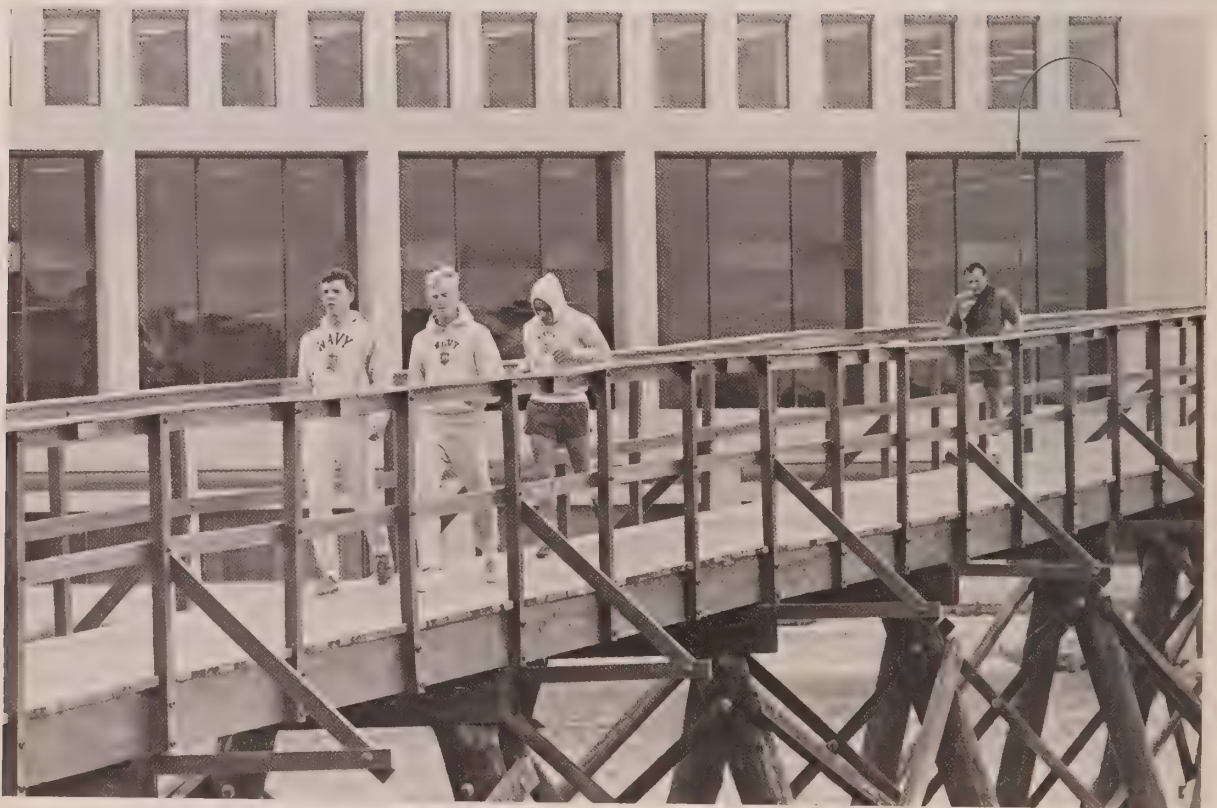




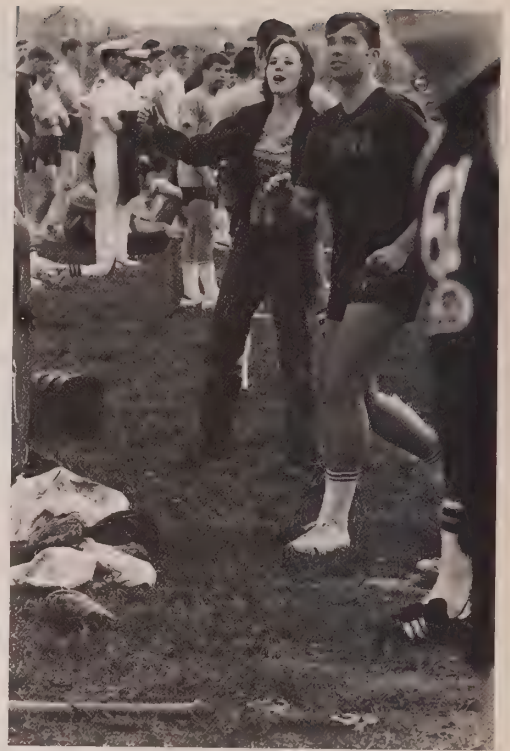




















INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

Fall Season:

Basketball	18th Company
Boxing	2nd Battalion
Crew	2nd Battalion
Cross Country	1st Battalion
Fencing	3rd Battalion
Football	5th Battalion
Handball	3rd Battalion
Soccer	8th Company
Squash	1st Battalion
Swimming	5th Battalion
Tennis	5th Battalion
Wrestling	5th Battalion

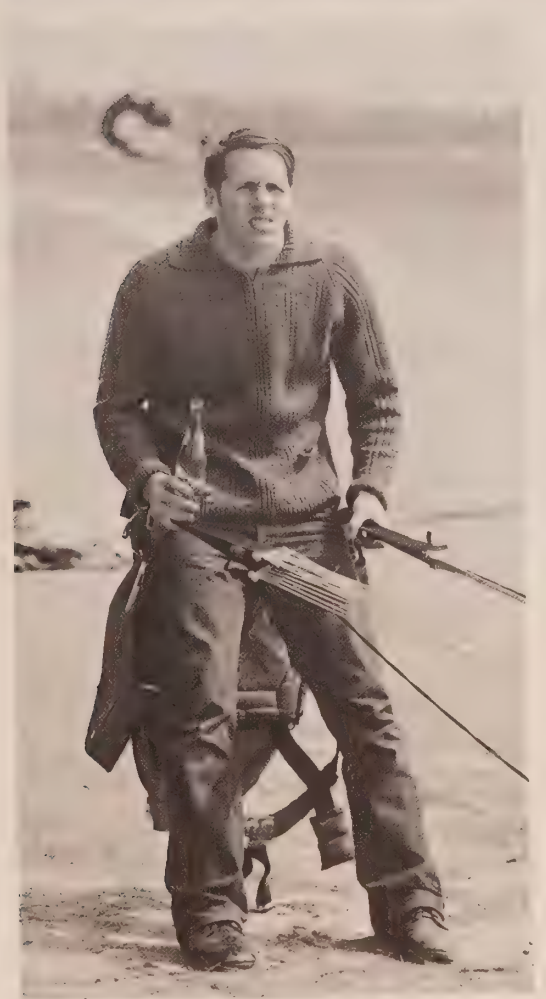
Winter Season:

Fieldball	21st Company
Handball	3rd Battalion
Soccer	3rd Battalion
Squash	5th Battalion
Touch Football (lightweight)	14th Company
Touch Football (heavyweight)	16th Company
Team Handball	2nd Battalion

Spring Season:

Basketball	1st Battalion
Knockabout Sailing	30th Company
Lacrosse	4th Battalion
Rugby	6th Battalion
Softball (fastpitch)	17th Company
Softball (slowpitch)	10th Company
Squash	4th Battalion
Tennis	4th Battalion
Track	3rd Battalion
Volleyball	2nd Battalion
Water Polo	4th Battalion
Weightlifting	5th Battalion



















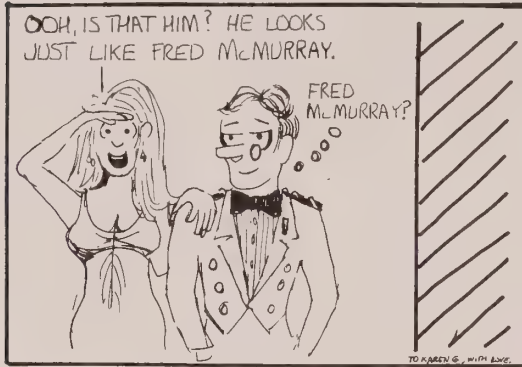






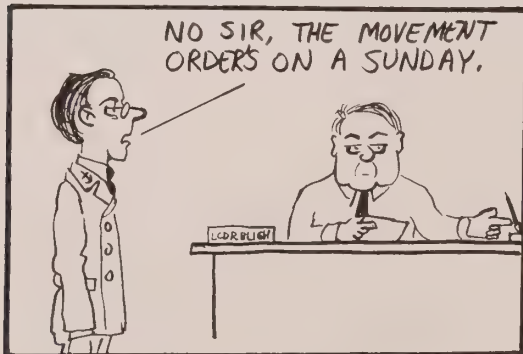


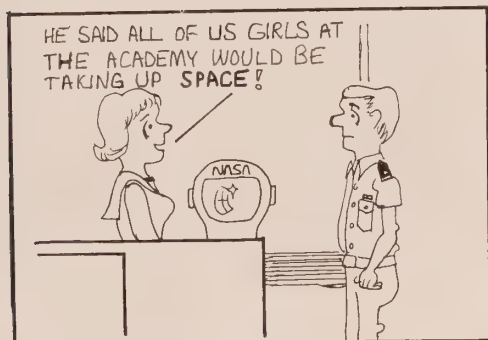
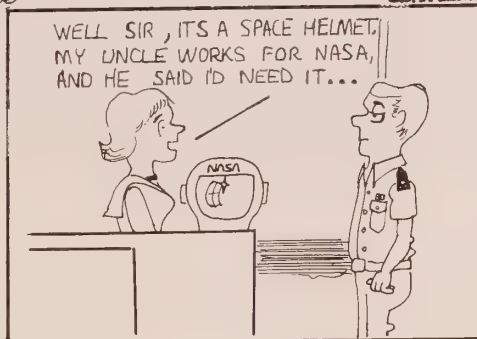
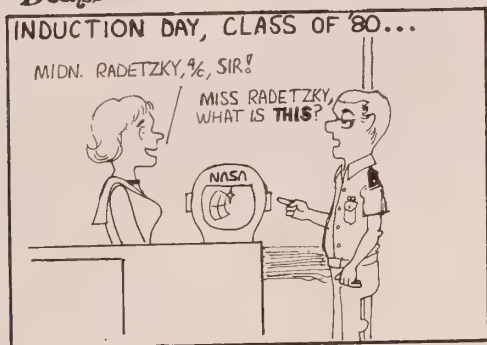
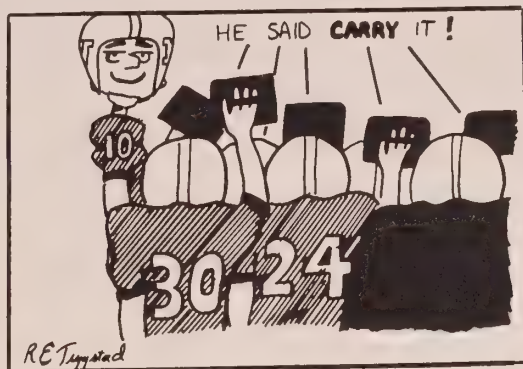
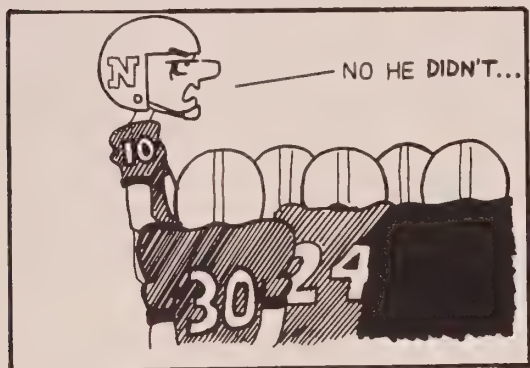
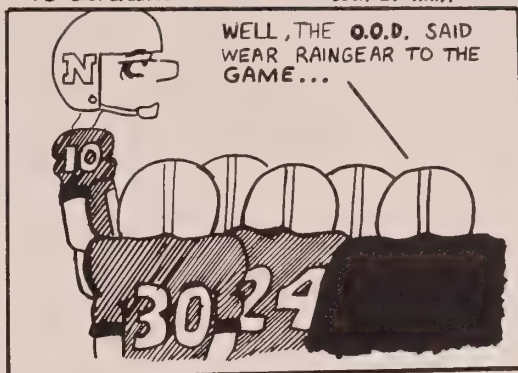
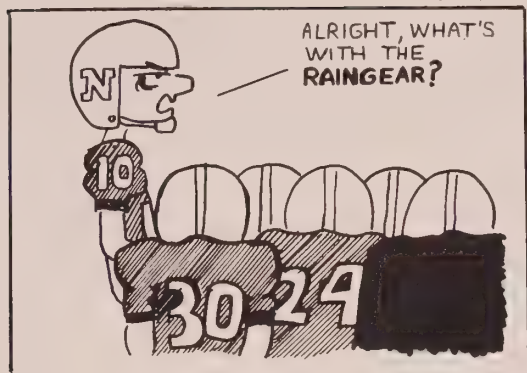




Doonsbanana

WITH APOLOGIES TO G.B. Trudeau













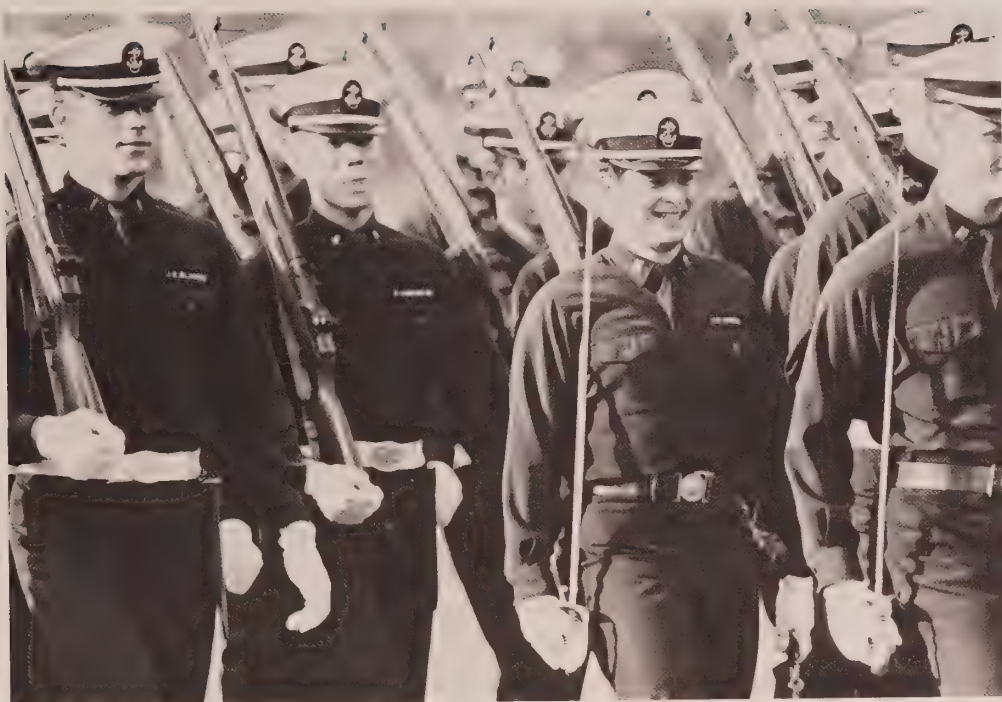




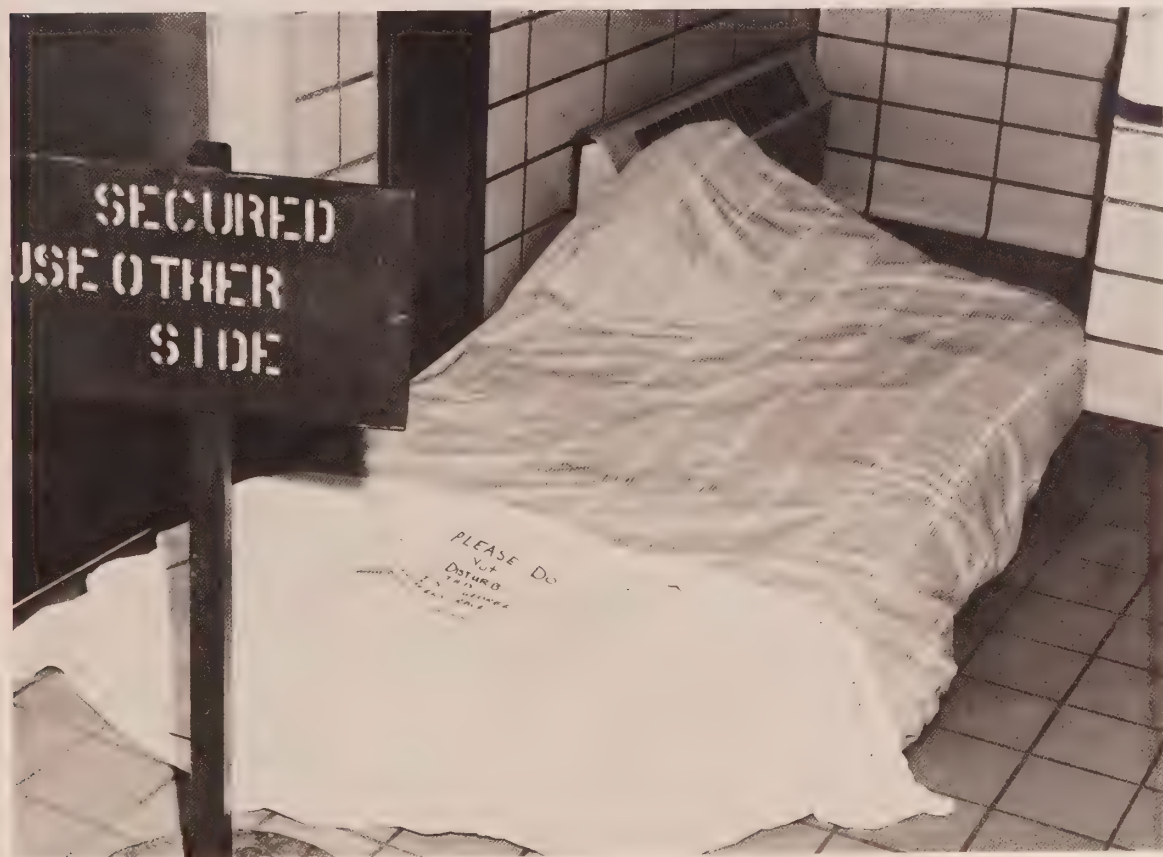
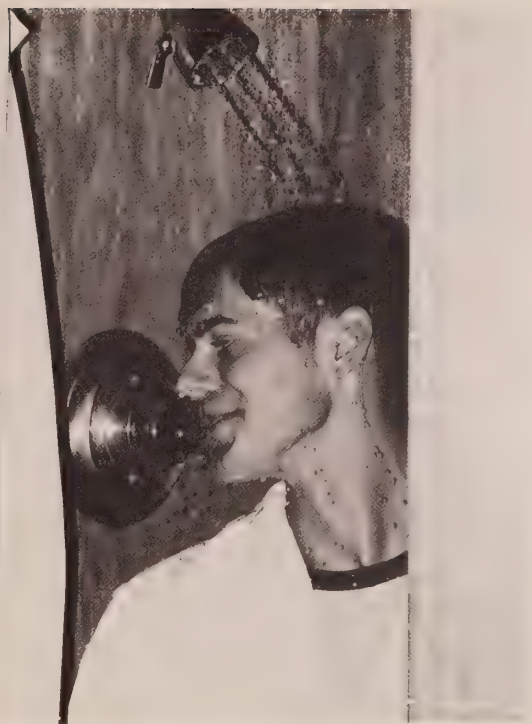






















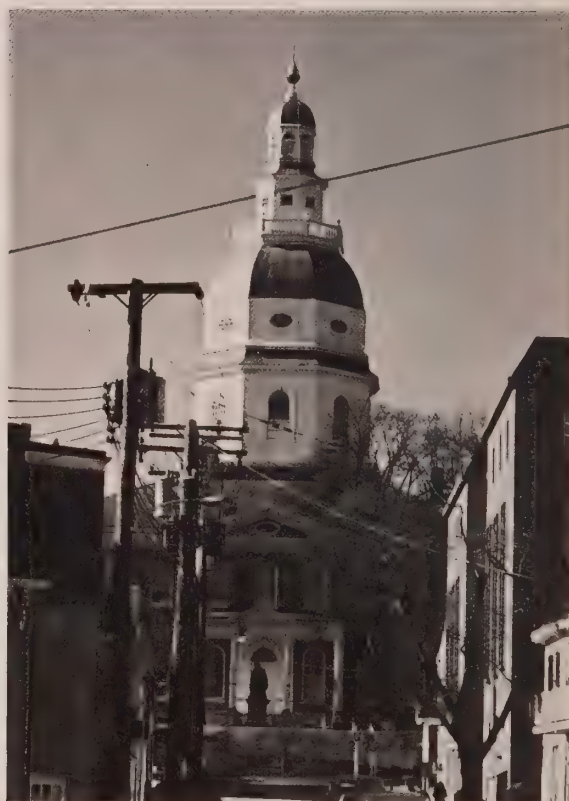
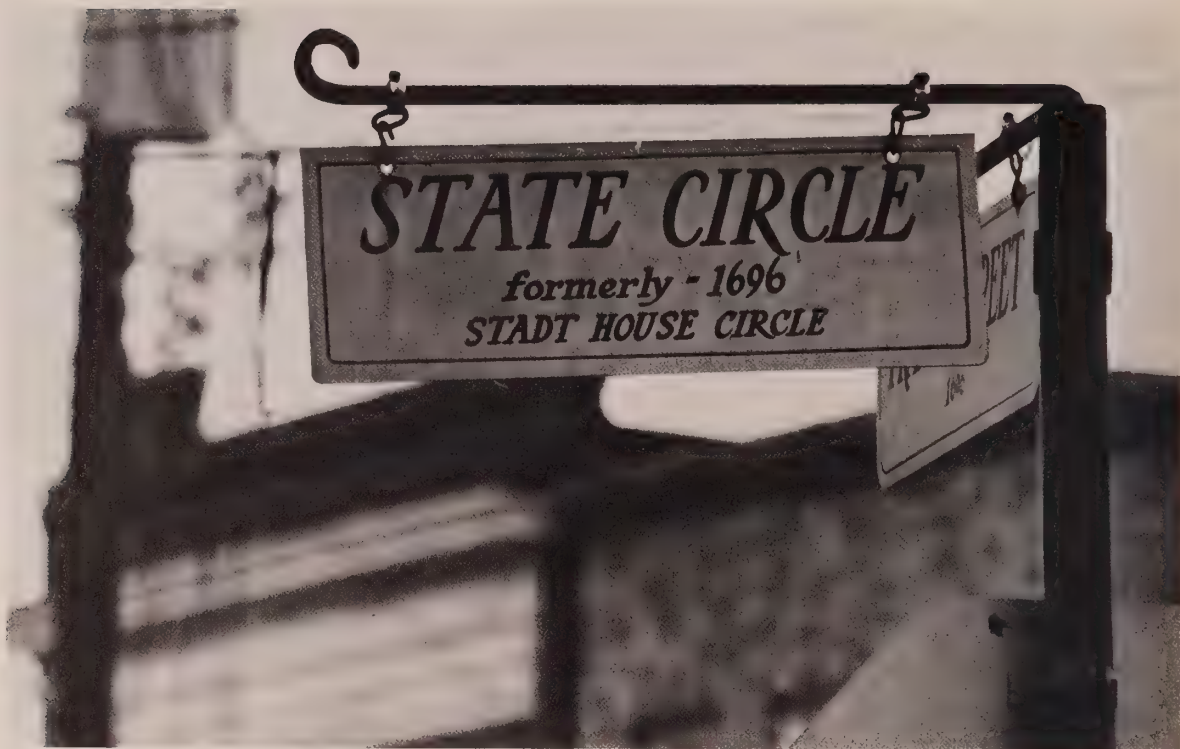






















Amateur Radio Club	J. A. Sanford
American Institute of Aeronautics & Astronautics	S. D. Funk
American Nuclear Society	R. D. Holland
American Society of Mechanical Engineers	B. A. Giron
American Society of Naval Engineers	J. F. Ravold
Antiphonal Choir	J. E. Morrison
Art & Printing Club	J. G. Rader
Big Brothers	T. Colella
Bowling Club	R. A. DaPrato
Brigade Activities Committee	C. H. Bush
Brigade Hop Committee	G. Davis
Cannoneers	F. G. Johnson
Car Club	S. Gray
Catholic Chapel Choir	P. Wietlisbach
Cheerleaders	J. Whitaker
Chemistry Club	G. R. Hicks
Chess Club	C. Childress
Christmas Card Club	D. P. Luhta
Churchill Society	R. J. Eisloeffel
Drum & Bugle Corps	J. R. Woelfel
Fellowship of Christian Athletes	T. Gardner
Glee Club	W. R. Deal
Handball Club	R. Large
History Club	W. C. Brown
Hockey Club	R. S. Moore
Institute of Electrical & Electronics Engineers	J. Tandy
Judo Club	P. Jacobs
Juice Gang	J. E. Sheldon
Karate Club	J. Allen
Log Magazine	M. L. Sobczak
Lucky Bag 1976	N. Karangelan
Lucky Bag 1977	R. L. Taylor
Lucky Bag 1978	N. Kamradt

Marine Technology Society
 Masqueraders
 Midn Modern Music Bands
 Military Studies
 Association
 Naval Academy Christian
 Association
 Officer Christian
 Fellowship
 Omicron Delta Epsilon
 Orienteering Club
 Parachute Club – Sport
 Parachute Club – Military
 Pep Band
 Photography Club
 Popular Music Concert
 Committee
 Protestant Chapel Choir
 Public Relations
 Committee
 Reef Points
 Ring Dance Committee
 Rugby Club
 Scuba Club
 Semper Fidelis Society
 Sigma Pi Sigma
 Ski Club
 Sportsman Club
 Trident Brass
 Trident Calendar
 Varsity "N" Club
 WMID-TV
 WRNV Radio
 YP Squadron
 Brigade Honor Committee
 Forensic Society
 Sailing Squadron
 Naval Academy Foreign
 Affairs Conference

R. Pinetti
 T. Abbott
 B. Iverson
 M. Bosworth

M. Schweer

W. Walters

D. J. Link
 B. Speer
 R. Johnson
 R. Hamme
 C. A. Kidd
 F. Inzirillo

J. Swanson
 P. S. Bole

P. L. E. Davis
 L. Carpenter
 T. O'Hagan
 W. Ostendorff
 C. O'Neill
 S. A. Wynne
 B. Tyndall
 M. Daily
 J. R. Woelfel
 J. Paquette
 S. O'Connor
 W. J. Sheppard
 J. Fox
 J. P. Wilkinson
 G. Standmoge
 J. Bouchard
 L. Howard
 R. E. Goff







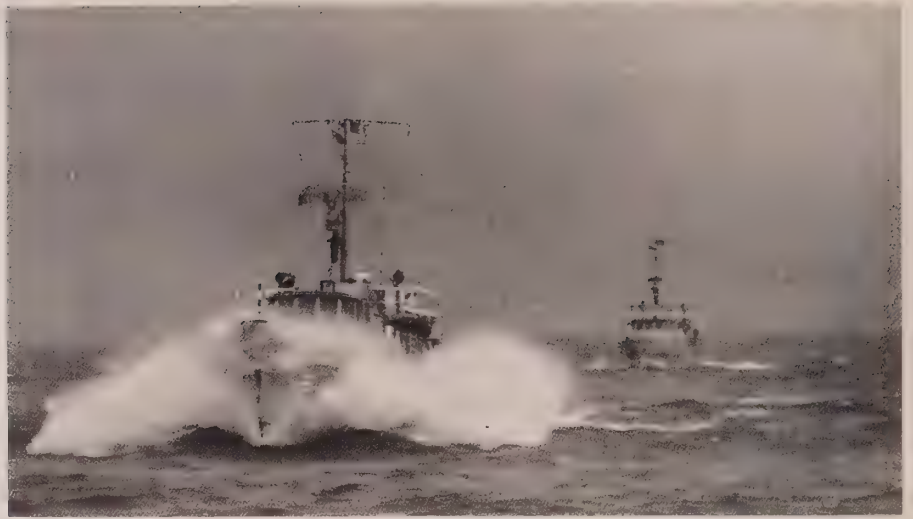




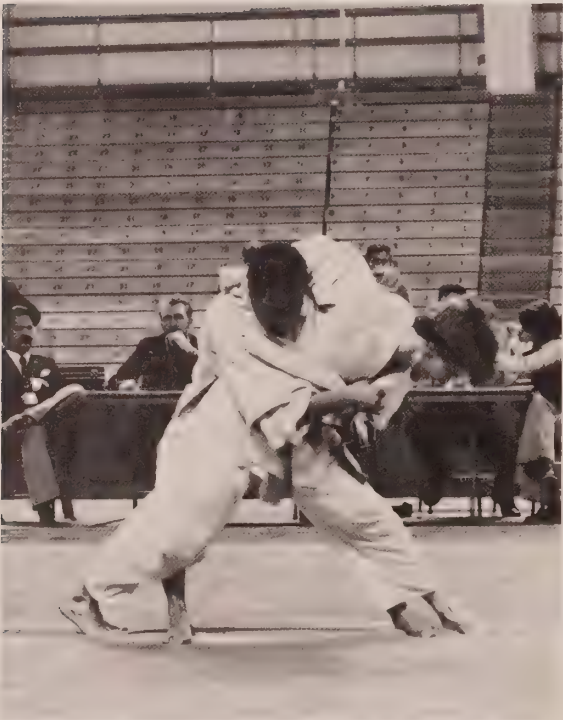
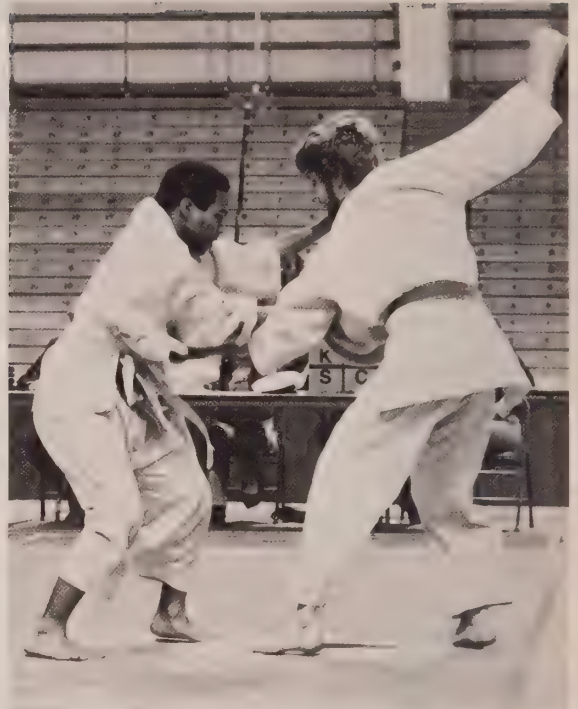


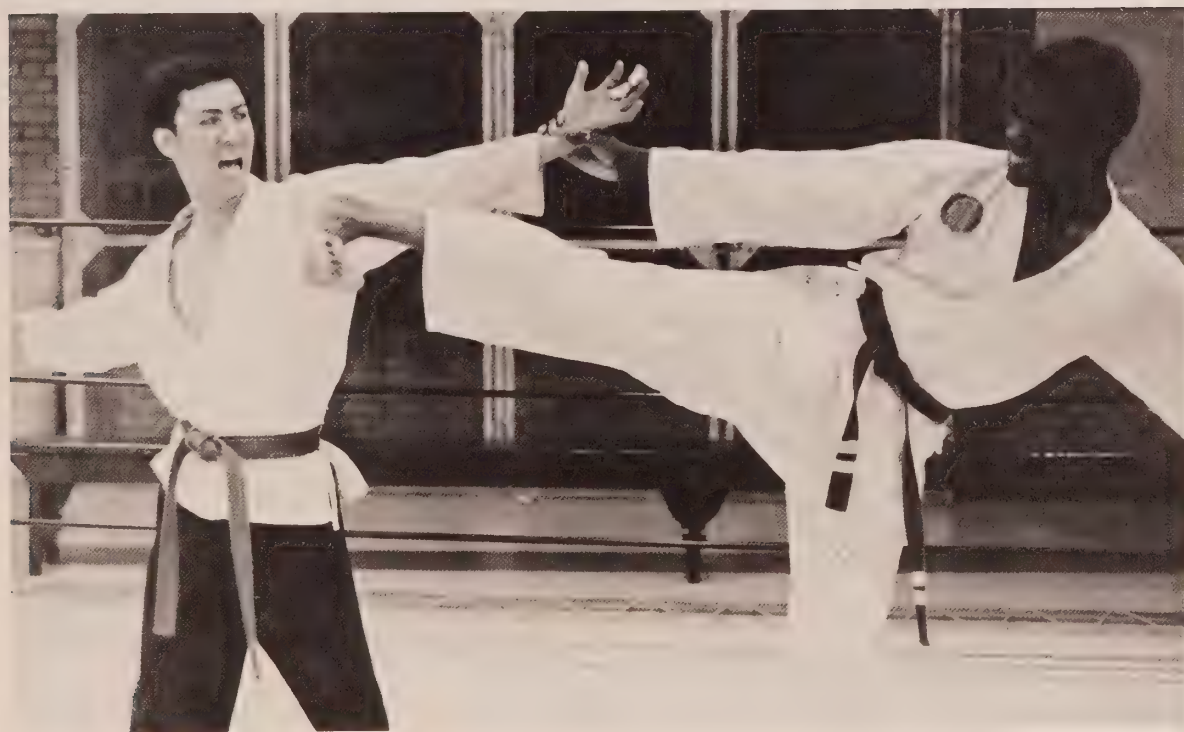


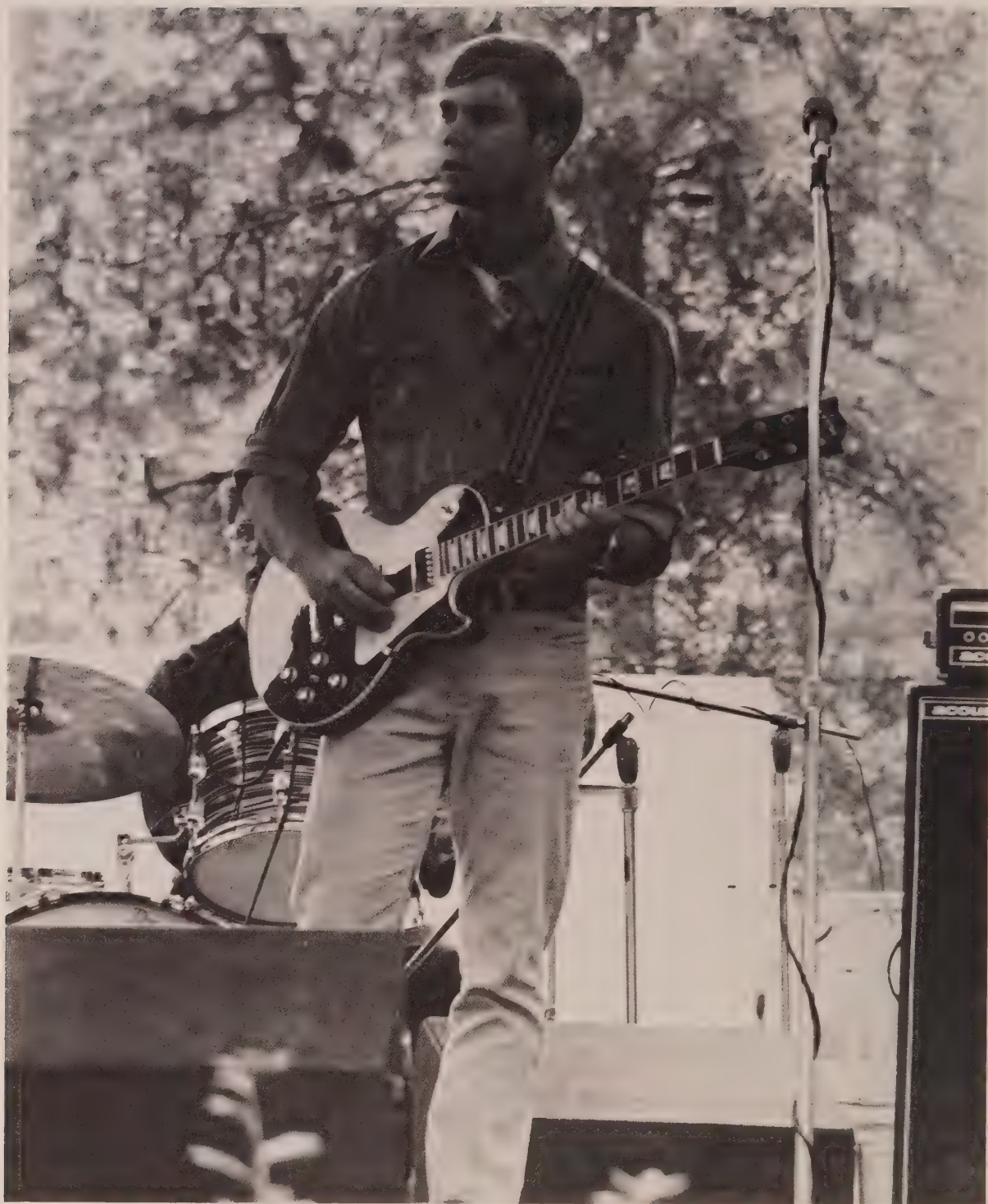






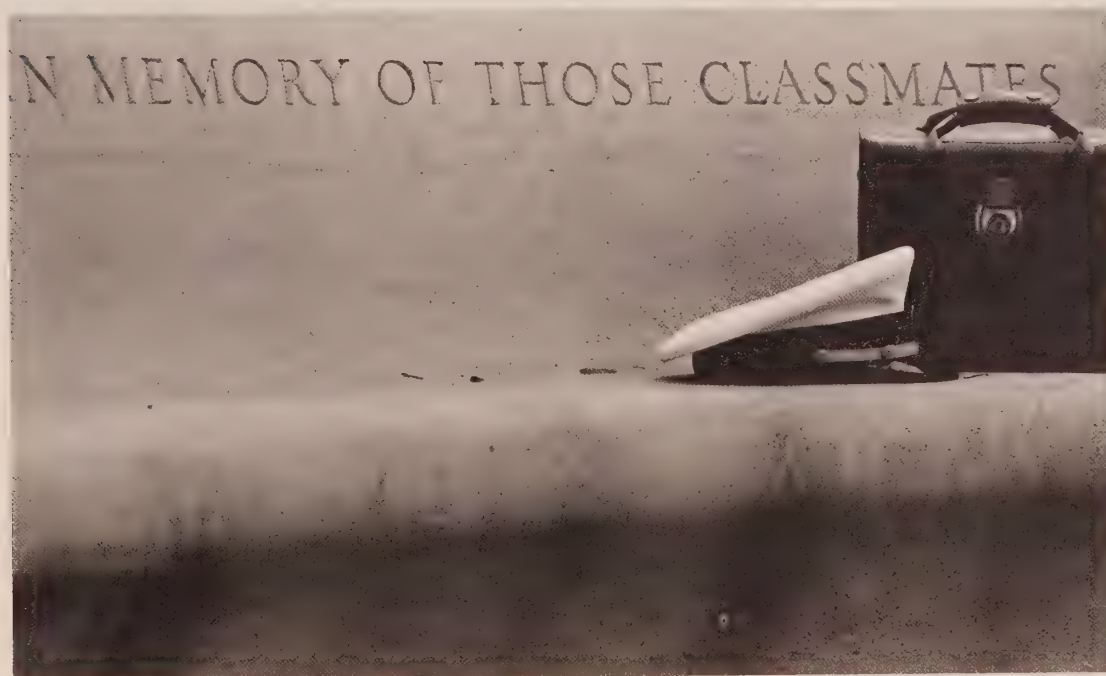














June
Week
'76











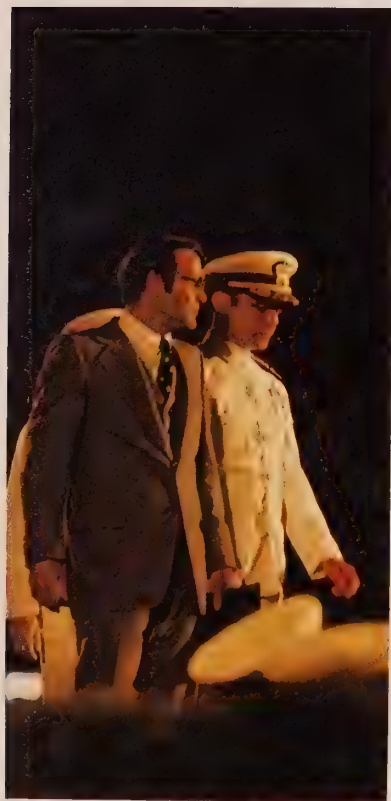












"Oliver Wendell Holmes said, 'I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, but in what direction we are moving ...' He added, 'To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail and not drift or lie at anchor.'"

Where will the United States sail? In what direction will we move? And, what can you — as commissioned officers — reasonably expect in your world, the world in which you will assume leadership?

First, I would suggest you will serve in a world which remains uncertain, complex, and dangerous for your Nation. Free people are not having an easy time in the world today, nor are we likely to in the decades ahead. The success of freedom is not, and never has been guaranteed. We exist as a free society today, not because there is no danger in the world — there is — and not because others in the world are assuring our safety — there is no Nation capable of doing it for us. Rather we exist as free people because we remain strong, because we have had the courage to defend liberty and deter those who would deny it, and because — while we seek friendly relations with all nations — we remain prepared against threats to our liberty.

The greatest threat to freedom in the years ahead will almost certainly come from the Soviet Union, a nation which does not share our dedication to personal liberty and the God-given rights of man — a nation which possesses substantial military power and has shown an inclination to use that power to the detriment of the freedom of others ...

"A second observation one might offer is that you will most likely serve in a world which will remain focused around Soviet and Western Alliance systems — with some modifications — but much as it is today. Western Europe and North East Asia should remain the most vital areas to the United States outside of the Western Hemisphere ...

Third, you will serve in a world of increasing interdependence. Trade and our reliance — and the reliance of our allies — on raw materials will increase. With both national security and economic interests becoming even more dependent upon unencumbered interchange abroad, free access to the sea lanes of communication will take on even greater importance. This will directly affect your responsibilities. It means that freedom of the seas — vital to us throughout our 200 years — will remain a central element of U.S. policy.

A fourth observation. You will serve in a world at a time when the rate of technological change will be enormous. While changes in the politico-military environment may be only evolutionary, technological change will be revolutionary.

At my commissioning, 22 years ago, the United States had nuclear weapons, but had not yet attached them to missiles with long-range delivery potential; we had submarines, but had not equipped them with nuclear power for extended submersion; we had some jet aircraft, but these had not yet achieved supersonic speed; we had automatic rapid-fire guns, but had not put our first missile systems to sea; and we had tested some missiles and rockets, but had not yet put a satellite in orbit.

The changes in the last two decades have been remarkable. Those you will see and contribute to in the coming decades will be greater. Certainly the technology you will be employing as we move into the 21st century will differ more radically from that of today than have the changes since the early 1950's.

Yours is the "Bicentennial Class" from the U.S. Naval Academy. On this wonderful occasion, inspired by those who have brought us this far — with determination and dedication — because the stakes are so high, you, in your time, and in your way, must strive to assure that those who celebrate our 300th year will be able to say, as we can today — that the "Magnificent Gamble," that is America, has worked. It is to you that the Greatest Nation on earth looks for assurance that it can be said by those who will follow, that America remains, and she remains a truly remarkable achievement.

To paraphrase the advice I received, to my benefit, from a wise man, on a similar occasion, a long time ago —

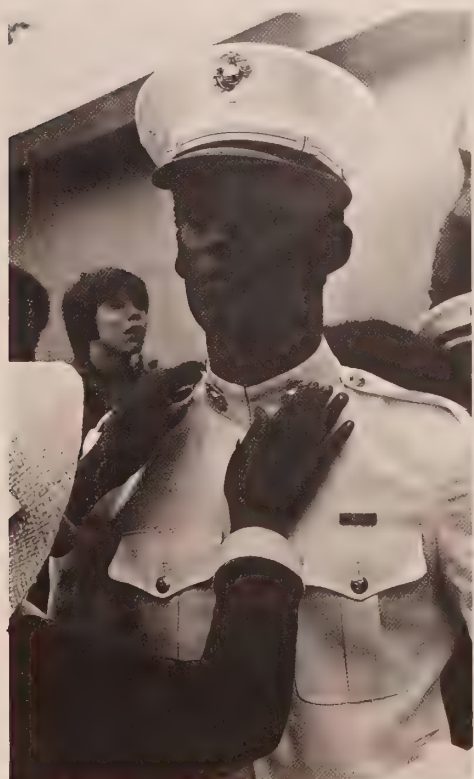
Before you depart this Academy, that you have known so well, stay a moment, reflect a bit. And when you depart, think occasionally of its ideas and purposes. The right to the pursuit of truth was not given, it was won, earned in conflict, and the fight continues, to this day, and beyond. Carry away with you some of its timeless courage and unlimited objectivity, which represent the collective input of its founders, and students, and teachers who have gone before you. It has been and remains the obligation of this Academy to transmit, from one generation to another, our heritage. Don't forget when you leave, why you came."

The Honorable Donald Rumsfeld













FACES IN THE CROWD

Commander-in-Chief



Gerald R. Ford

Vice-President



Nelson A. Rockefeller

Secretary of Defense



Donald H. Rumsfeld

Secretary of the Navy



J. William Middendorf II

Chief of Naval Operations



Admiral James L. Holloway, III, USN

Commandant of the Marine Corps



General Louis H. Wilson, USMC

Superintendent



Rear Admiral Kinnaird R. McKee, USN

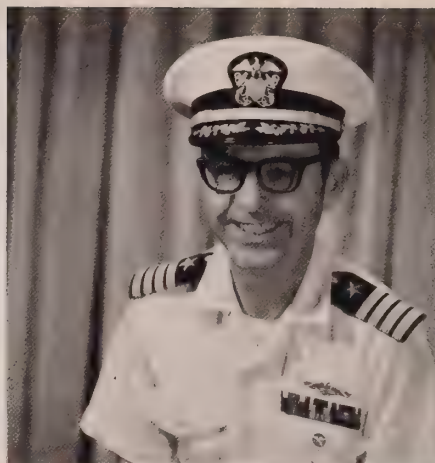
Commandant



Captain D. K. Forbes, USN



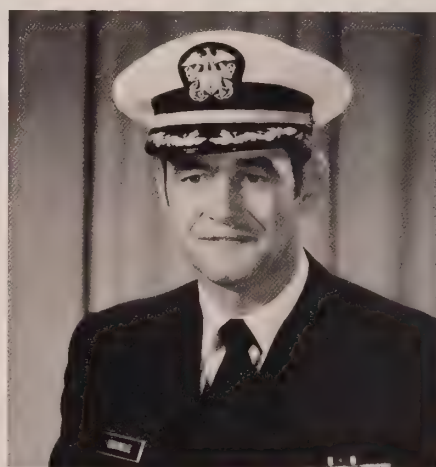
Deputy Commandant – CAPT P.E. Treagy



Dir. Prof. Develop. – CAPT W.J. Holland



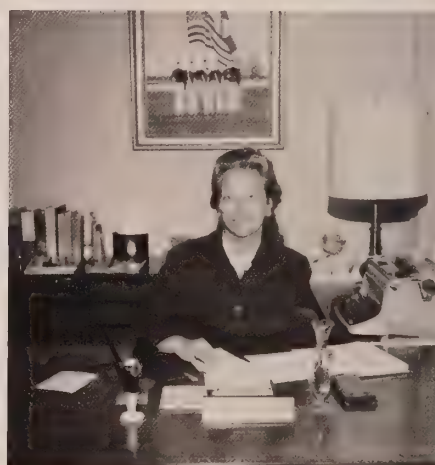
Operations Officer – CDR E. Luetschwager



Financial Advisor – CDR J.H. Kunkle



Administrative Officer – LCDR L.J. Gionet



Social Director – Mrs. J.G. Marshall



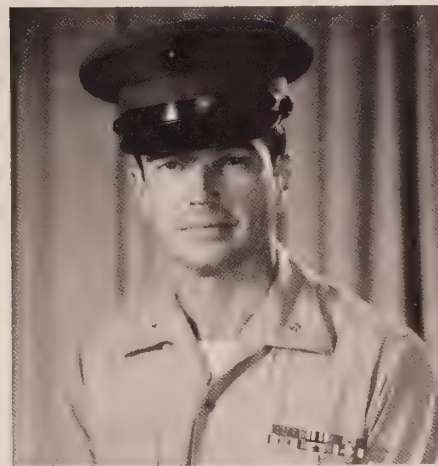
1st Batt. Off. — CDR P.D. Abbott



2nd Batt. Off. — LCDR R.L. Caplinger



3rd Batt. Off. — CDR M.W. Parsons



4th Batt. Off. — LTCOL G.W. Robillard



5th Batt. Off. — CDR R.V. Christopher



6th Batt. Off. — CDR W.G. Martin

BRIGADE STAFF



<i>Top Row:</i>	John Carwile Brigade Cdr.	Thomas Abbott Deputy Brigade Cdr.	George Standridge Honor Chairman	James Stavridis Brigade Ops. Officer	James Gustafson Admin. Officer
<i>2nd Row:</i>	Christopher Ames Brigade Cdr.	Douglas Duke Deputy Brigade Cdr.	Gerald Spraitzar Brigade Ops. Officer	David Harrison Admin. Officer	
<i>1st Row:</i>	Mason Laskoski	Charles Reddix, Jr. Brigade Cdr.	Bryan Campbell Deputy Brigade Cdr.	David Webster Brigade Ops. Officer	Admin. Officer



<i>Top Row:</i>	Douglas Gutne, Jr. Brigade Supply Assistant Brigade Officer	Raymond Putt, Jr. Lieutenant	Albert Schmidt Brigade Adj.	Paul Mueller Brigade First Ops. Officer	William Glenney Assistant Brigade Ops. Officer
	Steven Daughety Brigade Drill Officer				
<i>2nd Row:</i>	Gregory Queen Brigade Supply Brigade First Officer	Alden Hingle Lieutenant	Mark Nesselrode Brigade Adj.		
<i>1st Row:</i>	Robert Peranich Brigade Cdr.	Jeffrey Peitit Deputy Brigade Cdr.	Richard Moore Brigade First Lieutenant	Douglas Robbins Brigade Drill Officer	

1st REGIMENTAL STAFFS

1st BATTALION STAFFS



CDR
J.A. Hutchison
M.E. Bacon
F.V. Bauer

SUB CDR
F.A. Inzirillo
W.E. Casey
D.J. Manners

OPS.
R.D. Seizert
F.G. Johnson
L.M. Mays

ADMIN
W.S. Burns
M.P. Agor
M.H. Clements

SUPPLY
F.P. Hughes
D.R. Fleischmen
D.W. Jourdan

ADJ
D.S. Love
J.F. Buransky
S.H. Nichols, III



CDR
K.E. Sichau
C.C. Snee
W.R. Daze

SUB CDR
E.C. Neidlinger
S.A. Beaton
J.L. Paquere

OPS.
T.M. Thedy
D.C. CeGeus
C.M. Decker

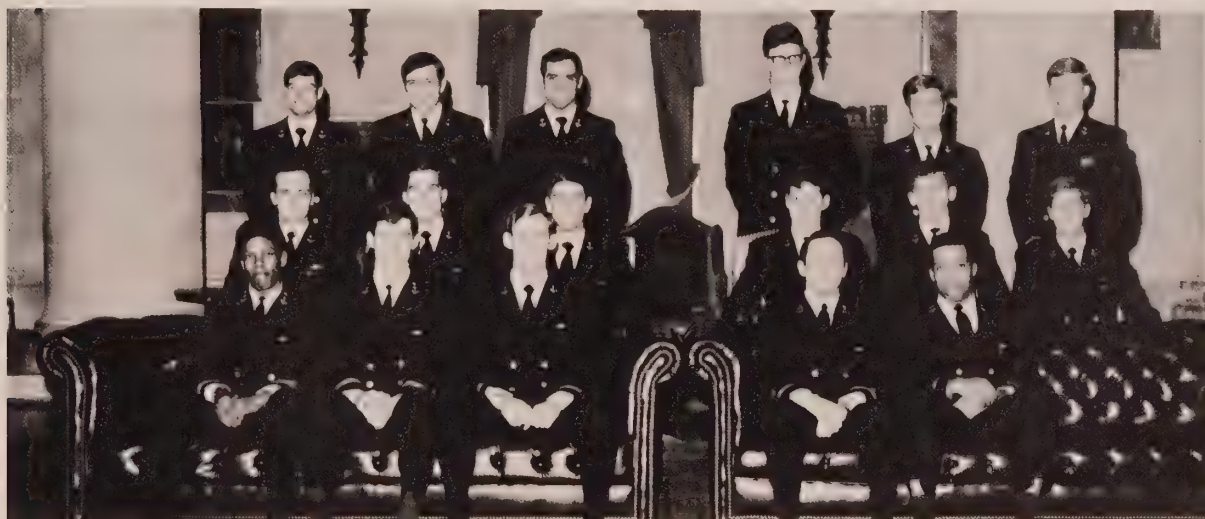
ADMIN
D.R. Barclay
W.H. Beeson, Jr
B.E. Stutsman

SUPPLY
L.M. Spar
W.E. McMinn
D. De Silva

ADJ
H.D. Tyler, III
D.K. Shimp
H.C. Butler

2nd BATTALION STAFFS

3rd BATTALION STAFFS



CDR
W.H. Jakubowski
B.H. Scott
M.K. Stevens

SUB CDR
W.T. Wheeler
A.Y. Cobble
D.J. Venlet

OPS.
C.J. Vargo
L.E. Moss
S.R. O'Connor

ADMIN
K. Crain
T.V. Ross
R.F. Nathanson

SUPPLY
R.S. Searl
W.D. Brown
J. McGowan

ADJ
R.C. Peterman
C.P. Lengford
J. Sparks



CDR
W.P. Parker
M.P. Golden
D.W. Griffith

SUB CDR
J.J. Moro
J.H. Wilckens
R. Eckenrode

OPS.
N.E. Karangelen
L.A. Davis
M.S. O'Hare

ADMIN
J.R. Suter
P.J. Exner
R.S. Bedsgard

SUPPLY
J.P. Haggerty
M.Z. Bircher
W.J. Bigham

ADJ
J.P. McAliley
C.C. Gorumk
G.J. Hessenhauer

2nd REGIMENTAL STAFFS

4th BATTALION STAFFS



CDR
J.R. Allen
D.E. Crisalli
D.C. Curtis

SUB CDR
T.E. Zelibor
J.M. Davis
M.A. LeFever

OPS.
S.A. Yates
C.T. Weber
S.W. Goodson

ADMIN
M.D. Donnelly
M.J. Hughes
B.A. Hougesen

SUPPLY
D. Galik
P.J. Giancatarino
B.Q. Iverson

ADJ
W.L. Meeks
M.G. Hlywiak
E.Y. Kimura



CDR
N. Muller
C. Moeller
B. Caulk

SUB CDR
P. Tracy
J. Mark
C. Napora

OPS.
T. Naville
P. Klein
L. Raithel

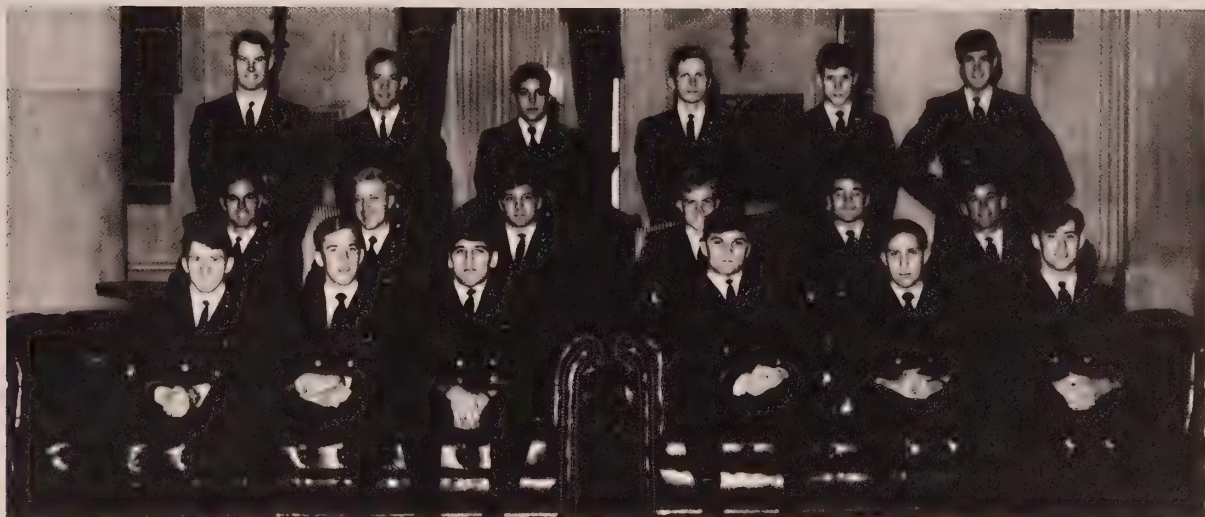
ADMIN
Z.B. Harrison
T. Anderson
R. Brunnergarber

SUPPLY
M. Witt
P. Cornell
L. Bell

ADJ
J.O'Connell
A.Hee
D. Steudler

5th BATTALION STAFFS

6th BATTALION STAFFS



CDR
B.R. Tyndall
S. Strowbel
R.D. Hepburn

SUB CDR
V.M. Neves
J.M. Crochet
T.W. Davis

OPS.
J. Sarao
B. Edington
N.O. Jensen

ADMIN
J.F. Bouchard
P.M. Brown
M.R. Flentje

SUPPLY
D.C. Bock
M.L. Metcalf
R.D. Belling

ADJ
K.W. Nicely
M.W. Haas
D.E. Smith



CDR
R. Pope
L.B. Davidson
B.A. Speer

SUB CDR
J. Kirk
B.P. Miller
D.G. Renaud

OPS.
S. Champlin
J.B. Green
L.M. Jones, Jr

ADMIN
R.D. Spencer
G.G. Greenfield
C.L. Rater

SUPPLY
F.D. Yarger
R.A. Nesbitt
D.W. Hillegas.k

ADJ
A.P. Boner
G.N.Wynn
T.O. Achorn

First Company



LT M. Mullen

Back Row: A. J. Drake, III; T. K. Conlan; L. B. Knuth; J. A. Pasko; G. D. Yoder; R. R. Royston; J. H. Davis, III; D. L. Rugieri; W. L. Steinwedell; N. Rajacich; P. V. Graham; A. Mendiola; M. Szostak; T. McLernon; G. J. Fresquez; D. Woolwine; J. M. Flynn; T. Junette; B. D. Brandon; J. J. Romano

Fifth Row: R. F. Brown; F. V. Klein; W. M. Sadler; J. Aschenbrenner; E. R. Rosenlof; C. J. Garvin; M. A. Hubal; R. Schwaneke; B. W. Carter; P. S. Parsons; J. W. McClean; D. L. Kruger; M. F. Chanchuk; C. C. Steinhauser; R. R. Trombadore

Fourth Row: W. A. Rose; J. A. Ward; W. E. Landay; J. T. Reilly; W. McAlpine; W. S. Krull; C. B. Nicol; J. S. Althans; G. Roncolato; D. Van Hutten; J. R. Link; D. Allison; D. D. Grau

Third Row: P. J. Andrews; J. E. Hynes; D. W. McLarney; J. P. Day; R. T. Hammonds; W. J. Truxal; J. L. Rowley; D. C. Finley; H. W. Bracewell; D. Filippini; L. Carpenter; R. Higgins; T. S. Hill

Second Row: N. Green; H. L. Pruitt; J. F. McCourt; R. W. Bannister; G. Buchanan; J. B. Schrum; J. D. Gaillard; ; H. P. Bolich; G. L. Grice; D. L. Hall

Front Row: B. Baetzel; F. A. Hunt; K. G. Hefferman; L. J. Stride; J. M. Beaver; R. P. Jenks; ; J. Kovalchik; L. T. Simmelink, Jr.; J. Bogovich; D. F. Dalton; D. W. Robbins





CAO
 Back Row: R. Monroe
 1st Set
 Middle: W. Loeffler
 J. Cory
 2nd Set
 Front Row: J. Engels
 3rd Set

<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
J. Butler	W. Gerrard
G. Langley	F. Ball
J. Murphy	



Second Company



LT R. Nolan

Back Row: K. L. Ritz; W. P. Lopez; S. A. Riggin; H. F. Theurer; T. E. Hicks

Sixth Row: B. N. Decker; L. W. Harrison; D. A. Uthe; T. P. Algire; C. H. Mead; G. H. Baker; R. S. Harward; S. Gabriele; D. C. Marble; T. D. Lindsey; J. F. McIsaac

Fifth Row: S. Furgerson; M. J. Gault; J. M. King; D. E. Price; W. J. Kihn; R. J. Yasky; D. W. Christie; P. J. Drito; B. Zimmerman

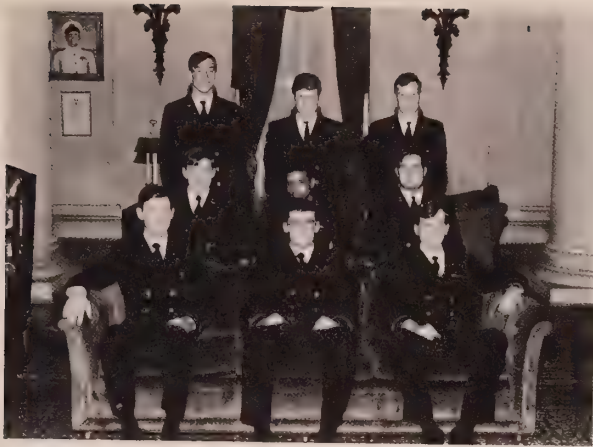
Fourth Row: J. E. Page; S. C. Miller; M. E. Neller; J. P. McCann; S. Hopkins; D. A. Ray; T. D. McCleod; R. Shinskie; K. Kroszner; G. T. Hanold; J. H. Waters; V. Bellezza

Third Row: C. DeMarche; C. A. Lile; J. H. Semcken; J. A. Fiorelli; M. D. Duett; D. Urquidez; J. M. Berner; B. C. Gary; C. W. Dahmer; J. Messerschmidt; M. A. Kranz

Second Row: S. Maloney; A. Williams; W. H. Kramer; D. G. Weiner; J. P. Wilkins; T. Graessle; C. Tuozzolo; B. L. Vasquez; W. H. Ittner; D. Goolsby; J. J. Schwanz; G. M. Blinde

Front Row: J. J. Scarpulla; M. Malinick; D. R. Heinz; M. C. Miller; D. D. Antonio; E. L. Abner; K. R. Trass; J. S. Kamen; W. T. Door; L. S. Wilson; E. A. Helleberg; D. M. Walborn; W. J. Lester





CAO
 Back Row:
 1st Set
 Middle:
 2nd Set
 Front Row: R. Emmel
 3rd Set

CDR *SUB-CDR*
 J. Sturm, III H. Willis
 R. Goff J. Whitsett, Jr.
 J. Christman R. Weiss



Third Company



LT J. Llewellyn

Back Row: J. M. Hicks; D. N. Valente; P. C. Garcia; P. J. Aagaard; J. W. Sherman; H. Jones; S. W. Tippet; D. K. Knab; D. K. Olsen

Sixth Row: W. G. Williamson; J. V. Quigley; A. Adamschick; M. Cass; J. E. Von Gohren; R. A. Wiesenber

Fifth Row: C. Majkowski; J. A. Brown; P. A. Levoci; G. Glover; J. K. Selden; C. P. Sumner; J. W. O'Connell; P. D. Lloyd; R. Poquette

Fourth Row: W. Lewis; W. Dooley; B. S. Bole; M. Basford; M. C. Price; M. E. Huber; R. P. Reitz; W. J. Westwater; D. Mossbarger

Third Row: R. L. Ellis; J. L. Rogitz; D. G. Ireland; J. A. Hancock; D. M. Roberts; M. A. Durnan; C. Lageman; P. A. Jaquith; B. R. Smith; J. A. Vause; R. Dirickson; W. N. Duncan; A. S. Mobley

Second Row: M. J. McNish; N. B. Boster; H. M. McArthur; R. J. Sticinski; S. F. Harper; J. K. Liming; M. P. Tryon; M. F. Brock; R. W. Lamont; S. K. McCloskey; D. J. Bowers; H. G. Maugans; G. C. Reuss

Front Row: C. Eischen; S. M. Rennie; W. M. Stiles; R. G. Wilson; A. Richardson; R. Thompson; D. H. Gates; M. S. Frick; C. L. Stathos; J. W. Melear; R. C. Eves; M. P. Conway; G. J. Brannon





CAO	CDR	SUB-CDR
Back Row: H. Neighbour	D. Whitney	M. Uhron
1st Set		
Middle: J. Paquette	G. Littlejohn	H. Whalen
2nd Set		
Front Row: T. Thedy	D. DiLucente	D. Deverill
3rd Set		



Fourth Company

LT E. Dailey

Back Row: McLarney, P. M.; W. F. Herr

Ninth Row: Staudt, J. E.; Hoffert, J. E.; Clyman, R.N.; Hoffman, S. W.; Brigante, J. P.; Kovalczyk, T. M.; Pinkston, J. T.; Owen, W. E.

8th Row: Firreno, C. J.; Akayama, D. G.; Miller, J. M.; Ikstrums, I. V.; Dennis, C. P.; Woodward, C.; Mathison, K. B.; Amato, T. D.; Fitzsimmons, R. D.

7th Row: Cranshaw, J. S.; Davis, J. B.; Miller, J. D.; Koufos, P. J.; Cloyd, J. D.; Ackley, J. M.; Wilckens, R. D.

6th Row: Mansfield, P. M.; Newcombe, J. F.; Vaughn, E.; Chang, R. M.; French, K. A.; Linn, L. D.; Yoshihara, D.

5th Row: Warner, M. E.; Schraml, F. V.; Bartie, S. R.; Manthey, M. C.; Young, S. F.; Mercer, D. J.; Woodward, J. L.; Gardiner, J. G.

4th Row: Murphy, M. J.; Perry, C. A.; Casey, J. S.; Holden, M. J.; Sprague, T.; Balestrieri, D. A.; Gordon, R. J.; Stowe, A. R.

3rd Row: Clever, A. R.; Kingsman, K.; Haines, D.; Tilgner, B. A.; Willcox, B.; Christofferson, E.; Suter, R. B.; Galvin, R. E.; Parker, J. M.; Nelson, R. B.

2nd Row: McNamara, T.; Delape, F. M.; Plisco, L. R.; Abbott, J. M.; Spence, F. W.; Bacon, G. S.; Fleischer, R.; Jones, D. L.; Smith, B. E.; McDonald, J. C.; Swinton, C.

Front Row: Dolan, J. P.; Troiani, M.; Schlaepfer, W. P.; Viotto, J.; McCulloch, W. C.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Kiser	R. MacDougal	
S. Hastings		
1st Set		
Middle: S. Giorgia	C. Mihalko	A. Chenault
2nd Set		
Front Row: B. Northridge	P. Bole	M. McKinney
3rd Set		



Fifth Company



CAPT R. McDonough, USMC

Back Row: Jack Stumborg; Mike Many; Chuck Happ; Rich Phares; Paul Tetrault; Alex Urrutia; John Kaiser; Ed Berko; Nestor Camerino

7th Row: P. Mays, Jack Kasiski; Steve Laverson; Lyle Snide; Keith Anderson; Mark Schreiber; Matt Coleman; Rich Reynolds; Rick Shirer; Doug Houseman

6th Row: Chuck Kuzma; Carlos Espinosa; Carey Butler; Rick Cheurie; D. Karcher; Bill Pearce; Jim Stokes; Dennis Damman; Dave Emerling; Eric Zeigler

5th Row: J. Lademan; J. Hanson; M. Shaw; Mike Crum; J. O'Dwyer; Robert Voight; Greg Hutto; Steve Grant; Grant Thorton; Paul Grubbs

4th Row: P. Flynn; Richard Borchardt; J. Haley; Brian Kee; Shawn Bradley; Dan Keuhlen; Steve Bradley; George Ball; Welling Clark; Tim Cummins

3rd Row: S. Zehner; Tom Rentz; M. McGee; Roosevelt Bynum; Fred Hilder; M. McCaffery; M. Munson; K. Bates; Mike Yurina

2nd Row: Robert Toby; Robert Girard; B. Hayes; William Goodwin; Mike Longmeier; B. Miller; J. Calleros; Cayleharen; S. Bennett; M. Capponi; Ron Rogers; Tom Husiman

Front Row: R. Franke; Jeff Stone; Marvin Rogers; E. Anderson; Shan Delmar; C. Moore; Rick Johnson; J. Clement



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: J. Poole	P. Johnson	D. DeSilva
1st Set Pictured Below		
Middle: R. Butt	J. Poole	D. Mantilla
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. McNeill	J. Petersen	D. Watts
3rd Set		



Sixth Company



LCDR J. Onorato

Back Row: Rohrs, B. B.; Gagne, R. E.; Doyle, M. J.; Schneider, R. A.

7th Row: Yip, D. W.; Ziolkowski, J.; Ranz, M. C.; Kutch, R. M.; Williamson, M. L.; Berger, W. H.; Godley, J. I.

6th Row: Mendger, M.; Green, M. E.; Kaker, K. F.; Fleshman, G. S.; Peterson, J.; Downs, R. K.; Luev-aro, R. V.; Dyver, J. W.; Cobb, C.; Hallgren, J. M.; Kahn, R. T.; Plencener, J. G.; Lazcano, T.; Wam-mack, K.; Price, L. O.; Grodek, T. L.; McGonigle, M. H.; Cellon, R. E.; Hincks, S. E.; Stein, K. E.

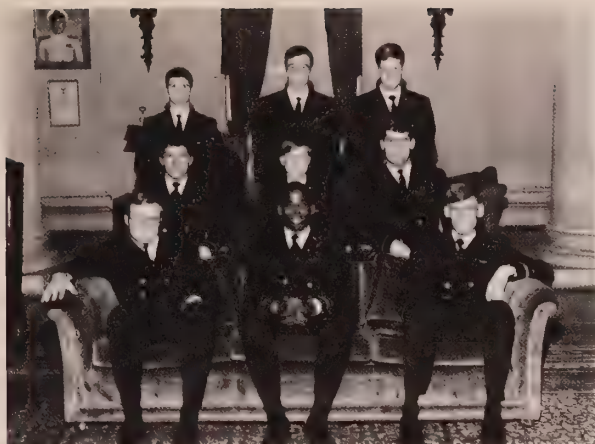
5th Row: Backus, R. E.; Serfass, D. D.; Taggart, D. T.; Branum, P. W.; Anderson, J. K.; Schupp, O. E.; Atchinson, G.; Ridenhour, L.; Berard, P. R.; Patton, M. G.; Godfrey, R. A.; Babcock, D. A.; O'Neil, John A.; Scott, W. S.; Koslov, J. R.; *4th Row:* Lilly, S. T.; Hopper, H. A.; McCormick, J.; Daisher, J.; Cioni, G. R.; Curtis, G. S.; Reidy, D. J.

3rd Row: Gregor, S. J.; Spangenburg, K. N.; Thorp, M. L.; Sayner, D. K.; Ohler, M. J.; Ackley, G. W.; Coss, P. D.; Sawyer, T. L.; Bus, H. H.; Laughlin, L. M.; Vant, H. F. R.

2nd Row: Boiler, M. K.; Crevier, R.; Gardner, M. P.; Fenn, D. E.; Lamb, R. C.; Whitehurst, R. M.; Bris-tow, W.; Gavin, J. C.; Allsopp, D. K.; Jenkins, J. S.; Heely, J. H.

Front Row: Frost, W. D.; Endacott, L. A.; Derby, R.; Kirsten, R.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: D. Coggan	G. Munn	M Williams
1st Set		
Middle: T. Panik	E. Kilbourn	R. Papak
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. Petroka	C. Sharperson, Jr.	
J. Knight		
3rd Set		



Seventh Company



CAPT R. Michael, USMC

Back Row: Roberts, M. J.; Munson, K. D.; Buck, K. P.; Dreger, W. D.; Pierce, J. B.; Morrison, R. S.; Leszczynski, R. M.; Seal, S. A.; Jannemiller, D. P.; Dowd, C.

5th Row: Faulkner, R.; Peterson, J. S.; Swanson, D. C.; Teater, W. M.; Finley, M. T.; Duchak, G. D.; Kloppman, S. B.; Rajtrevino, B. A.; Clites, J. L.; Estes, W. B.; Nowicki, D. J.; Galway, J. S.; Davis, E. V.

4th Row: Prince, L. O.; Rehling, C. W.; Martin, P. W.; Gonzalez, A.; Parker, G. S.; Stephenson, C. O.; Westberg, R.; Burgess, G. M.; Webster, J. R.; Johnson, R.; Hortin, S. W.; Locklear, S.

3rd Row: Janikowsky, R.; Hovland, D.; Wetherald, T. S.; Popiela, D. M.; Hanson, H. A.; McGrath, P. E.; Stevenson, D.; Brocato, B. J.; Ferguson, M. E.; Breslin, C. R.; Miller, S. A.; Chartrand, J.

2nd Row: Diggs, T. E.; Macht, W. A.; Lantry, P. T.; Deconto, G. C.; Long, P. F.; Mitenius, E. J.; Lee, R. C.; Smith, T. B.; Stoutenburg, G. L.; Gonzales, J. N.; Olivier, T.; Langdon, S. A.

Front Row: Wilson, D. A.; Crowe, S. K.; Craig, R. D.; Patterson, F.; Oxford, R. L.; Palmer, D. A.; Freeman, J. M.; Darring, P. L.; Kiefer, G. F.; Fraser, J. H.; Gehrki, T. D.; Pong, W. R.; Witten, C. S.; Petersen, S.; Cheever, J. L.





CAO	CDR	SUB-CDR
Back Row: R. Olivieri	W. Ostendorff	T. Perlich
1st Set		
Middle: C. Trude	B. Hinkley	C. Renner
2nd Set		
Front Row: J. Gardiner	R. Brotherton	H. Greinke
3rd Set		



Eighth Company



LT R. Bennett

Back Row: T. G. Greene; J. E. Frost; V. V. Moore; R. L. Thayer; P. H. Ozimek; G. Cornish; K. M. Buddenbohn; R. A. Gooner; C. E. Dory; C. Hallman; B. G. Deroos; K. Milhoan; R. W. White; S. Saunders
5th Row: R. G. Julian; J. M. Costello; S. J. Holman; M. S. Murray; J. H. Korcal; J. E. Thorp; T. J. Stark; P. Monaghan; W. Robinson; W. C. Tallman; D. J. Boland; D. E. Hannum; K. J. Kinports
4th Row: R. E. Leeker; T. Thompson; R. B. Silliman; H. C. Lyon; S. P. Tolis; J. B. Adolph; A. E. Welch; K. L. Wray; B. G. Rochon; K. J. Walsh; J. L. Brown; J. F. Berg
3rd Row: B. D. Zell; J. J. Lyons; R. G. Dupuis; M. A. Leigh; M. J. Kennedy; A. Bagnoli; S. C. Sichko; R. A. Roll; R. E. L. Bond; J. W. Miller; J. E. Oldham; M. F. Hurley; R. Stiver
2nd Row: N. M. Larimer; P. Shepard; J. M. Burton; R. L. Saylor; T. Summerfour; K. P. Roey; D. C. Topolewski; R. Garcia; G. L. Labuda; R. Chapman; J. E. Will; G. E. Shipman; G. A. Mankey; L. P. Lipke; M. McCrabb
Front Row: S. V. Johns; G. S. Losbands; M. R. Weis; C. MacKenzie; P. D. Graaff; G. F. Barton; J. W. Wallin; A. Bilotti; M. D. Seaman; J. D. Makiya; R. P. Larys; J. B. Hollyer; J. Gonzales; J. A. Taylor





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Reddix, Jr.	T. Tielking	T. Reilly
1st Set		
Middle: J. Pagan	J. Calahorrano	R. Stutler
2nd Set		
Front Row: O. Paulding	P. Harris	D. Bozeman
3rd Set		



Ninth Company



LT R. Kadlick

Back Row: W. L. Tart, L. F. Reese, P. E. Stephenson; J. M. McCloskey; R. Vanderwerken; G. Costello; G. L. M. Adan; J. A. Lemmons; S. A. Attaie; J. E. Johnson; D. A. Patton
7th Row: K. Calligar; K. J. Becker; S. Fillipow; M. Sweeney; L. L. Price; M. Sagness; S. J. Pursley; P. E. Nicolai; T. J. Concannon; W. J. Toti; D. Donnenfelt; P. W. Corkill; M. Marciano; C. D. Jacobs
6th Row: J. Smarsh; J. D. Brummett; S. J. Stackley; J. J. Spegele; S. L. Stafford; W. J. Miles; R. L. Yarberry; L. N. Tucker; S. Koronka; J. S. Rosa; S. M. Olechnowicz; R. Schwartzbeck; D. McCready; T. J. Glasgow; W. S. Dargan; M. A. Statler
5th Row: M. W. Eslava; S. K. Brady; G. K. Herrault; A. A. Shutt
4th Row: K. W. Barnes; C. J. Jenson; C. B. Jackson; L. L. Price; M. S. Ruth; L. E. G. Weiller; R. R. Barth; T. Goodwin; R. Zalaskus; T. W. Blaine
3rd Row: J. E. Fernandez; G. V. Cook; A. A. Ahlgren; M. G. Matacz; M. H. Haring; W. W. Leong; D. J. Smith; H. M. Woods; R. O. Goodman
2nd Row: R. Sinibaldi; C. Gunderson; W. V. Tsai; D. M. Lambert
Front Row: J. E. Sheldon; R. Anderson; G. A. Stahl; M. L. Floyd; J. Valentine; H. Guthmuller; D. Cook; R. E. Droppa; F. H. Scott; Z. A. Henry; S. Bridges; M. A. Gianelloni





CAO	CDR	SUB-CDR
Back Row: B. Estabrook	L. Sposato	T. Bakke
1st Set		
Middle: W. Craighill	J. Sander	S. Gray
2nd Set		
Front Row: J. Carter	M. Dailey	R. Treitz
3rd Set		



Tenth Company



CAPT D. Tripp

Back Row: D. R. Cook; J. R. Martin; T. W. Whitehouse; E. T. O'Brien; W. E. Yeager; E. T. Williamson; W. McAuliffe; F. G. Scholley; S. McKenzie; T. J. Gibson; K. O'Sullivan; R. J. Wilson; A. Whole; D. Butt

5th Row: L. C. Divers; E. C. Baden; S. C. Sellner; J. F. Ehlers; R. S. Sowell; G. Katilius; T. L. Walson; S. Ahmadi; A. Konecny; A. F. Couch; S. M. Jones; R. V. Sorge; G. W. Henning; S. W. Whitney; T. S. Head

4th Row: R. O'Donell; P. M. Van Cleve; K. C. Molleson; D. M. Rogers; W. K. Gray; J. Edmondson; S. M. Kline; R. V. Mitchell; J. E. Jolliffe; R. J. Belles; S. W. Petri; L. McCracken; R. Kompier; W. Jackson

3rd Row: J. W. Herbig; L. E. Mosley; W. S. Countryman; A. J. Nugent; J. E. Curtis; J. H. Potts; B. B. Brittain; R. R. Saenz; T. L. McDonald; G. N. Simpson; G. J. DeMarco; A. T. Baker; C. J. Mark; M. P. Kennedy; S. M. Jordan; P. Leon-Guerrero

2nd Row: R. B. Gulley; G. L. Beaver; J. Tripodi; R. M. Kessler; M. J. Vieten; G. A. Maloche; B. J. Buck; G. M. Holst; T. P. Breyer; C. M. Diffie; G. R. Ives; K. E. Waldie; R. J. Uglow; T. Brandl

Front Row: R. H. Haile; L. B. Royalty; PLE Davis; W. R. Adams; A. D. Foster; K. W. Brock; D. Olmstead; J. A. Walsh; M. Canders; P. J. Rucci; M. L. Schmit; J. S. Nelson; T. F. Keeley; E. J. Russow; J. R. Burnette





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: J. Swaykos	J. Davis	P. Grant
1st Set		
Middle: A. Gertsch	F. Nunn	T. Dowell
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. McHugh	J. Swaykos	G. Wrotnowski
3rd Set		



Eleventh Company



LT R. Joslin

Back Row: W. Sampson; J. Vanderkamp; D. K. Inman; D. T. Morwood; B. Buechner; S. L. Laser; G. W. Lougren; B. W. Doroshuk; T. E. Wood; P. B. Demars; P. Pilewski; J. M. Boyle; P. Nettles

7th Row: G. M. Smith; G. S. McFather; H. Colenda; T. Giardina; H. S. Rodgers; J. Shaughnessy; K. E. Johnson; S. Brashear; J. M. Pardoe; D. A. Spence; R. L. Welch; J. M. Kurowski

6th Row: W. K. Crow; E. W. Boyes; F. J. Montero; M. F. King; R. W. Gillet; P. J. Hall; C. N. Cone; M. P. Elias; W. T. Door; D. B. Beeler; B. R. Sparks; J. W. Brady

5th Row: A. M. Ensor; E. Patterson; J. C. Good; W. S. Gray; T. Plautz; P. A. Winters; K. Fetzer; T. W. Holmes; M. E. Kreyenhagen; B. D. Post; A. T. Howell

4th Row: H. J. Donigan; B. D. Mabrey; R. S. Walsh; B. C. Skogstad; D. R. Marzetta; W. W. Brown; J. Sebastian; D. J. Schenke; O. M. Read; R. A. Hammond; M. S. Meredith

3rd Row: J. M. Kelly; P. J. Bruce; R. D. Powell; D. S. Shikada; T. Dannessa; M. J. Blazin; J. Harrington; J. R. Verbruyce; B. S. Smith; M. C. Lewis; M. A. Drake; V. S. Sadd; L. Becker

2nd Row: E. D. White; L. Geanuleas; V. M. Balderama; G. H. Billy; J. E. Summers; B. C. Merriam; W. H. Johnson

Front Row: D. T. Walters; L. J. Indiviglia; P. J. Thuot; D. Whitsett; R. E. Burrows; M. W. Burns; J. D. Dwyer; J. T. Daniel; T. Dimenna; M. T. Jee; C. E. Feeney; D. G. Paddock





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: J. McKee	P. Siwek	M. Swirmicky
1st Set		
Middle: R. Richardson	E. Leonard	A. Seide
2nd Set		
Front Row: J. Williams	C. Janiec	J. McKee
3rd Set		



Twelfth Company



LT M. Malone

Back Row: Finlayson, S.; Darling, S. S.; Rudder, J. C.; George, J. R.; Thomas, S. M.; Bilmore, C. D.; Gray, S. G.; Sheehan, F. J.; Jones, R. E.; Boland, J. J.; Gurny, M. J.; Scocik, D. J.; Giesen, S. A.; Olsen, P. R.; Richards, D.; Rioux, J. A.

5th Row: Olsen, P. R.; Vasser, R. E.; Spada, C. J.; Kinkin, F.; Rennie, J. M.; Decker, M. W.; Escher, R. N.; Wren, R. B.; Vuolo, J. F.; Mitchell, G. W.; Labossiere, P.; Cable, C. W.; Smith, M. F.; Sill, J. A.; Griffith, F. S.

4th Row: Podracky, D. R.; Ortega, A. A.; Jones, J. N.; Sattler, C. M.; Koehl, D. L.; Rose, T. W.; Whitmeyer, L.; Kennedy, N. F.; Clager, J. P.; McMasters, R.; Gurny, M. J.; Fontaine, S. A.

3rd Row: Hanifen, T. C.; Williams, D. A.; Gray, W. M.; Fowler, J. L.; Phillip, B. F.; Luti, R. J.; McPhillips, T. M.; Aguilar, R.; Klingensmith, J.; King, E. F.; Patterson, J. J.

2nd Row: Weingart, S.; Simon, P. L.; Brower, A. T.; Walsh, S. L.; Tilton, S. A.; Teynor, T. K.; Peet, G. W.; Steed, F. L.; Moroney, D. T.; Baker, C. J.; Brooks, F. E.; Gearing, D.

Front Row: Brinkley, R.; Weddle, J. D.; Ward, K. J.; Miller, P.; Ballard, J. R.; Steel, A. P.; Foreman, M.; Graham, R. G.; Olson, D. R.; Granger, W.; Kihl-tadios, L. A. Jameson, D. S.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: D. Luhta	M. Cregge	M. Thurwanger
1st Set		
Middle: J. Webb	H. Bowden, Jr.	F. Cardoza
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. Brunson	F. Horne	D. Kitchin
3rd Set		



Thirteenth Company



LCDR J. Fitzgerald

Back Row: Hines, N. A.; Reddick, H. P.; Hawk, J. R.; Woods, G. O.; Leible, J. E.; Harris, J. C.

5th Row: Beam, D. C.; Sharp, J. M.; Powell, D. L.; Bentley, D. L.; Leary, M. P.; Brutzman, D. B.; Von Ahn, F.; Evans, G. J.; Brink, F.; Murray, C. C.; Long, J. J.; Pietrzak, R. A.; McManus, B. C.; Grey, G. F.

4th Row: Eckstrom, R.; Doyle, E. N.; Hertwig, R. M.; Coffey, J. P.; Enloe, D. T.; Kihn, M. F.; Serio, C. A.; Klepacki, F. A.; Shumaker, M.; Lillard, J. S.; Holzknecht, R. J.; Tyree, G. D.; Hanarakis, A. B.

3rd Row: Current, J. A.; Sutherland, L. E.; Kurzenhauser, P.; Burge, R. C.; Reuss, J. L.; Bennett, K. L.; Bruce, D. W.; Cleland, M. L.; Britain, J. C.; Kempisty, R.; Berger, J. R.; Seto, C. J.; Lamb, M. E.; Thomas, D. E.; Gehweiler, D.; Sassman, R. W.; Davis, M. D.; Brehany, C. J.

2nd Row: Schuler, M. A.; Rodgers, J. L.; Scott, D. B.; Simpson, L.; Knoetgen, P. M.; Jorgenson, G. P.; Sanchez, P. E.; Doswell, J. M.; Cousin, D.; Weis, R. S.; Thompson, J.; Marshall, R.; Hanson, S. W.; Wray, R. O.

Front Row: Corpus, J. R.; O'Dullivan, R. W.; Pedings, P. R.; Burnett, C. T.; Galvin, J. L.; Baker, D. M.; Harlow, A. C.; Rich, D. B.; Stoutamire, M.; Fallone, J. M.; Jolly, P. C.; Bartlett, D.; Bruno, J. A.; Lizzo, N. S.





CAO
 Back Row: J. Bauman
 1st Set
 Middle: G. Wolfrum
 2nd Set
 Front Row: J. Moore
 3rd Set

CDR
 D. Gringle
 J. Celano
 T. Wood

SUB-CDR
 H. Heise
 J. Kruse
 D. Thieman



Fourteenth Company



LT D. Kirk

Back Row: P. Sisa; J. Cinciripino; C. Breen; M. Kozzarek; E. Szeligowski; D. Zaiss; L. Brown; T. Mahoney; V. Davis; J. Camacho; K. Sullivan; D. Olivier

Fifth Row: G. Gray; D. Barber; T. Behrle; G. Miller; R. Taylor; V. Berry; M. Bolin; G. Station; J. Bly; P. Wasilewski; R. Quarles; K. Church; S. Hunter; G. Hamrick

Fourth Row: S. Herning; C. Bell; B. Richter; J. Lippard; C. Mazun; D. Reilly; L. Rice; G. Mayer; R. Potter; R. Fitzwater; D. Karp; K. Delaney

Third Row: A. Munoz; L. McCabe; R. Destafney; D. Beverlin; D. Meyer; D. Schubert; D. Brown; M. Parrot; G. Wilson; D. Havrilla; G. Jones; R. Frederick; R. Smith; H. Hamlet; M. Hecker

Second Row: E. Sheldon; K. McGee; D. Gallagher; R. Snyder; M. Fields; C. Dougherty; J. Richardson; M. Divinnie; J. Johnson; W. Meader; E. Kamradt; J. Madaio; M. Grider; H. Rodriguez

Front Row: G. Martin; J. Leidig; C. Wendt; L. Ducharme; B. O'Callaghan; P. Corbett; B. James; R. Guy; F. Cruz; R. Baltera; T. Ruddy; F. Coble; F. Aalbue; G. Reinhardt; R. Self





CAO
 Back Row: B. Devane
 1st Set
 Middle: R. Eckenrode
 2nd Set
 Front Row: M. Herb
 3rd Set

CDR
 J. Tomlin

SUB-CDR
 D. Keene

M. West

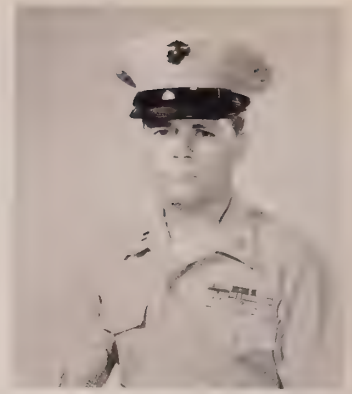
R. Holland

S. Topscher

W. Kneller



Fifteenth Company



CAPT R. Hodory, USMC

Back Row: P. J. Aarons; J. L. Rogers; B. E. Smith; M. A. Hugel; D. A. Acton; R. Runolfson; J. W. Lee; M. A. Slivka; R. Fritsch; T. McGee; J. K. Koljesky; R. Findley; J. W. Travis; P. G. Renaud

6th Row: W. Yourstone; S. C. Fox; G. T. Oda; S. L. Mason; D. L. Raunig; J. M. Almeida; G. W. Trenti; A. D. Watts; L. Semanyk; E. A. Miller; G. A. Manzo; J. McInerney; W. O. Smith; J. Fothergill

5th Row: M. Nagelin; G. R. Jones; K. G. Gigliotto; W. P. Hoker; F. J. Burke; B. Harris; F. Hernandez; J. V. Pendley; R. Lauricella; L. H. Konrad; S. Elwing; K. R. Olsen; C. V. Rossi

4th Row: R. R. Romaine; K. C. Albright; G. A. Last; D. J. Otterson; G. S. Murphy; B. A. Reichert; K. D. Schaffer; H. Bouknight; M. Makowicz; W. McKinney; C. T. Nichols; C. F. Freeberg; D. M. Lafont

3rd Row: M. S. Lax; W. H. Hanna; C. May; A. Lopes; J. T. Luxhoj; R. A. Solik; S. L. Whitehurst; K. D. Coburn; M. D. Roll; S. Sterner; R. M. Misowski; R. Schmermund; R. E. Duncan

2nd Row: C. T. Miller; J. O. Cole; M. C. Keefe; R. J. McNeely; M. P. Susalla; H. Gonzales; D. W. Richardson; W. H. Clark; J. D. Cook; E. M. Kelley; D. Rodriguez; M. W. Ray

Front Row: M. Becerril; R. W. Scott; S. A. Jones; D. A. Soranno; J. A. Karels; J. L. Barnes; S. P. Artzer; C. A. Hautau; K. M. Carmody; L. Galvin; H. B. Harris; R. J. Blanco





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: K. Curley	J. Medina	C. Tower
1st Set		
Middle: M. Brittingham	J. Yeager	G. Harrell
2nd Set		
Front Row: L. Erdman	R. Lett	B. Leytem
3rd Set		



Sixteenth Company



LT S. Madey

Back Row: T. E. Hirt; E. F. Sutton; E. E. Roberts; K. G. Reilly; J. R. Miller; N. Padula; S. A. Garcia; D. F. Ryan; J. Mackercher; T. Her Hutchinson; B. O. Boatwright; J. F. Varney; T. P. Shaw; S. Schlientz; S. W. Sprecher

5th Row: P. S. Craig; S. A. Maloney; K. F. Damour; R. T. Salvatore; J. V. Williams; E. J. Francis; J. R. Kovalcik; N. J. Episcopo; D. J. Bonvovloir; T. H. Brown

4th Row: C. W. Jones; M. G. Jordan; T. K. McCulley; R. Hetherington; S. P. Hudson; A. M. Nardella; R. D. Kropp; B. A. Rodgers; M. M. Borchers; K. D. Haney; J. F. Feiler; A. A. Tobin; N. T. Gillespie; J. D. Duncan

3rd Row: J. A. Mabry; B. R. Browell; K. J. Eckman; T. A. Laubon; B. R. Becker; T. R. Boone; J. L. Green; D. W. Prothero; R. Caldwell; R. L. Maurer; K. M. Quinn; J. T. Strader; T. Thompson; S. L. Miller; M. Callahan; P. M. Hyers; R. A. Brant; D. I. Paist; H. D. Gretzky

2nd Row: D. L. Stewart; J. M. Mathre; L. V. Sanders; K. P. Morton; S. B. Harrison; M. S. Slaughter; G. A. McGarvey; S. L. Koontz; R. R. Contanzo; D. M. Morriss; D. J. Norton; F. A. Jones

Front Row: D. W. Gray; J. P. Klose; C. A. Sotomayor; S. R. Tallant; M. S. Nault; C. Greenwood; R. Bennet; G. W. Boettcher; P. M. Pietsch; J. E. Cohoon; H. M. Hardaway; J. D. Estrada; J. S. Williams; D. D. N. Vann; R. L. Glass





CAO

Back Row: L. Davis

1st Set

Middle: B. Jackson

2nd Set

Front Row: G. Parks

3rd Set

CDR

J. Rubino

P. Poirier

A. Nalls

SUB-CDR

K. Leonard

L. Muczynski

S. Wynne



Seventeenth Company



LCDR R. Worthington

Back Row: M. Young; D. J. Ksiazek; J. D. Scola; J. A. Paar, III; E. V. O'Brien; T. Herrmann; J. P. Anderson; B. J. Cramp; J. Jaques; T. Spillane; J. T. Counts; J. W. Smith; P. D. Green; J. B. Chamberlin
6th Row: T. J. Harper; W. C. Jordan; L. Yeary; H. M. Green; D. L. Comis; J. B. Kutler; S. J. Rotton; D. J. Frost; S. J. Tangredi; R. C. West; H. G. Jensen; S. T. Cate; T. J. Frey; G. D. Spencer
5th Row: S. P. Curtis; D. L. Cofsky; D. R. Pryde, II; J. M. Stevenson; A. B. Miller; H. S. Withers; R. C. McCoy; D. M. Smith; G. A. Karstens; A. W. Horn
4th Row: M. Diunizio; R. T. Jacobs; T. M. Joyce; J. F. Small, Jr.; B. N. Proctor; T. P. Ebbinghouse; D. W. Gold; R. E. Lopez; M. K. McVay; K. Fladager
3rd Row: T. E. Lindner; B. E. Aut; M. R. Bosarge; D. M. Jackson; R. W. Atwood; T. Lorentz; B. S. Hegarty; D. R. Carthey; R. A. Spicer; M. Toguchi; A. J. Cuca
2nd Row: T. C. Hardin; B. Wicklund; M. S. Porter; M. D. Edwards; J. A. Wolfe; J. D. Rovira; R. J. Scanlon; J. E. Johannes; T. Stevenson; D. S. Beach
Front Row: J. G. Venerella; S. M. Gahan; J. A. Alvite; M. B. Tose; L. D. Mizak; R. E. Bryant; C. C. Hassler; K. G. Liddy; A. S. Kowadla; D. K. McCullough; F. A. Ruiz, Jr.; H. B. Luna; E. M. Haas



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: B. Dolan	C. Jewett	J. Virden
1st Set		
Middle: M. Drennan	S. Hinrichs	R. Ellis
2nd Set		
Front Row: C. McFarland J. Smith	J. Kolbeck	
3rd Set		



Eighteenth Company



MAJ M. Stankosky, USMC

Back Row: Jerry Hyde; K. Strong; S. V. Buskirk; D. Hubbard; C. Megorden; T. Wark; B. Hogan; D. Kolk; T. Null; M. Hernandez; R. Armstead; C. Cadiz; A. Mohler

5th Row: G. Balestrieri; S. Saunders; G. Blazin; J. Mulloy; D. Shafer; S. Hilvers; S. Willett; G. White; J. Dickman; R. Milton; G. Cory; S. Root

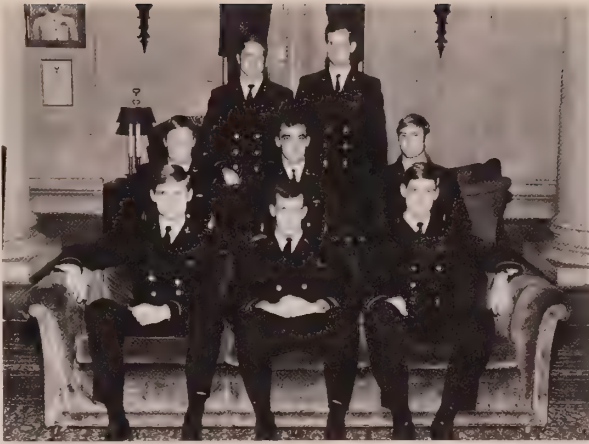
4th Row: J. Gould; R. McGirt; J. Ford; R. Hayes; S. Fatjo; M. Heinrich; J. Urquhart; K. Holder; R. Cloutier; A. Athens; B. Ferencsik; G. Koucheravy; A. Wilson; P. Frano; M. Fox

3rd Row: E. Turner; Showalter; J.; E. McLain; S. Boocock; R. Harkins; C. Wright; C. Carlson; V. Adams; D. Brown; S. Park; C. Seizert; G. Foster; L. Yamashita

2nd Row: D. Schneider; M. Lee; B. Venohr; S. Morrissey; G. McCarthy; D. Hall; P. O'Brien; B. Magee; G. Matranga; B. Hamblin; M. Kozicz; B. Campbell; T. Fabiani

Front Row: J. Cardosi; P. Varvaris; T. Thomas; J. Mathre; D. Heughan; D. Kirkman; R. Dodsworth; D. Isleib; V. Gardner; B. Creamer; D. Williams; C. Glab; P. Hanrahan





CAO
Back Row: E. Gardner

CDR
T. Hodge, Jr.

SUB-CDR
J. Greene
Not Pictured

1st Set
Middle: J. Kleefisch
2nd Set
Front Row: G. Moe
3rd Set

D. Kerrick
J. Bickings

M. Trenor
M. Bosworth



Nineteenth Company



LCDR T. Nesbit

Back Row: W. Anderson; D. Meister; D. J. O'Lore; C. J. Ryan; P. T. Colman; D. A. Bethel; W. J. Enslen; A. K. Burrel; R. A. Goodrum; W. Faville; A. J. Hegeman; T. Abernethy

6th Row: J. J. O'Connor; P. J. Conroy; R. G. Mau; M. F. Calfee; J. L. Miller; P. D. Peterson; D. K. Baker; C. W. Krcha; T. P. Griffith; M. F. Caron

5th Row: T. Ellingwood; P. J. Quigley; J. T. Coffey; G. Falzetta; G. J. Karol; D. M. Smith; D. E. Guza; D. R. Batey; T. D. Aldern; J. F. Brownlowe; W. P. Quintong

4th Row: K. V. Lockett; V. P. Bousa; M. J. Daigle; M. S. Roberts; R. Roustio; J. W. Fee; J. F. Bland; C. H. Ablein; L. R. Maguire; D. O. Gorie; H. A. High

3rd Row: K. D. Bowersox; O. Anzalotta; J. P. Holder; T. J. Kersey; D. D. Kocher; J. E. Bohlmann; M. Spencer; K. H. Derbin; D. Engelhardt; F. J. Niner; K. Maloney

2nd Row: C. A. Andre; R. Schiefen; P. W. Ryan; C. R. Corrales; K. F. Trail; D. G. Green; R. W. Malone; R. K. Boyd; C. S. Willson; C. G. Batt; B. M. Roby; K. A. Shaffer; M. Sattison

L Front Row: D. J. Jerry; B. N. Akiyama; C. B. Dixon; J. D. Withers; G. L. Rossi; R. N. Lynch; T. J. Wasylkiw; P. E. Blais; J. H. Cover; J. P. Marques; D. S. Elliott; T. D. Eason; A. P. Verhofstadt



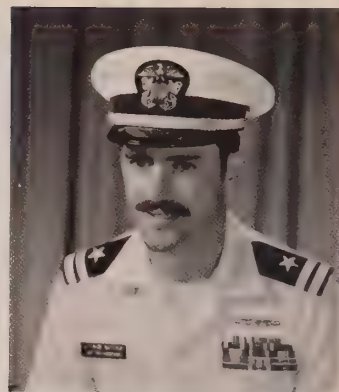


CAO
 Back Row: P. Paskey
 1st Set
 Middle: F. Swierski
 2nd Set
 Front Row: R. Hast
 3rd Set

<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
C. O'Neill	T. Fredrick
M. Hoffman	J. Whitaker
R. McKinney	R. Moll



Twentieth Company



LT R. Natter



Back Row: Sooter, M.; Wilbur, B.; Walton, S.; Hansen, B.; Ferrano, F.; Powers, J.; Hadile, F.; Byrnes, J.; Allen, M.; McElroy, D.; Vilbert, J.; Clark, K.; Kuehne, R.; Doty, C.; Abel, E.; Husta, P.; Spaulding, R.; Bacon, S.; Caldwell, F.; Burns, S.; Hirko, W.

4th Row: Gerhard, J.; Hartigan, J.; Bradfield, J.; Jeffries, J.; Brown, G.; Dinsmore, J.; Smith, B.; Eaton, B.; Newman, B.; Wartick, K.; O'Brien, R.; McLoskey, G.; Small, R.; Engel, P.

3rd Row: Penniman, R.; Weidle, B.; Cawthra, D.; Hashberger, J.; Kolpacke, A.; Rocker, J.; Henkler, P.; Tempestilli, M.; Yanagi, B.; O'Keefe, D.; Grimes, D.; Branson, J.; Wilson, M.; Knapp, M.; Hayden, M.; Painter, S.; Sullivan, T.; Scullen, M.

2nd Row: Keough, S.; Carrasco, J.; Peters, D.; Rieland, D.; Kalisky, E.; Fischer, T.; Kantaris, M.; Wallace, J.; Lauriet, D.; Anderson, S.; Nolan, S.; Gray, G.

Front Row: Massie, W.; Cow, C.; Shinego, M.; Myers, R.; Laughlin, R.; Cooke, J.; Nielsen, R.; Berenato, D.; Bramlett, L.; Felton, J. D.; Morse, T.; McKean, T.; Wood, W. D. S.



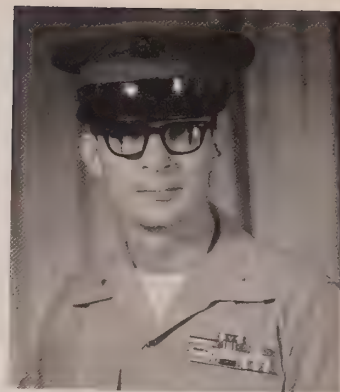
CAO
 Back Row: D. Mills
 1st Set
 Middle: D. Messenger
 2nd Set
 Front Row: M. Miller
 3rd Set

CDR
 J. Zacharzuk
 R. McNally
 T. Colella

SUB-CDR
 S. Bedard
 G. Johnson
 C. Granville



Twenty-First Company



MAJ J. Brabham, USMC



Back Row: M. E. Alcamo; W. T. Damico; E. J. Garcia; K. T. Houck; J. P. Gigliotti; M. J. Trecka; W. P. Marroptt; A. A. Smith; R. T. Picchini
6th Row: R. S. Harper; E. C. Smith; J. V. Kauffman; V. S. Rossitto; B. L. Sitler; D. D. Thompson; M. L. Mowins; F. Hollimon, III; K. E. Norgrove; D. E. Anderson; E. J. Powell; J. L. Snyder; E. J. Rourke; S. M. Mihacevich; J. L. Childress
5th Row: B. S. Sherman; R. M. Ross; J. D. Storvick; F. Eliot; T. R. Snyder; R. C. Sain; M. L. Long
4th Row: T. W. Arenz; J. W. Spencer; D. M. Baysic; J. C. Blake; M. Chabal; M. S. Johnson; R. J. Scheliga; M. G. Miner; G. F. Pallais; L. J. Beyer; J. D. Carpenter; D. R. Fox; B. B. Norman
3rd Row: C. E. Perkins; M. A. Rosenberg; P. K. Lynch; J. E. Wissler; J. C. Swartz; J. W. Brown; T. D. Holman; J. M. Williams; J. R. McClellands; S. L. Cummings
2nd Row: R. C. Simmons; S. F. Clark; M. F. Dancer; C. G. Rupp; M. C. Broome; C. R. Love; J. E. Schlagheck; M. S. Boensel; R. F. Frank; E. R. Enochs
Front Row: K. B. Groomes; R. P. Needham; S. H. Sutton; C. C. Burgin; M. G. Rausch; M. S. Pasztalaniec; W. F. Tanner; E. P. Reid; R. J. Fallon; O. P. Bulich; C. Nickell; S. A. McKee; J. F. Simmons; M. A. Weisbart; S. M. Provow



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Seifert	S. Ackerson	B. Bevard
1st Set		
Middle: D. McDaniel	J. Lewis	J. Scout
2nd Set		
Front Row: D. Solliday	M. Marriott	T. Bosse
3rd Set		



Twenty-Second Company



LT A. Dionizio

Back Row: Patterson, W. E.; Armentrout, R. J.; Harper, L. A.; Hammond, A. W.; Householder, D. A.; Bladuell, M. R.; Mair, M. B.; Sragent, C. W.; Hagelin, I. A.; Elmer, W. A.; Nevitt, R. D.; Poole, W. M.; Hefren, C. C.; Elkert, S. R.; Campbell, E.; Peruffo, L.; Ortega, J. B.

5th Row: Wilson, J. L.; Campbell, M.; Carter, P. D.; Slack, C. O.; Young, M. F.; Michealson, K.; Krause, S. R.; Fitzgerald, D. G.; Arthur, C. A.; Manzi, R. A.; Jackson, G. L.; Sottung, M.; Turnquist, G. W.; Bourquardez, C. C.; Nelson, E. K.; Reilly, P. J.

4th Row: Thorp, O. G.; Flanagan, G.; Teufel, G. R.; Goodlet, L. B.; Greene, K. L.; Johnston, T.; Smith, S. E.; Waldron, G. L.; Hochevar, A.; Matthews, J. B.; Smout, R. J.; Muldoon, M.; Whatley, J. N.; McNaughton, R. D.

3rd Row: Roow, R. W.; Larimore, W.; Domzalski, M. V.; Barnes, R. L.; Snow, M. S.; Copeland, S.; Wilson, J. A.; King, L. L.; Shulson, J. E.; Holman, R.; Temple, K. P.; Meyers, H. F.; Tucker, M.; Beam, D. A.; Steinmuller, J.

2nd Row: Butterfield, F.; Cook, C.; Chrzanowski, F. P.; Osseck, T. A.; Lakis, R. A.; Mosely, E. K.; Schuman, D. F.; Mulhare, D. R.; Fitzgerald, J. G.; Chitwood, A.; Brower, M. G.; Marcantonio, R. L.; Garcia, E. L.; Wenz, C.; Balestrini, M.; Bagano, C. L.; Boley, C. L.

Front Row: Wright, P. T.; Bursch, D. W.; Sterling, R.; Fremont, D.; Ikeda, J. T.; Branch, T. N.; Prodoehl, R.; Cloward, J. A.; Terry, W. J.; Crisp, M. D.; Tassie, K. R.; Kaplan, R. E.; McCain, W. D.; Duncan, M. J.; McGraw, R.; Jones, G. S.; Herbold, G. B.; Knowski, R.





CAO
 Back J. Snodgrass
 1st Set
 Middle: H. Lisle, Jr.
 J. McClain
 2nd Set
 Front Row: J. Manley
 3rd Set

CDR
 A. Clark

G. Sutherland, Jr.

P. Rollins

SUB-CDR
 E. Roeske

J. Sample



Twenty-Third Company



LCDR C. Laskey

Back Row: Lyons, D. F.; Spillane, J. P.; Johnson, M. D.; Butler, J. L.; Achenbach, J. A.; Felker, W. H.; Green, B. M.; Roby, G. H.; Kahl, B. W.; Harding, D. P.; Walter, K. B.; Barnes, R. A.; Morrison, D. B.; Falls, M. J.; Stanik, J. T.; Mathews, P.; Leavitt, H. M.; Senseman, M. A.

5th Row: Kenyon, S. E.; Wawrzeński, B. T.; Downing, T. G.; Skogsberg, J. P.; Galpin, M. J.; Byrd, G. L.; Fogleman, Irby D.; Guelich, T. B.; Norton, M. L.; Podawiltz, S.; Throne, W. C.; Painter, J. E.; Snead, R. L.; Warren, J. P.; Cook, W. A.; Shear, W. G.; Powers, C. L.

4th Row: Ferree, S. D.; Valenti, J. A.; Stancil, C.; Clements, J. D.; McCarthy, J. D.; Pacano, F. E.; Cooksey, C.; Walsh, H. T.; Ward, B. D.; Scott, M. L.; Womble, T. E.; Robredo, A.; Irvin, S. R.; Rogers, J. G.; Phelan, T. P.; Prutzman, P. B.; Bauer, E. H.

3rd Row: Johnston, M.; Evans, D. T.; Lutterloh, S.; Garland, W.; McCombs, S. P.; Franks, C. F.; Kovac, R. G.; Schemmel, S. J.; Harris, B. N.; Driscoll, B. P.; Malone, D. P.; Cramer, J. E.; Orzalli, J. C.; Hamilton, E. K.; Wilsey, M. S.; Martin, J. W.

2nd Row: Chapa, R. A.; Coulombe, R.; Carr, Lei; Adcock, R. M.; Byers, J. T.; Trimble, R.; Torgerson, G.; Shelly, T. J.; Krumel, G. L.; Erickson, J. J.; Seeger, H. C.; Dawson, C. F.; Lord, B. A.; Taylor, J. E.; Armor, L. L.; Eadie, R. W.

Front Row: Morin, R. J.; Brexack, D. P.; Debbink, D. J.; Mickle, D. R.; Hansen, R. S.; Smith, J.; Elmore, T. L.; Stephenson, M.; Sablan, F. E.; Adams, J.; Welch, M. S.; Smith, C. Y.; Duggan, W. E.; Vance, D. E.; Knight, R. L.; Platz, G. G. M.; Rickman, J. L.



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Kapsch	J. Kohler	W. Rogers
1st Set		
Middle: R. Navarre	R. Rhyne	K. Higginbotham
2nd Set		
Front Row: T. Naville	T. Bonner	D. Crossman
3rd Set		



Twenty-Fourth Company



LT S. Ries



Back Row: Daniel, R.; Hunegs, G.; Wheless, G.; Wendling, K.; Dean, M.; Ciano, J.; Klotz, C.; Shaddix, A.; Hoyer, E.; Marrs, R.; Cohn, M.; Klihn, M.; Sauls, K.; McEntee, M.

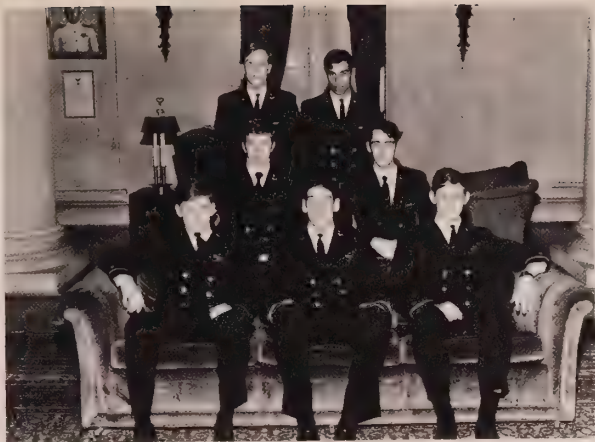
5th Row: Sambrano, G.; Cannan, D.; Bowling, J.; Bruckwicki, D.; McKeon, M.; Howell, S.; Arcano, T.; Giedlin, C.; Pirozzi, P.; Druffel, T.; Hellner, J.; Kennedy, M.; Surgent, D.; Kelley, J.; Fox, P.; Hicks, S.

4th Row: Lyons, F.; Gerety, J.; McElwee, T.; Godfrey, R.; McGinn, E.; White, s.; Ring, P.; Litty, F.; Philman, D.; Gallant, M.; Wilder, C.; Jones, L.; Cobb, J.; Reese, P.

3rd Row: Brynestad, M.; Robinson, R.; Davies, K.; Gagne, J.; Lane, J.; Mueller, L.; Garcia, B.; Wagner, F.; Hedden, J.; Crawford, T.; Meadows, F.; Pratton, S.; Feidt, M.; Albrecht, D.

2nd Row: Cappelino, P.; Williams, B.; Kenney, M.; Bojarski, E.; Whited, T.; Sanders, D.; Hunt, D.; Gambarani, G.; Neidhold, S.; Winns, A.; Fegurger, B.; Hautot, J.; Mower, J.; Leiter, L.

Front Row: Skinner, W.; Karaffa, C.; Shinego, D.; Mazich, P.; Moylan, M.; Gullette, G.; Dowsley, B.; Briganti, D.; Eberle, J.; McNamee, T.; West, J.; Stephens, M.; Fawcett, J.; Jenkins, S.



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: J. Titsworth	L. Saccoccio	S. Funk
1st Set		Not pictured
Middle: C. Hudson	C. Grazel	J. Foy
Not pictured		
2nd Set		
Front Row: M. Linn	C. Hudson	M. Schweer
3rd Set		



Twenty-Fifth Company



LT H. Carmichael, Jr.

Back Row: T. D. Amyx; W. A. Stuver; M. Brunskill; J. Reinhart; K. L. Norris; M. A. Kuharik; N. Delinger; P. L. Rodgers; D. R. Brady; C. Lowther; R. W. Bracy; M. D. Soha; P. L. Carrier; G. Romanoff; T. A. Ruth; J. F. Schneider; G. McCormick; D. G. Jenkins; J. Bayless; T. D. Tracy; B. Mackenzie

4th Row: T. A. Hejl; H. H. Casey; D. F. Busch; W. M. Keeny; S. S. Shepard; J. M. Shmorhun; K. Wallace; K. P. Reynolds; J. L. Kantner; R. G. Wilson; J. J. Paternoster; D. J. Diehl; W. L. Burger; B. L. Sanborn; B. S. Williams; W. F. Rucker; T. R. Blue; J. T. Newmaster; P. D. Wagner; J. R. Widtfeldt; C. M. Hartfelder; D. M. Hunt; T. J. Nagle; J. Miesner

3rd Row: P. Misiewicz; J. F. McGowan; J. Prophet; M. C. McCord; S. B. Latta; D. Schultz; D. Newby; H. W. Shelton; E. Christensen; M. F. Windsor; M. R. Reid; W. Maughan; J. F. Pavoni

2nd Row: F. S. Pierce; C. C. Navarrete; E. P. Yetsko; M. R. Sturn; D. L. Porter; M. E. Bain; E. J. Nelson; G. W. Giltzow; J. D. Rudzis; W. E. Martin; J. B. William; T. Mulcare; R. M. Tata; M. Ryan; W. L. Tilton

Front Row: S. J. O'Leary; R. E. Stewart; R. K. Sheldon; R. A. Wall; D. J. Aland; M. L. Crow; P. J. Stolle; D. G. Diggs; C. Gilliam; C. D. Miller; D. E. Crevelt; D. J. Jerabek; T. D. Moon; A. A. Brugal; L. J. Taggart





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row N. Jensen	R. Snyder	F. Hauck
1st Set		
Middle: R. Dixon	E. Bloxom	K. Laser
2nd Set		
Front Row: M. Edwards	M. Grischy	W. MacAllister
3rd Set		



Twenty-Sixth Company



LCDR O. Tolbert

Back Row: Davidson, L.; O'Keefe, K. P.; Olsen, L. B.; Cragg, C. H.; Cornwell, S.; Whiting, A. B.; Amirault, T.; Shaw, D. L.; Hoppe, M. E.; Kasten, W. A.; Hamner, M. S.; Latonick, L. W.; Donaldson, D.; White, K. D.; Buttle, T.

5th Row: Collier, W.; Morris, D. W.; Trundy, D. R.; Hansen, N. T.; Crair, S. B.; Montana, M. M.; Shugars, J. C.; Beary, W. J.; Berry, D. E.; Russell, K.; Hull, S. C.; Bender, R. D.; Luehman, J. G.; Miller, C. A.; Booker, R. L.

4th Row: Fink, B. J.; Hintz, T. L.; Savant, C. R.; Hunter, A. C.; Alevedo, A. W.; Belanger, S. J.; Schock, S. G.; Burns, H. F.; Meeder, D. P.; Selinsky, R.; Hartigan, J.; Meints, D. L.; Cleaver, C. M.; Burdine, D. A.

3rd Row: Digirolamo, V.; Kaus, P. M.; Krolek, R. A.; Jackson, K. B.; Runolfson, R.; Kremer, S. R.; Kaye, D. H.; Albiso, J. R.; McCafferty, R. H.; Jenks, T. S.; Ketter, R. W.; Downer, P. E.; Biery, T. L.; Leblanc, P.

2nd Row: Salcedo, A. S.; Murphy, H. A.; Stetson, J. B.; Frey, D. A.; Jones, S. C.; Frentz, G. T.; Honeck, M. W.; Long, G. R.; Brazee, J.; Macek, R. W.; Rehrig, T. L.

Front Row: Vanderhorst, K. R.; Brady, D. A.; Eriksen, M.; Riley, R. B.; Shade, B. P.; Harris, W. T.; Hansen, D. L.; Pickles, T. R.; McNair, M. W.; Watkins, C.; Callas, A.; Lynch, K. E.; Fifer, M. O.; Williams, M.; Nichols, R. F.; Martin, S. J.

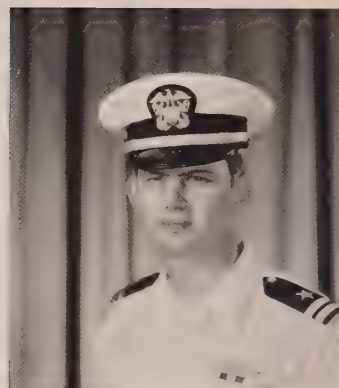




<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: G. Rush	E. Harper	T. Kennedy
1st Set		
Middle: V. Neves	R. Wendt	K. Dombart
2nd Set		
Front Row: K. Dombart	D. Deford	M. Metcalf
3rd Set		



Twenty-Seventh Company



LT S. Newton

Back Row: J. Huesman; R. Rahall; W. Vautin; D. Maxwell; J. Rendine; J. Canaday; R. Ehrhardt; B. Story; B. Dykes; W. Rose; C. Harris; W. Peters; M. Browning

Fifth Row: S. Stoner; J. Bowdain; M. Shipley; D. Winson; P. Corrihore; R. Dolan; J. Hughes; D. Hinmin; B. Pooler; G. Zitka; V. Welch; M. Backstrom

Fourth Row: D. Hambren; A. Karakos; D. Hollaway; T. Lawson; J. Bland; P. Callas; F. Leon-Garrard; A. Cain; D. Bennett; S. Harden; M. Posner

Third Row: M. Ross; L. Miller; A. Wise; J. Schimitz; R. DeLacruz; J. Gorman; J. Conyers; J. Parker; W. Yalen; M. Paris; A. Smith; T. Bourer; J. Hall; D. Sigg

Second Row: M. Bradley; M. Sherman; D. Fitzsimmons; G. Chasko; S. Jones; R. Johnson; R. Menor; S. Young; P. Stromman; T. Callahand; D. Kirk; R. Reasnor; D. Govan; T. Hewitt; M. Stretter

Front Row: R. Hansen; J. Waterrues; G. Beyer; R. Boch; L. Gard; P. Weidorn; D. Wilson; J. Wormington; R. Bancheck; M. Worrlon; D. Shirer; D. Sales; J. Achin; H. Van Vlack; M. Kennedy; W. Dennis; H. Wishmeyer; E. Chuam





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Weltsch	S. Jenkins	T. Harris
1st Set		
Middle: M. McKinley	T. Hagen	A. Violante
Seated Below		
2nd Set		
Front Row: F. Weldon	M. McKinley	J. Stamos
3rd Set		



Twenty-Eighth Company



MAJ R. Sifuentes, USMC

Back Row: M. R. Pohlmeier; M. J. Willis; M. M. Shatinski; T. J. Facer; D. C. Martinez; R. B. Vogler; J. S. Spiker; J. A. Kolp; W. Vanderschuere; S. E. Strommer; K. C. Donlon; T. H. Bond; M. C. Gasapo; T. L. Wright; D. A. Kuntz; M. L. Combs

5th Row: D. J. Murphy; M. J. Smith; S. D. Sanders; W. D. Valentine; D. M. Nees; J. J. Craig; L. B. Glover; B. F. Holl; D. V. Bearss; J. J. Kearney; B. Villalobos; J. E. Harbison; T. R. Hanely; K. J. Panos

4th Row: R. A. Mirick; J. A. Blasko; R. B. Ardaron; C. E. Langman; R. M. Martin; D. B. Rigdon; S. R. Langer; M. E. Becker; P. C. Filkins; L. P. Brundage; G. Kolodziejczak; C. Behrend; R. J. Richards; W. Lachowicz

3rd Row: I. Hazelwood; B. L. Gray; V. Chertavian; D. P. Nichols; B. F. Jublou; R. C. Keller; G. R. Adams; J. M. Levin; D. R. Brewer; R. L. Burke; T. J. Curry; G. R. Firmin; D. Hampshire; D. R. Fanelli; C. Goddard

2nd Row: R. J. Gilman; M. H. Peterson; F. S. Inscoc; S. Fedyschyn; B. J. Pochron; L. G. Warkentin; G. G. Darroca; D. J. Mori; M. McKinney; J. T. McCabe; M. G. Lambie

Front Row: B. N. McDonald; C. R. Perry; T. L. Wilton; H. S. Bayes; S. W. Payette; M. McNamara; D. Wilkinson; E. C. Berry; G. M. Hew; J. T. Hamilton; P. A. Witt; K. R. Cheezum; R. Gillespie; M. Johnson; G. Shuga





CAO
 Front Row: C. Cole
 3rd Set
 Middle: T. Theurer
 2nd Set
 Back Row: S. Sewell
 1st Set

CDR
 J. Boulden

SUB-CDR
 J. Sloan

R. Haertling

P. Cook

M. Palles

R. Eisloeffel



Twenty-Ninth Company



LCDR D. Faber

Back Row: J. E. Barnes; K. S. Moran; M. Fernbaugh; J. Ewin; J. E. Sears; L. J. McCoy; R. D. Vaught; J. Hoobler; J. Demelo; R. Thompson; M. Elsasser

6th Row: D. S. Free; D. A. Lengel; D. W. Jensen; T. A. Vecchiolla; J. Johnson; M. C. Fralen; G. L. Colton; D. R. Cooper; S. Merchant; W. Readman; K. E. Weerts; K. R. Skjei

5th Row: J. M. Lynch; D. Whittlesey; J. Vazquez; M. A. Watson; D. L. Geving; J. R. Palin; J. E. Wise; C. E. Haney; R. D. Peck; C. K. Luker; D. C. Wyatt; W. R. Bonwit; D. L. Stanley

4th Row: B. McCormack; A. Gonzales; C. G. Wright; (Mickey); W. A. Stark; J. D. Stalnaker; J. C. Kennedy; R. J. Robin; L. M. Silvester; J. W. Messenger; B. M. Tilden; L. W. Longloy; J. D. Watkins

3rd Row: R. Anderson; R. J. Hiel; B. D. Ayotte; F. T. Farwell; D. K. Daily; D. A. Jensen; R. C. Warner; G. W. McMullan; R. H. Kim; J. A. Deloach; J. Buckley; J. M. Kulesz; G. Sullivan

2nd Row: S. R. Thomas; C. R. Dedrickson; R. Lanning; D. L. Hammill; M. E. Gallagher; F. J. Dombrowski; V. Adams; L. S. Larragoite; S. D. Clark; L. A. Zingarelli; B. F. Lewis; A. L. Lohman; J. Vlahovich; L. D. Delony

Front Row: R. A. Yocum; C. J. Jordan; R. J. Engel; S. D. McVey; K. D. Tindall; R. D. Compton; H. O. Christensen; T. A. Bennett; J. R. Carpenter; C. R. Dixon; J. A. Morse; C. A. Rosende; G. P. Shaw; B. W. Bergman



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: D. Rossetti	E. Riehl	W. Sears
1st Set		
Middle: R. Peranich	C. Felte	R. Pritchett
2nd Set		
Front Row: S. Yates	S. Juncosa	E. Gilmore
3rd Set		



Thirtieth Company



LT J. Kearley

Back Row: Wright, K. F.; Franklin, D.; Hardy, J. T.; Atkisson, M. M.; Burley, S. J.; Cato, A. M.; Hayden, T. D.; Hill, M. L.; Scala, R. L.; Ospeck, M. O.; Eckrick, J. E.; Wolfrom, L. J.; Manobianco, T.; Fylak, A.; Wode, C.; Tranchant, R. J.

4th Row: Wood, R. S.; Squires, S.; Drake, C. J.; Vargo, D. L.; Van Langen, J.; Pedersen, M.; Knecht, J. L.; Pohlmeyer, P. E.; Brooks, S. E.; Warren, T. C.; Studt, P. L.; Harding, S. H.; Rey, R. J.; Caldwell, E. R.; Paulsen, R.; Thomann, B.; Baylor, B.; Geary, B. P.

3rd Row: Grogan, C. J.; Bruce, S. A.; Painter, K. B.; Ambrose, S. P.; Easton, W. L.; Price, L. G.; Nuessle, N.; Leaman, G. R.; Adkins, M. M.; Boehme, R. J.; Curtis, S. L.; Gorman, T. M.; Weiss, B. R.; Bunting, M. F.; Minnis, S. R.; Rice, R. K.

2nd Row: Manor, J. S.; Gebel, M. A.; Wittenschlager, T.; Welch, M. K.; Tomon, R. F.; Ryan, R. W.; Fogg, G. A.; Cardoza, A. A.; Link, D. J.; Dawson, R. M.; Burton, J. C.; Bullard, D. W.; Ayotte, P. P.

Front Row: Chang, D. W.; Lillo, R.; Heida, S. G.; Albers, K. A.; Swenson, D. E.; Jones, J. A. J.; Schleiden, R. R.; Wuestner, R.; Williams, J. W.; Boggs, S. L.; Manaskie, G.; Bair, D. W.; Bukauskus, J. A.; Nickerson, J.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: S. Rohrssen	H. Lincoln	K. Weaver
1st Set		
Middle: K. Stockwell	R. Waldrip	K. Holmes
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. Stich	E. Collins	J. Kalkstein
3rd Set		



Thirty-First Company



LT N. Walsh

Back Row: Keibel, R. O.; Coburn, R. A.; Vail, D. L.; Angleman, A. C.; Burell, R. L.; Quinn, D. P.; Souders, R. M.; Bereck, D. M.; Wainwright, D. W.; Zlokovich, G. L.

5th Row: Donovan, M. S.; Womack, K. K.; Begley, P. A.; Coles, D. L.; Caulk, P. M.; Lovelace, R.; Nix, D. E.; McNeal, R. J.; Lessard, S. M.; Cranford, J. R.

4th Row: Cain, C. C.; Jackson, K. L.; Greeer, R. D.; Pedigo, J. C.; Stewart, M.; Jones, W. B.; Pangborn, C.; James, M. W.; Speed, N.; Redvict, P. C.; Goodwin, G. D.; Hughes, J. W.; Algeo, T. S.

3rd Row: Sanderson, R.; Wilson, C.; Ische, S. M.; Mahon, M. K.; Brown, T. R.; Midorf, J.; Pancenbeck, E. G.; Boatley, B. W.; Graber, K. A.; Jones, M. D.; Eyler, D. E.; Herr, J. S.; Timme, W. G.; Christensen, J.

2nd Row: Barnd, D. J.; Tinsley, C. T.; Waindle, E. K.; Jocaby, S. B.; Forbis, E. D.; Hayes, W. R.; Lewis, T. B.; Clemente, M. M.; Drehoff, R.; Lewis, K. A.; Buhler, D. C.; Grabowsky, G.; Fontaine, G. P.; Popp, E. G.; Brownley, R.; Burke, W. R.

Front Row: Vogel, R. R.; Dihlaja, S. S.; Hanckel, A. R.; Gorec, J. T.; Polek, R. J.; Henderson, W. J.; Giffins, C.; Streich, D. B.; Koepke, M. E.; Wadzita, G. M.; Auyong, D. G.; Raup, K. W.; O'Rourke, P. J.; Ohman, J. C.; Quatroche, A. J.; Valenstein, M. R.; Camargo, V. B.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: W. Watson	P. Wrigley	S. Johnson
1st Set		
Middle: G. Brown	R. Schuller	A. Groves
2nd Set		
Front Row: A. Groves	J. Maranka	C. Anderson
Pictured Above		
3rd Set		



Thirty-Second Company



LT J. Brooke

Back Row: Cox, D. L.; Martinez, R.; Johnson, T. W.; Garrigues, H. E.; Fox, S. M.; Campbell, A.; Cooper, G. H.; Gross, F. J. P.; Spain, D. L.; Goose, J. R.; Kautter, R. J.; Van Oss, H. P.; Chase, L. E.; Loeffler, J. G.; Bookmiller, R. A.

5th Row: Benoit, P. B.; Fleens, D. E.; Hollis, H. C.; Burns, R. A.; Flynn, T. V.; Hartzog, J. R.; Rasmussen, P.; Bontanger, J. L.; Golda, E. M.; Miller, F. A.

4th Row: Eggleston, J. L.; Chestnut, R. I.; Bearington, S.; Cottingham, B. L.; Groh, R. E.; Wilson, J. R.; Noble, W. D.; Oliver, J. D.; Tillman, R.; Rakel, J. P.; Oliver, E. H.; Rohers, G. R.; Gallot, P. C.; Brennan, P. C.; Hovatter, T. W.; Jacobsen, T.

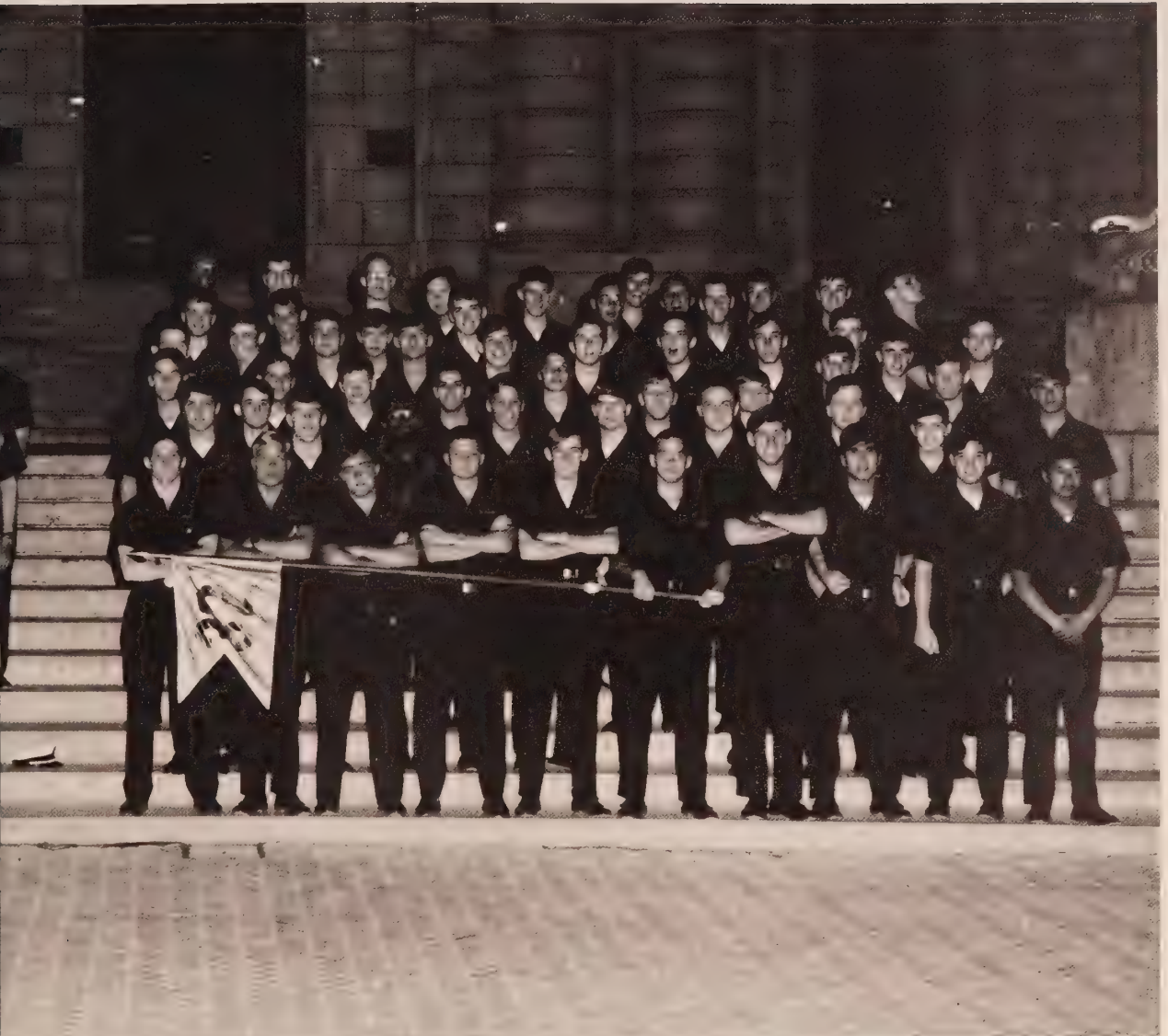
3rd Row: McDonald, D. M.; Bazer, S. H.; Guillary, V.; Butler, D. J.; Mairs, T. P.; Garriss, B.; Gearing, G.; Dennis, D. M.; Costello, J.; Bruno, R. A.; Kalnoske, M.; Butcher, C. R.; Oslovar, G. M.; Miller, D. D.; Wertz, M. R.

2nd Row: Long, R. R.; Costello, D. J.; White, W. L.; Geary, J. W.; Heaning, G. F.; Lebounier, R. D.; Hinkens, S.; Edwards, G.; Voetsch, S. J.; Southworth, K. S.; Baka, G. V.; Egan, K. M.; Soer, W. W.

Front Row: Corbridge, T. C.; Bowen, M. A.; Castello, E. E.; Kuong, A. P.; Tamayo, A. B.; Kwong, R. R.; Beck, M. C.; Read, J. A.; Bagby, C. L.; Daniels, W.; Stuart, A. E.; Murphy, T. P.; Baran, G. W.; Ouchakof, B. V.; Hession, W.; Dunn, C.



<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: D. Sweeney	M. Freeman	T. Cook
1st Set		
Middle: D. Hillegas	P. Deppe	C. Joachim
2nd Set		
Front Row: D. Miles, IV	E. Halton	T. Mencko
3rd Set		



Thirty-Third Company



LT J. Kapp

Back Row: G. Cerezo; D. H. Stone; O. H. Meineke; A. M. Womble; J. A. Kunert; J. E. Halling; J. A. Weidner; F. J. Townsend; T. K. Sudbeck; J. J. Degree; M. Conklin; G. W. Kerstein; M. A. Dyer; M. Dasovich; K. P. Ryan

5th Row: K. R. Murphy; J. Mutch; T. Macneil; M. Hawkins; M. R. Duncovich; J. M. Weckerly; J. F. Goodwin; D. Holoubek; B. J. Obenour; D. R. Rasmussen; G. J. Baur; J. H. Rogers; M. J. Dinn

4th Row: F. Leclerc; M. Marcella; D. R. Mount; R. Dubberly; C. R. Lane; P. Johnstone; D. Vortherms; J. C. Davis; M. W. Reedy; M. J. Coulbourne; G. F. Smith; A. O. Heimer; P. J. Russo

3rd Row: P. H. Cullom; J. B. Bair; W. O. McKeag; G. Argerake; S. D. Hogge; J. B. Eggleston; E. Slizondo; C. Armitage; K. R. Darin; A. J. O'Hanian; D. S. Otoshi; R. L. Aasland

2nd Row: T. Eldridge; E. M. Wynne; T. Forstyhe; M. J. Bradley; J. M. Connard; J. F. Fairbank; G. Fullerton; R. A. Voytek; P. Velzeboer; F. Fogarty; R. A. Condry; J. J. Polcari; J. B. McKinney; S. C. Jackson; J. Lockley

Front Row: W. Dietzler; K. J. Haar; C. G. Hartman; M. Magnotti; V. L. Washington; S. Olmstead; W. K. Stulb; J. M. Bethman; K. A. Tibbits; R. C. Sheppard; M. A. Fisher; T. P. Cook; R. E. Bozman; D. S. Wade; J. R. Rowan





CAO	CDR	SUB-CDR
Back Row: K. Pugh	P. Jacobs	R. Guerrero
Pictured Below		
1st Set		
Middle: E. Grey	R. Snow	R. Baggot
2nd Set		
Front Row: R. Baggot	K. Pugh	J. Bridgeman
Pictured Above		



Thirty-Fourth Company



MAJ J. Gaugush, USMC

Back Row: Palmer, J.; Whitney, P.; Buttrick, R.; Pickles, S.; Gibson, M.; Knoizen, K.; Reeves, P.; Susulla, P.; Dowler, V. P.; ; Reed, H.; Headrick, J.

4th Row: Brooks, V.; Edwards, T.; Stenstrom, T.; Momany, P.; Rouse, H.; Masters, R.; Kellogg, J.; Cirelli, L.; Livingston, B.; Law, K.; Burns, S.; Kee, E.; Bitter, K. C.; Crossland, J.; Duran, C.; Ginsberg, R. J.; Nickell, L.

3rd Row: Beaver, K. W.; Carminati, J.; Luke, R. E.; Kanvit, K.; Arnold, T.; Snell, R. L.; Nyberg, H.; Wilson, D.; Young, W.; ; Funke, A.; Martin, T.; Altamero, G.; Sharp, A.; Holt, G. S.; Trabold, E.

2nd Row: Waldren, T.; Detrich, R.; Shockley, D.; Clausen, M.; Lange, M.; Trygstad, R.; Daniel, R.; Stallings, J.; Novak, R. E.; Forbes, E.; Cledenning, M.; Buss, D.; Wiecek, P.; Rawson, K.; Cook, R.

Front Row: Scheffler, H.; Rychlik, T.; McNeil, R.; McNair, E.; Hamilton, T.; Heintzman, D.; Horbiak, S.; Franich, D.; Hannon, M. D.; Kling, M.; Barth, B.; Metrakos, E.; Reece, R.; Sturgis, J.; Fell, I. F.





CAO
 Back Row: F. Schenk
 1st Set
 Middle: J. Stuller
 2nd Set
 Front Row: A. Turk
 3rd Set

CDR
 C. Weiss
 P. Laine
 N. Flacco

SUB-CDR
 B. Smith
 H. Zimmerman
 J. Francis



Thirty-Fifth Company



LT P. Schissler, Jr.

Back Row: P. P. Ross; M. C. Strasser; C. D. Handy; M. E. Sears; M. R. Ross; M. G. Duranski; K. J. Tageson; K. W. Tidd; D. J. Andrews; J. L. Warren; J. C. O'Rourke; T. A. Kwiatkowski; S. W. Winton
5th Row: L. A. Wallace; R. P. Scaffidi; D. M. Secord; M. J. Sullivan; J. C. Pross; W. D. Mitchell; R. D. Fitzpatrick; M. D. Sorenson; K. J. Kropkowski; J. E. McFadden; S. A. Adair
4th Row: F. N. Vogt; S. E. Hoffman; F. A. Graf; J. J. McClure; W. H. Resser; K. L. Fink; R. R. Bosco; F. T. Cerebino; D. Butler, III; C. S. Paramore; T. C. Trudell; E. G. Shewbridge
3rd Row: F. D. Houston; D. M. Villa; D. D. Schoon; J. M. Marrinuucci; R. P. Pili; K. W. Barnes; M. J. Beauchamp; C. R. Jansen; N. D. Carr; E. L. Sweigard; A. S. McRae; M. S. Trueblood; R. S. Lowell
2nd Row: W. C. Haberland; E. M. Connally; M. M. Moore; W. R. Martin; K. L. Beasley; A. J. Johnson; D. J. E. D. Abordo; M. S. Finley; P. J. Hollich; J. L. Pointer; A. M. Nienhaus; J. R. Casey; M. E. Reed
Front Row: J. D. Gafford; C. B. Hunter; R. J. Engel; J. M. Carr; J. M. Chimiak; M. J. Holoubek; G. L. Sheridan; C. W. Wong; P. M. Hatch; W. F. Kauffman; A. McKinlay, V. I.; P. J. Finley; J. C. Lockry; C. W. Turley





CAO	CDR	SUB-CDR
Back Row: W. Walters	W. Matzelevich	J. Wilkinson
1st Set		
Middle: J. Willis	G. Evans	B. Giron
2nd Set		
Front Row: H. Irwin, Jr.	D. Hartwell	J. Rader
3rd Set		



Thirty-Sixth Company



LCDR W. Taylor

Back Row: Gardner, J. S.; Merritt, B. L.; Coan, R. D.; Brien, P. F.; Busse, P. W.; Richards, R.; Owen, D. K.; O'Bryant, T. O.; Watkins, R. D.; Walters, R. V.

3rd Row: Hildago, O. J.; Utterback, E. B.; Bryars, J. A.; Melcher, R. L.; Sebczak, M. L.; Gattuso, J. A.; Graham, K. F.; Garcie, B. L.; Welch, W. J.; Wangler, M.; Stamas, S. J.; Brewer, A. K.; Eskew, C. D.; Wirth, G. H.; Frisch, A. J.; Keller, L. P.; Weigel, A. M.; Thamm, W. M.; Gregorie, H. B.; Foreman, D.; Robinette, G. A.

2nd Row: Clark, B. R.; Herrmann, H.; Rinke, W. J.; Bushike, M. F.; Vogt, R. A.; Lindstrom, M. B.; Brady, P. P.; Blandford, R.; Croisetiere, P.; Knauer, J.; Golden, T. P.; Raquipiso, P.; Fisher, C. B.; Lare, J. E.; Doyle, M. P.; Madden, J. L.; Pierce, R. V.; Benson, J. R.; Fontanilla, F.; Mooney, R. J.; Gordy, R. H.; Stevens, B. C.; Dumbolt, T.

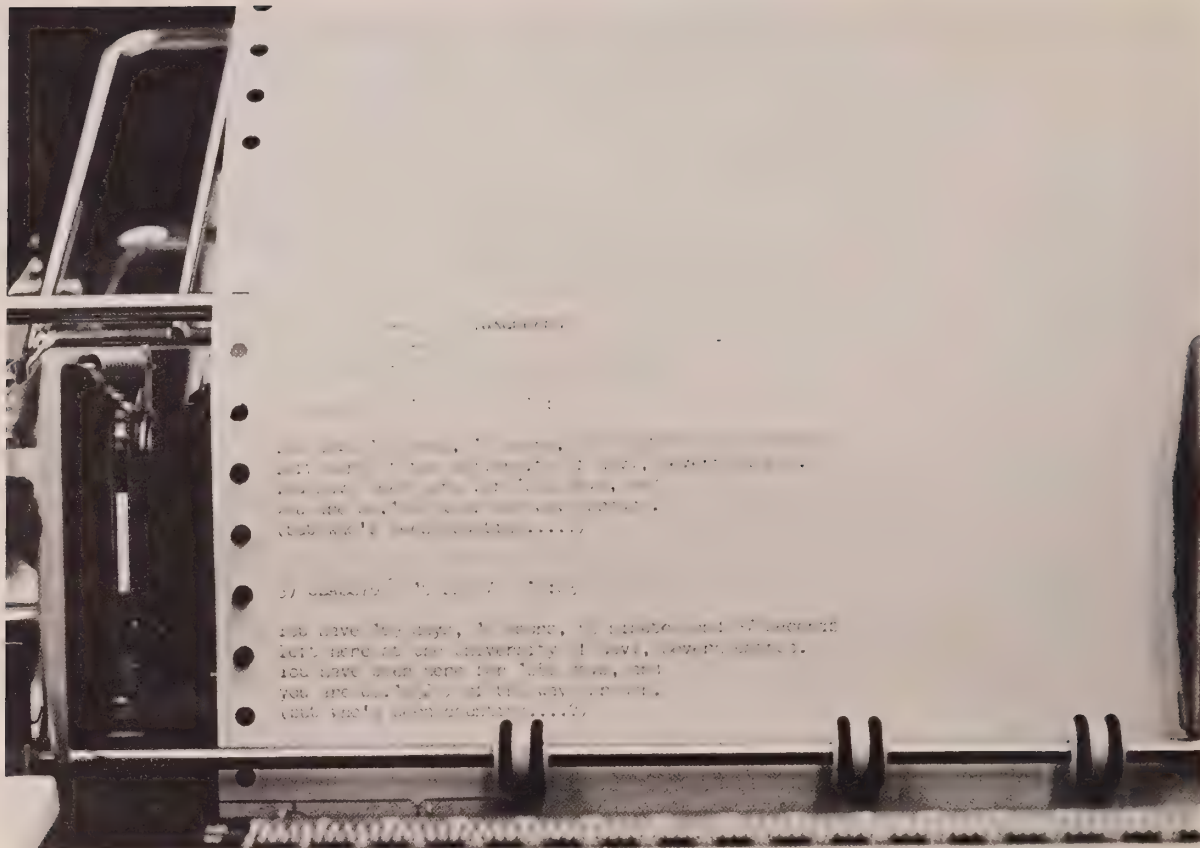
Front Row: Lizama, G. T.; Pricola, D. M.; Gordon, G. L.; Salacka, T. F.; Cofield, G. B.; Jesmonth, R.; Booker, L. S.; McKee, T. B.; Garmon, J. D.; Murphy, S. F.; Seldon, R. W.; Pyle, D. C.; Musser, M. N.; McIlravy, T.; Przyborsky, P.; Rouse, K. A.; Dougherty, T. M.; Durbin, W. S.





<i>CAO</i>	<i>CDR</i>	<i>SUB-CDR</i>
Back Row: M. Evans	A. Mysliwy	B. Little
1st Set		
Middle: C. Large	C. Williams	F. Wysocki
2nd Set		
Front Row: D. Winters	G. Puddington	M. Hoekstra
3rd Set		







ALBUM



IN MEMORIAM

RODNEY A. VESSELS

26 JAN 76

RICHARD A. CORPUZ

9 MAR 76

VINCENT J. BANKS

4 OCT 76





FIRST COMPANY

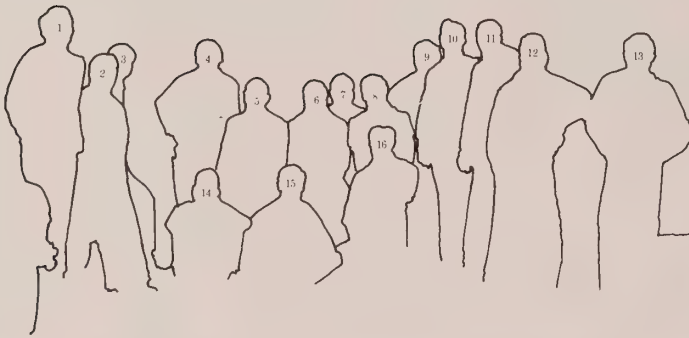
1. SKIP BUFLOD
2. MICHAEL AGOR
3. DAVID SHIMP
4. JOHN JOLICUER
5. ROBERT HAMMOND
6. JAMES BUTLER
7. CRAIG DECKER
8. JOHN BALL
9. BILL LOEFFLER
10. WADE GERRARD
11. KEN SICHAU
12. FRED ORTLOFF
13. BRUCE STUTSMAN
14. JOHN CARWILE

15. FRANK MURPHY
16. GUY LANGLEY
17. JOHN KELLY
18. ROBERT MONROE
19. NORMAN DAVIS
20. MATTHEW CLARKE
21. DAVID BEALER
22. RICHARD O'HANLUN
23. CLAYTON HILL
24. JONATHAN FOX
25. HANSFORD TYLER
26. BLAIR VORGANG
27. KOOK DEAN
28. BOB SOMERS



THIRD COMPANY

1. STEPHEN McWILLIAMS
2. ROBERT WEISS
3. ALBERT BLACKY
4. JOE STURM
5. RON WETMORE
6. DAVID BARCLAY
7. JIM WHITSETT
8. STEPHEN NIMITZ
9. HUGH WILLIS
10. ROBERT EMMEL
11. DENNIS DEGEUS
12. JEFF STEINER
13. JIM THOMPSON
14. BILL SHEPPARD
15. RANDALL GOFF
16. JOHN CHRISTMAN





SECOND COMPANY

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. DOUG ROBBINS | 11. MARK UHRON |
| 2. JOE PAQUETTE | 12. CRAIG SNEE |
| 3. RICHARD SMITH | 13. MARK ANTHONY |
| 4. GARY LITTLEJOHN | 14. DALE MEYER |
| 5. DIRK DEVERILL | 15. LARRY PIANO |
| 6. MILT FUSSELMAN | 16. TIMOTHY SPROWLS |
| 7. HAROLD WHALEN | 17. DAVE HAINES |
| 8. DOUG WHITNEY | 18. HOWDY NEIGHBOR |
| 9. TOD THEDY | 19. DENNIS DILUCENTE |
| 10. JERRY MOBLEY | |

FOURTH COMPANY

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. BOB MACDOUGALL | 13. ROCK DAZE |
| 2. DOUG GUTHE | 14. FRED CRAFT |
| 3. MARTY BACON | 15. BRYAN WEBSTER |
| 4. SKIP CHENAULT | 16. RICH PRATT |
| 5. PAT BOLE | 17. MARK KISER |
| 6. BRUCE NORTHRIDGE | 18. BILL McMINN |
| 7. STEVE GIORGIS | 19. BRUCE INGRAM |
| 8. STEVE HASTINGS | 20. CHUCK MIWALKO |
| 9. JOHN SCHUMACHER | 21. STAN CHRONISTER |
| 10. MARK MURTON | 22. RON SEIZERT |
| 11. STEW BROCK | 23. VAL SANCHEZ |
| 12. MIKE LOGAR | 24. MIKE McKENNEY |



FIFTH COMPANY

1. RICK DAPRATO
2. BILL BEESON
3. FRED BAUER
4. BOB BUTT
5. TIM CRINER
6. PAUL JOHNSON
7. JIM PETERSON
8. DIEGO MANTILLA
9. JIM POOLE
10. ROB McNEIL
11. LEROY SPARR
12. DOLPH WATTS
13. GERALD SPRAITZER
14. DAVE DESILVA
15. BRAD CLARK
16. DICK FECKLER





SIXTH COMPANY

1. ROBERT PETROKA
2. JIM KNIGHT
3. MIKE WILLIAMS
4. CARL SHARPERSON
5. JOHN BLASKO
6. DAVE COGGAN
7. MIKE MOORE
8. ED KILBOURN
9. RICK NEIDLINGER
10. JIM JANOSEK
11. GARY MUNN
12. WOODY DASILVA
13. SCOTT BEATON
14. JOE CANTU
15. DAVE PAPAK
16. LOU REPUCCI
17. TOM PANIK
18. MIKE WALDROP
19. KEITH CHAMPION





SEVENTH COMPANY

1. BILL OSTENDORFF
2. DAVE VENLET
3. BOB BROTHERTON
4. BRUCE HINKLEY
5. JOHN RAVOLD
6. PAUL LANGFORD
7. CHUCK RENNER
8. TERRY PERLICH
9. JIM SANFORD
10. FRANK INZIRILLO
11. IKE OWENS
12. RANDY PINETTI
13. STEVE KAPITAN
14. PETE OLIVIERI
15. J. J. SCOTT
16. WAYNE JAKUBOWSKI
17. JAY GARDINER
18. HANK GRIENKE
19. CHARLIE TRUDE
20. DEAN DOBBERT
21. STEVE KUNDRAT



EIGHTH COMPANY

1. JACK GAULT
2. STEVE EWERS
3. LEE MOSS
4. PETER HARRIS
5. VINCE SMITH
6. OZ PAULDING
7. RAF PACANAY
8. JOHN RAGAN
9. JOSE CALAHORRANO
10. BEN SCOTT
11. JUNIOR TUPUOLA
12. TOM REILLY
13. STEVE WILEY
14. FLOYD SEARL
15. MIKE ABBOTT
16. RAY PUTT
17. TERRY TIELKING
18. PAT NEVITT
19. MATT BOZEMAN
20. TIM HESKETH
21. BOB GUILD
22. CHUCK REDDIX
23. BRANT CARTER





NINTH COMPANY

1. CHARLES LITZ
2. JOSEPH BURANOSKY
3. JOHN CARTER
4. CRAIG SCOTT
5. ROBERT DEAL
6. JOHN MACIEJCZYK
7. ROBERT TREITZ
8. MICHAEL DAILEY
9. JEFFREY SANDER
10. JOHN DRERUP
11. DANIEL WARD
12. RICHARD NATHANSON
13. MARK RUPPRECHT
14. MILTON MAYS
15. LOUIS SPOSATO
16. BERNARD EPPS
17. WILLIAM CRAIGHILL
18. ROBERT PETERMAN
19. STEVEN GRAY
20. THOMAS BAKKE
21. WILLIAM HAWN



TENTH COMPANY

1. LUCIEN MEMMINGER
2. JERRY LISCOMB
3. AL GAMBONE
4. RICH McHUGH
5. FRED HUGHES
6. FINLEY NUNN
7. BURCE MONTGOMERY
8. TONY ROSS
9. JOE McGOWAN
10. SKIP ZOBEL
11. JOE SHEPPARD
12. STEVE EWELL
13. TAD POWELL
14. JOE SWAYKOS
15. JOE GERTSCH
16. JIM DAVIS
17. DAVE LASKOWSKI
18. GARY WROTNOWSKI
19. KEN CRAIN
20. PETER GRANT



ELEVENTH COMPANY



1. BRUCE LENARD
2. AMBROISE SEIDE
3. BILL CASEY
4. PETE SWIEK
5. CHRIS JANIEC
6. STEVE KUTCHER
7. MICHAEL DUFFY
8. DAVID FLEISCHMAN
9. JEFF MARRIN
10. CHARLES DIRIENZO
11. JACK WILLIAMS
12. JOHN SPARKS
13. CHRISTOPHER SCOPPA
14. CHARLES BUSH
15. KENT KOCHSMEIER
16. PHILIP RICHARDSON
17. DONALD LOVE
18. JAMES McKEE
19. RICHARD ORREDAL



TWELFTH COMPANY

1. DUKE BROWN
2. CURT HOFFMAN
3. JOHN WEBB
4. ROBERT CHAPMAN
5. BERT BOWDEN
6. JOHN BROWN
7. DOYLE KITCHIN
8. FERNANDO CARDOZA
9. MARK BENSON
10. RON BRUNSON
11. DAVID LUHTA
12. MARK STEVENS
13. FRED HORNE
14. STAN O'CONNOR
15. BILLY DAVISON
16. HENRY BRYSON
17. BUDDY HINGLE
18. MARK MOORE
19. RICK CARPER





THIRTEENTH COMPANY

1. WILLIAM MUELLER
2. CALTON BROWN
3. HART SEBRING
4. WILLIAM BURNS
5. JOHN KRUSE
6. DAVID THUMAN
7. PHILIP EXNER
8. ANDREW LEBOERY
9. TOM WOOD
10. GREGORY QUEEN
11. GARRY WOLFRUM
12. RALPH SCHERINI
13. JOHN BAUMAN
14. WILLIAM NEUMEYER
15. HEIMANN HEISE
16. DON BUNGLE
17. DAVID GRIFFITH
18. JOE CELANO



FOURTEENTH COMPANY

1. MIKE HERB
2. GARY HENTZ
3. DON KEENE
4. STEVE TOPSCHER
5. JOHN STAHURA
6. NICK KARANGELEN
7. BOB HOLLAND
8. MIKE WEST
9. DICK GALLAGHER
10. SAM NICHOLS
11. JEFF TOMLIN
12. JOHN WILKENS
13. BILL KNELLER
14. RAY ECKENRODE
15. DAVE FISCHER
16. FRANK DRENNAN
17. BRIAN DEVANE
18. MARK ALFERS
19. WALT PFANDL





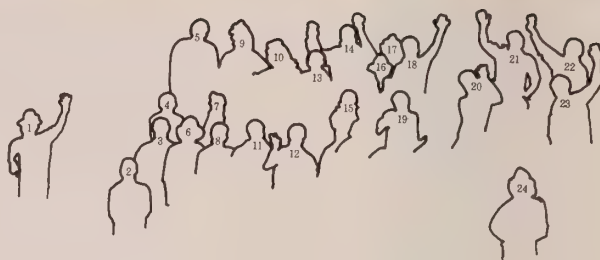
FIFTEENTH COMPANY

1. GARY McCONNELL
2. TOM PHUMPHREY
3. MART BRITTINGHAM
4. JOE MEDINA
5. MIKE GOLDEN
6. CHICK TOWER
7. MARK O'HARE
8. MARK WEST
9. BILL PARKER
10. BOB BAUMAN
11. LEE ERDMAN
12. BRENT LEYTEM
13. CRAIG HANSON
14. RUSS LETT
15. MIKE SMITH
16. KEVIN CURLEY
17. MIKE HALLORAN
18. TONY BLANCO
19. GARY HARELL
20. STEVE VON DOLLON
21. PHIL NEWMAN
22. KURT SHAFFER
23. RICH BADSGARD
24. DAN MITCHELL
25. MIKE YEAGER
26. JOHN TANDY



SIXTEENTH COMPANY

1. LARRY MYCZYNSKI
2. CRAIG McDONALD
3. RICK PARKS
4. LARRY DAVIS
5. BRUCE JACKSON
6. BILL BIGHAM
7. GEORGE RECTOR
8. DAVE MANNERS
9. DICK HOLLOWAY
10. ROB POTTLE
11. JIM RUBINO
12. RANDY SCHMITT
13. JOHN BERKLEY
14. DAVE CHIQUELIN
15. PHIL POIRIER
16. JACK SUTER
17. ART NALLS
18. JIM STAVRIDIS
19. DAVE JOURDAN
20. JERRY PARKER
21. STEVE WYNNE
22. STEVE KELLY
23. KEN LEONARD
24. LISTON YOUNG





SEVENTEENTH COMPANY

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. PAUL BROWN | 15. GARY HESSANAUER |
| 2. CHIP McFARLAND | 16. KENT BOLIN |
| 3. JOHN VIRDEN | 17. DAN SIMONS |
| 4. DAN O'BRIEN | 18. PAUL MUELLER |
| 5. CRAIG HARVEY | 19. CRAIG OPEL |
| 6. STU HINRICH | 20. DAVE SWINGLE |
| 7. CHRIS AMES | 21. JOHN ROWLAND |
| 8. GEORGE STANDRIDGE | 22. J. B. SMITH |
| 9. BLAINE PEARSALL | 23. JOHN KOLBECK |
| 10. ROGER SEEDORF | 24. RON ELLIS |
| 11. DOUG DUKE | 25. BUD JEWETT |
| 12. ROY WEISERT | 26. DOUG HUMPHREY |
| 13. MIKE DRENNAN | 27. DES FRETZ |
| 14. JACK MORO | 28. BRYAN DOLAN |

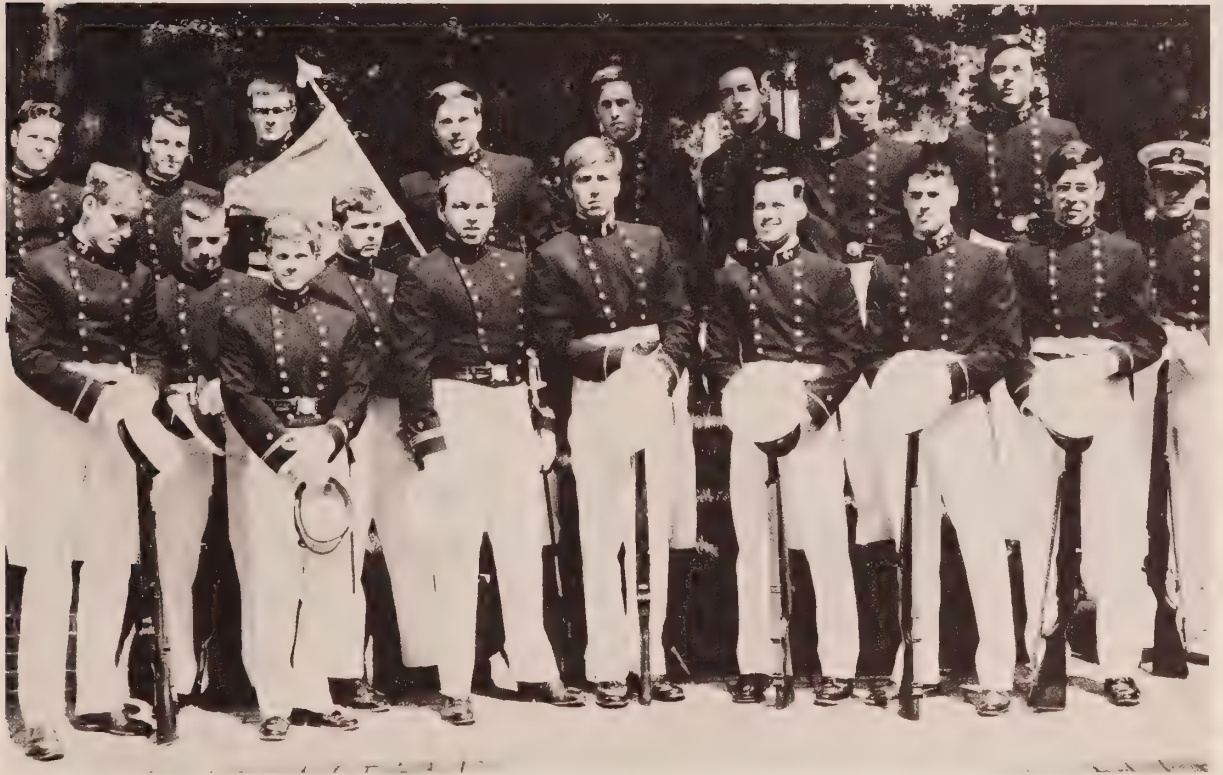
EIGHTEENTH COMPANY

1. JEFF LAMBERT
2. JOE McALILEY
3. JOEL SWANSON
4. MARK TRENOR
5. JOHN BICKINGS
6. ANDY HUTCHISON
7. ERIC GARDNER
8. JOE KLEEFISCH
9. JOHN LOCKS
10. TED HODGE
11. KEN LOMBART
12. BRUCE PETIT
13. DAVE KERRICK
14. CHUCK GORUM
15. JONATHAN WADE
16. GARY MOE
17. JEFF MULLINER
18. MIKE BOSWORTH
19. RALPH BASS
20. FRED JOHNSON
21. RICH SALAZAR



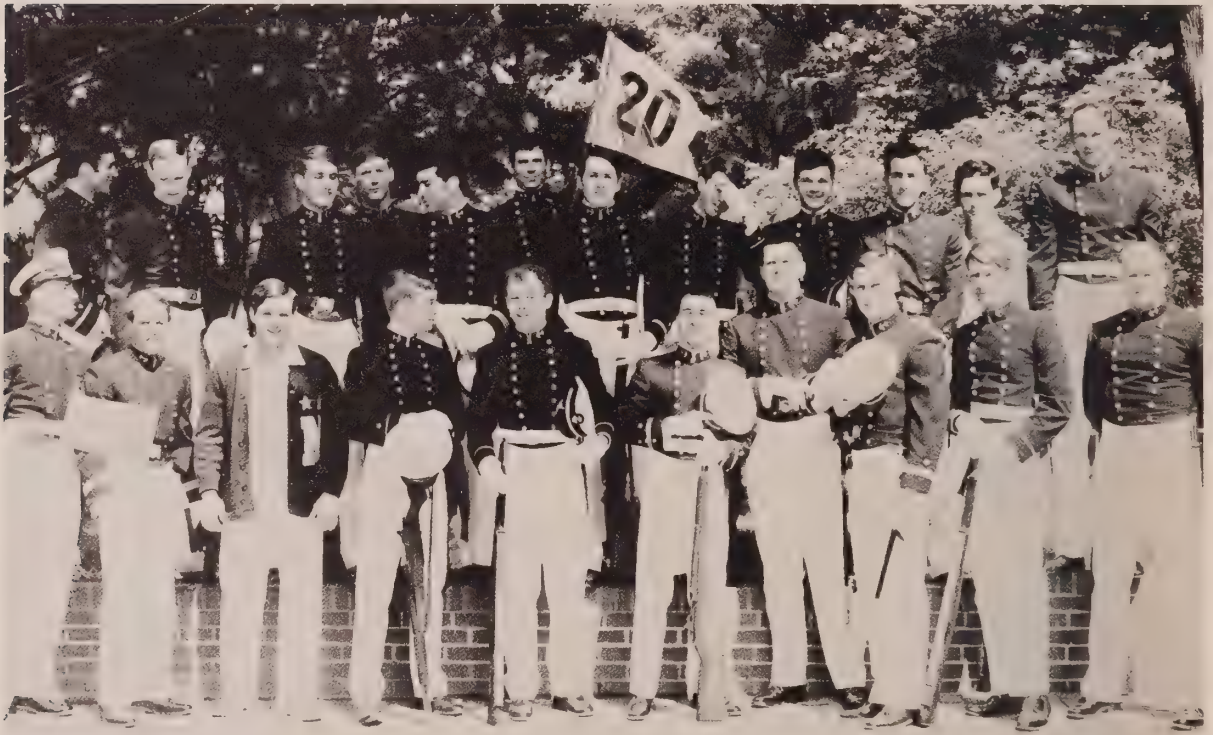
NINETEENTH COMPANY

1. AL MANZI
2. RALPH STEINHAUER
3. DAVE CRISALLI
4. CHUCK O'NEILL
5. RANDY PARMAN
6. ROGER MITISKA
7. JOHN WHITAKER
8. BOB HAST
9. RALPH McKINNEY
10. REX BENT
11. BRAD MASON
12. JOHN DAVIS
13. NED MUELLER
14. PAUL PASKEY
15. MITCH HOFFMAN
16. TED FREDRICK
17. STAN SWIERSKI
18. BOB MILL



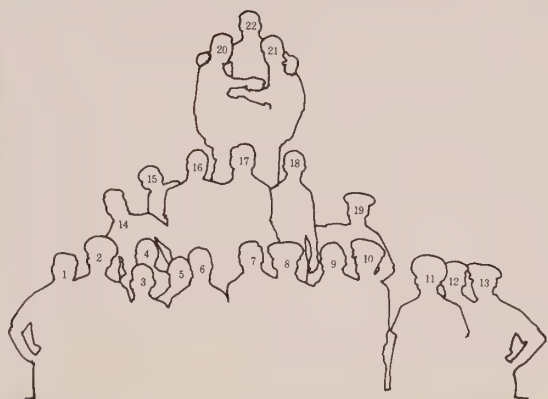
TWENTIETH COMPANY

1. CHET MOELLER
2. MIKE LEFEVER
3. EMORY CHENOWITH
4. DANNY MILLS
5. DICK PALMER
6. MIKE DAILEY
7. DON CROOM
8. TOM COLELLA
9. TYLER WOOLDRIDGE
10. LEE MEEKS
11. PHIL WILHELM
12. PETE PETERSON
13. BRAD PORLIER
14. GLEN DAVIS
15. JOE ZACHARZUK
16. MARK MILLER
17. CHARLIE BROWN
18. JIM O'CONNELL
19. DENNIS MESSENGER
20. STEVE BEDARD
21. ROB JOHNSON
22. ROD SHAFFER



TWENTY-FIRST COMPANY

1. STEVE ANDRUSISIAN
2. DAVID ACKERSON
3. BUTCH AGUENZA
4. TOM BOSSE
5. PAT BRADY
6. JIM DENNIS
7. TOM ANDERSON
8. GARY RAU
9. DAVID McDANIEL
10. PAT TRACY
11. MIKE HLWIAK
12. GARY TURNER
13. CASIMIR NAPORA
14. BOB CONNELLY
15. DAVID SOLLIDAY
16. MIKE SEIFERT
17. BRUCE BEVARD
18. JOHN SCOUT
19. JEFF LEWIS
20. SNAPPER MARRIOTT
21. MIKE O'LOUGHLIN
22. DEAN PRICE





TWENTY-SECOND COMPANY

1. DOUGLAS SCHAUS
2. ZAL HARRISON
3. DAVID SWEDE
4. ROBERT OLSEN
5. CHARLIE BOYD
6. ALFRED CLARK
7. SAMUEL HAUGE
8. PETER ROLLINS
9. JAMES MANLEY
10. JOHN BRINK
11. THEOREN SMITH
12. ROBERT CAULK
13. HOMER LISLE
14. JOHN McCLAIN
15. BYRON IVERSON
16. JACKSON ROESKE
17. JOHN SNODGRASS
18. PETER KLEIN
20. DAVID TIBBETTS
21. ALBERT SCHMIDT
22. EDWARD JETER
23. GRANT SUTHERLAND
24. JOHN SAMPLE





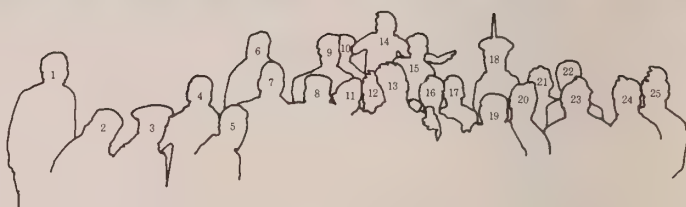
TWENTY-THIRD COMPANY

1. RICH RHYNE
2. TIM NAVILLE
3. JOHN THERRIAULT
4. WAYNE ROGERS
5. DOUG STEUDLER
6. STU NAVARRE
7. TOM BONNER
8. KEVIN CHEATHAM
9. BOB FALOTICO
10. DAVE HARRISSON
11. PAUL GALLATI
12. JOHN KOHLER
13. JEWETT RICHARDSON
14. TOM PRICE
15. DALE CROSSMAN
16. TOM ZELIBOR
17. JON WATKINS
18. KEN HIGGINBOTHAM
19. JACK COVERICK
20. MIKE KAPSCH



TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY

1. WAYNE HUDSON
2. LARRY BELL
3. MIKE WITT
4. LYN ROBERTSON
5. JOE FOY
6. TIM O'HAGAN
7. DON PACETTI
8. SCOTT MOORE
9. JOE MARK
10. MARK SCHWEER
11. BILL CLENNEY
12. ART VANDERSCHAAF
13. CHRIS GRAZEL
14. KEN BEEKS
15. STU JUNK
16. JOHN TITSWORTH
17. PETE CORNELL
18. MARTY SLOAN
19. LOU SACCOCCIO
20. CURTIS RUMFELT
21. RON CLIPP
22. BOB JACKSON
23. CRAIG THOMAS
24. MARK LINN
25. DICK SEARS



TWENTY-FIFTH COMPANY



1. MIKE GRISCHY
2. ELLIOTT BLOKOM
3. NEIL JENSEN
4. FRANK HAUCK
5. MICKEY CROW
6. TIM WHITE
7. MIKE EDWARDS
8. JIM TAPLETT
9. BOB SNYDER
10. STEVE TAYLOR
11. JOHN BROWNELL
12. DOUG DUKE
13. KEITH KASER
14. BOB DIKON
15. WILLIE HARRIS
16. STEVE RUDIGER
17. BOB KENNY
18. MAC MAC ALLISTER
19. DAVE MORAN
20. RON HOWARD





TWENTY-SIXTH COMPANY

1. KEN EBERSOLE
2. ERIC KIMURA
3. SPINCE NAKAGUMA
4. DAVE DEFORD
5. ROGER WENDT
6. GREG JENKINS
7. KEN DOMBART
8. DAVE CARLSON
9. FRANK DEVEREUX
10. TOM ABBOT
11. DALE DYKHUIZEN
12. MARK HUBBARD
13. MIKE WILLY
14. DOC DOHERTY
15. ED HARPER
16. CRAIG WEBER
17. MARK METCALF
18. HARRY BLAIR
19. BOB BELLING
20. PHIL KUMPIS
21. VIC NEVES
22. TOM KENNEDY



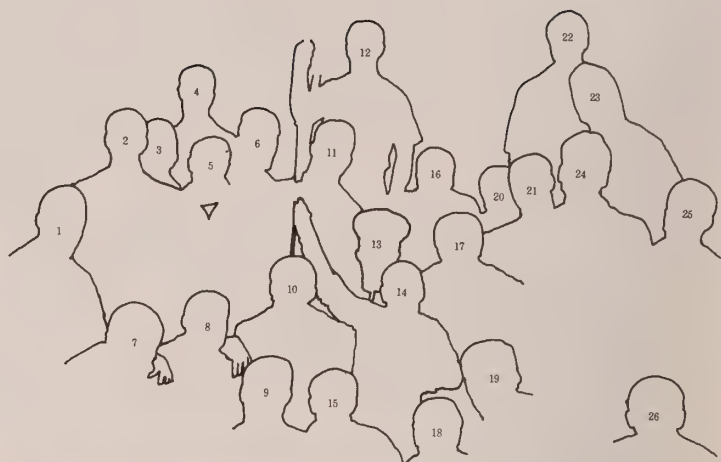
TWENTY-SEVENTH COMPANY

1. MIKE WELTSCH
2. T.B. HARRIS
3. JERRY WILLETT
4. DAVE SMITH
5. BOB MILLER
6. RICK WELDON
7. DAN GALIK
8. JED GRAYSON
9. STEVE STROEBEL
10. SCOTT JENKINS
11. JOHN LOVASZ
12. TIM HAGEN
13. MARK McKINLEY
14. KIP NICELY
15. TIM TRAAEN
16. TONY VIOLANTE
17. MIKE HUGHES
18. DAVE TRIBOUTE
19. TIM FARRELL
20. JOHN STAMOS



TWENTY-EIGHTH COMPANY

1. TOM PURDY
2. GEORGE WOOD
3. RICK HEPBURN
4. JIMM SLOAN
5. RICK EISLOEFFEL
6. TIM THEURER
7. LEN MOKAN
8. JOHN SCHUMACHER
9. BRIAN TYNDALL
10. KEVIN EAGLE
11. LEE FREUND
12. MICK PALLES
13. W.T. DOOR
14. MARK HAAS
15. JEFF BURKE
16. PHIL COOK
17. REED JARVI
18. DOUG AUSTIN
19. BOB HAERTLING
20. CHARLIE COLE
21. DAVE BOCH
22. MARK GONTKOVIC
23. DENNY GARDNER
24. DAVE MARKHAM
25. VAN SEWELL
26. JOHN BOULDEN





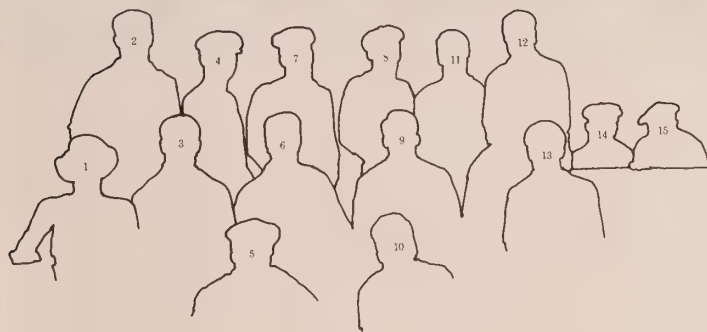
TWENTY-NINTH COMPANY

1. TOM SEARS
2. JOHN McKERNAN
3. MIKE CROCHET
4. JOE BOUCHARD
5. RANDY PRITCHETT
6. ED RIEHL
7. DAVE ROSSETI
8. JOHN McCARTHY
9. GENE GYGAX
10. ANDY YATES
11. ED GILMORE
12. JOHN MYERS
13. MIKE FLENTJE
14. SANTIAGO JUNCOSA
15. PETE MILLER
16. VINCE HUSTON
17. MIKE HANSELL
18. BILL BEVIL
19. CHUCK DEITCHMAN
20. CAL FELTE
21. JIM MORRISON

THIRTIETH COMPANY

1. ELMO COLLINS
2. KEN STOCKWELL
3. TOM CAHILL
4. RAY LINCOLN
5. FRANK RENNIE
6. KEITH WEAVER
7. KEN HOLMES
8. RAM PHILLIPS
9. RANDY WALDRIP
10. TOM SMITH
11. FRANK RODRICK
12. LARRY O'DONNELL
13. DAN KALILI
14. MARK LOEBIG
15. BRIAN EDINGTON
16. STEVE ROHRSEN
17. JEFF KALKSTEIN
18. WALT SPARKS
19. DAN BEARY
20. RICK STICH
21. JOHN SARAO
22. GEORGE WHEELER
23. TOM DAVIS
24. DON PARKER





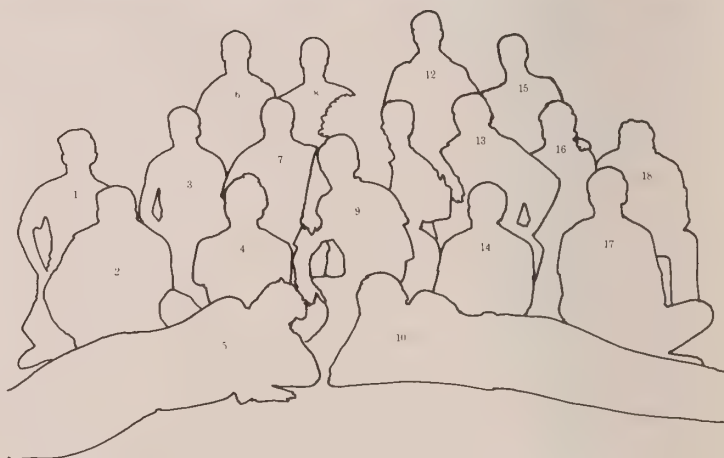
THIRTY-FIRST COMPANY

1. MARK MULA
2. BRUCE HOUGESON
3. GERALD WHITE
4. STEPHEN CHAMPLIN
5. KEVIN McNAMARA
6. BLAISE MILLER
7. STUART JOHNSON
8. RONALD SCHULLER
9. PAUL WRIGLEY
10. JOSEPH MARTINKA
11. STEVEN CLARK
12. PETER VARSANYI
13. GEORGE HICKS
14. CHARLES ANDERSON
15. TED SCHORN



THIRTY-SECOND COMPANY

1. TOM COOK
2. LYLE DAVISON
3. PAUL DEPPE
4. CHRIS JOACHIM
5. SCOTT MARSTON
6. MIKE FREEMAN
7. TOM GARDNER
8. CHIP CAMPBELL
9. JIM GUSTAFSON
10. "GARO" HALL
11. DAVE SWEENEY
12. BERNIE VANOSDALL
13. JOHN SUNDQUIST
14. ERNIE HALTON
15. DAVE MILES
16. TED MENCKE
17. DENNIS WIL HILLEGAS
18. JOHN WOELFEL





THIRTY-THIRD COMPANY

1. PAUL DORIN
2. RAMON GUERRERO
3. JOHN BRIDGEMAN
4. JEFF HOY
5. ROBERT KATES
6. MARK THORPE
7. RICK BAGGOT
8. FIDEL CASTELLANOS
9. LARRY ASTYK
10. JEFF MAYDOSZ
11. JACK KIRK
12. GARY FREEMAN
13. LEE SMITH
14. RICK SNOW
15. KEN GREY
16. PAT JACOBS
17. GARTH BECKETT
18. CHRIS ALBERG
19. IVAN LASSITER
20. DAVID RENAUD
21. SCOTT PUGH



THIRTY-FOURTH COMPANY

1. J.B. PARRETT
2. MARK NESSELRODE
3. KEVIN STONE
4. JIM STULLER
5. LEW THOMPSON
6. JOHN McEWAN
7. ROGER NESBITT
8. NICK FLACCO
9. JOHN ALLEN
10. DICK SPENCER
11. PAT LAINE
12. GARY STARK
13. AL TURK
14. FRED RALEY
15. BRUCE SMITH
16. STEVE HOLIBONICH
17. JIM DAVIS
18. SCOTT GOODSON
19. NICK NUNN
20. FRED SCHENK
21. HAROLD ZIMMERMAN
22. DENNIS FRANKLIN
23. JOHN WEISS
24. KEN GOODROW
25. JIM FRANCIS
26. LARRY JONES



THIRTY-FIFTH COMPANY

1. VICK THOMBS
2. DENNIS STOCKWELL
3. CHUCK NEHALIC
4. BRUCE GIRON
5. STEVE PARIS
6. JEFF WATSON
7. FRED BYUS
8. DAN HARTWELL
9. CHUCK RADER
10. BRIAN SMITH
11. ANDY BUSHAK
12. WALT NEBOSHINSKY
13. GARY EVANS
14. DAVE KURULIK
15. GARRY HALL
16. STEVE BARILICH
17. JOHN RADER
18. RUSTY POPE
19. HANK IRWIN
20. JOHN WILLIS
21. BILL MATZELEVICH
22. LARRY DOONG

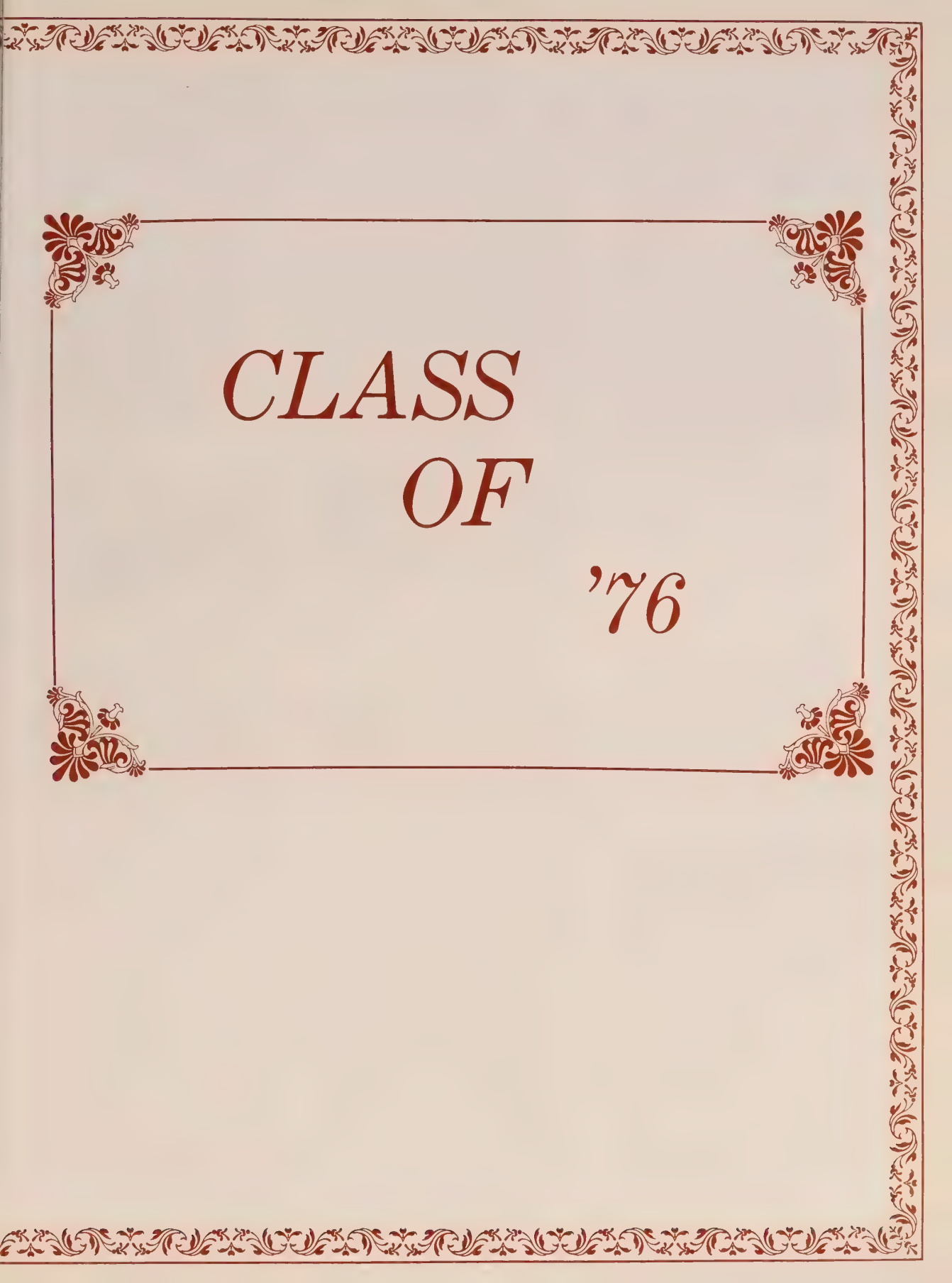




THIRTY-SIXTH COMPANY

1. CY LARGE
2. RICK CARSTENS
3. DOUG DEEM
4. DAVE WINTERS
5. MIKE DONNELLY
6. GARY YAGIELLO
7. BRAD LITTLE
8. CRAIG WILLIAMS
9. GREG VAUGHAN
10. MARK EVANS
11. PAT GIANCATARINO
12. GEORGE PUDDINGTON
13. MARK HOEKSTRA
14. GARY GREENFIELD
15. BRAD SPEER
16. FRANK WYSOCKI
17. CRAIG KRAUSS
18. CRIS EARL
19. ALLIE MYSLIWY



A wide, ornate border of repeating floral and vine motifs in a dark red color frames the entire page.A decorative corner ornament in the top-left corner, featuring stylized floral and scrollwork elements in dark red.A decorative corner ornament in the top-right corner, featuring stylized floral and scrollwork elements in dark red.A decorative corner ornament in the bottom-left corner, featuring stylized floral and scrollwork elements in dark red.A decorative corner ornament in the bottom-right corner, featuring stylized floral and scrollwork elements in dark red.

CLASS
OF

'76



Michael Patrocinio Agor

Michael P. Agor, Alias "Flip," "Eggs," and "Manila Mike", came straight to Fun One from Norfolk, and insignificant coastal village in the armpit of Va. Eager to make a name for himself, Mike chose to challenge the Academic Department as an Arithmetic Major. He easily won the contest and felt compelled to "A"-cut and "Rack" whenever convenient. Never one to study when there was liberty available or an unused weekend to be taken, Mike made himself scarce around the hall in quest of more interesting duty at Towson. Mike is apparently headed for Nukeepoo U. and the challenges of the Rickover Rake - Over, Long Patrols, and Infrequent Leave. We hope that the Bubbleheads can provide something resembling a challenge equal to a man of Mike's extraordinary academic prowess and tremendous capacity for hard work. We feel certain of his success as a Sub-Mariner.



John Eugene Ball

John hails from the sunny state of Florida, city of Tampa. "Benny the" Ball was well prepared for his four years as a mid. Always up for a party, he was famous for his unique drinking style. Although Bacardi and coke held a top spot in his heart, he was not above downing other mixed drinks or quaffing a few brews. Ben majored in wwwiiiiirrrreeeeeees here at the Boat School, which he was always ready, willing and able to discuss at great length. There never was an end to the number of mids that were in his room for wires EI. Most got out the same night. Benny discovered the joys of company soccer, after a year on the plebe squad, John was a member of an awesome Youngster lightweight fooball team and sailed through each spring on company knockabouts. His bright outlook and sunny disposition will cause us to hear many good reports of him in the future.



David Ellis Bealer

Even as Bloomington, California, lost a favorite son four years ago, Navy gained a redskin. Just as Custer had Sitting Bull and the Lone Ranger, Tonto, Fun One now could claim friendship with a lad of native American heritage. Many cold wintry nights were to be filled with Beals' recollections of happy hunting grounds and fox hunts.

Although a charter member of the double "A" society (Arsonist Anonymous), Ash (Appropriately nicknamed) survived the great fire of '73 without a singed hair on his face or chest. This was due largely to the fact that there aren't many growing there yet.

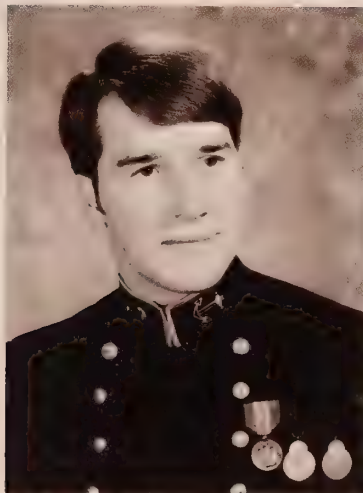
Battling back from a 1.39 QPR Plebe year, "B" became a Bull major turned Nuke Puke hopeful. Beez didn't count himself out, that was done for him by the selection board. Whatever naval community Dave decides to enter, we all wish him God speed. The "Wussahoe" will need it! "Bonjour, Missure."



Melvin Ray Buford

Melvin Ray Buford, Fun One's resident cowboy, came to Navy with saddle sores and a criminal record. As a jailed victim of felonious circumstances Skip chose the seemingly lesser of two evils (delinquency or Navy). A stud on the local track team his brief encounter with the Navy squad, left him with 30 demerits and "loss of one weekend." After this discouraging parlay, Skip tried out and made 1st string on the Academy's newly formed crossword puzzle team.

After three useless summer cruises with "Murf the Surf" Buf has wisely decided to join the aviation community, and jointly to impose an almost total boycott on academics to prevent "Optic Regression" looking forward to a short stint with TAD in Dancing D.C. Skip will attempt to determine the relevance of shiphandling and EN200 with the cockpit of a naval aircraft.



James George Butler



John Jay Carwile

Our lad from the Cascades, Jim managed to endure four years of derelicts, all the rest of us. Whether quarterbacking the company heavyweight football team or throwing up air balls in basketball, Jim always had the ball. Always. For four years he led the league in offensive fouls and cries of "Cmon Ref, that was a hack!!", could be heard as "Butts" performed exquisite charging fouls for enraged defenders. The "Hon Juan" of First Company, "Boo" managed to retain his sense of humor and taste for cokes - whatever the party. When it came to the Huskies or Supersonics he had no equal. Neither did he have any as company commander. A good man, always to be counted on in the give and go. "You give - I'll go." Jim's honesty and integrity were always looked to and he stood out as a man of his own. He plans to serve in Navy air. We will all miss him, but the refs won't!

It matters not how long we live, but how" - Bailey - *Festus*

What can you say about a guy who was first set Brigade Commander, a candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship, a Burke Scholarship winner - and still a total hack on the basketball court and football field? He's a man who could appreciate the finer things in life, especially his beloved Foster's Lager brew, his grades, and girls with dexterity. It's easy to picture the "Car" right now, sitting on a beach in San Diego, prerequisite beautiful lady close at hand, Foster's close in hand, listening to Navy - Oklahoma in the 1982 Sugar Bowl. Question is, who is he rooting for? It is doubtful that he even remembers Bancroft. But he does remember Murph, Stuts, Pat, Clark, Stau, Chow and the others whose lives he touched with his laugh, his beer, his wit, his excellence, and his friendship.

In the Georgia fashion, our "Ramblin Wreck" came to USNA and proceeded to do justice to his nickname nothing was safe from this lad; Yard monuments and parking meters notwithstanding. His exploits quickly earned for him the distinction of a lifetime membership in the "100 plus" club three years in a row. A natural outlet for all of his energy was crew and it was here that Matto distinguished himself, earning two varsity letters. Matt will always be remembered as the first company derelict. . What more appropriate title would be awarded to the man who was unanimously voted Mr. "O" 1975? One of the few totally honest men around, he worked and played harder than most of us. All the regs in the world couldn't kill his spirit, a spirit that could always be counted on. We are all the richer for what he gave and taught us, and are happy to have known him.

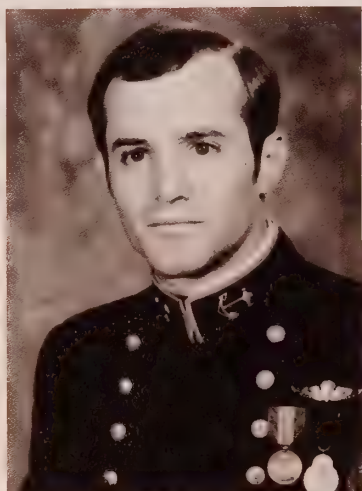


Matthew Steven Clarke

Jim arrived at USNA with two years of college under his belt and a pair of wings strapped to his back. Hailing from the cornfields of Fairbury, Neb. Jim quickly adapted to Academy life. Being the second son in a family of fliers, he naturally chose Aero for a major, keeping Sue for a minor. In addition, to maintaining a highly respectable QPR, he was one of the founders of the Naval Academy branch of the AA (Arsonists Anonymous). Jim managed to soft soap his way into a plush first class cruise aboard the Nimitz, where he spent most of his time on the flight deck and none of it with the nukes. Always being a stickler for exams, Jim spent the two weeks prior to his pre-commissioning physical gouging up for his eye test. His efforts bore fruit so Jim and Sue will be joining the Navy air community following graduation and their official wedding.



James Duane Engels



Jeffrey Arnold Cory

Our conscientious Southern gentleman greeted Mother B from the realms of Albany, Georgia. The large Cory clan has long served as a direct pipeline to the Academy. Jeff is the 2nd of three brothers to attend here.

Jeff has been mastering academics with such a fervor that sunrise frequently finds him slaving away. His most frequently used academic tools are his chow, his coffee and his Math tables book "borrowed" from his high school library. (It still contains the unused check-out card. Way to go Honor Rep!)

Jeff is majoring in Mechanical Engineering, but many activities have occupied his "spare" time. Athletically, Jeff's interests have been parachuting, 150 lb. football, fieldball, weightlifting and running.

"Cor-I" has always enjoyed the outdoors. He plans on continuing this interest with our talented USMC'ers.



Norman Davis, Jr.

Not so long ago, this young lad thundered up and down the gridiron of a nearby high school, acknowledging the cheers and jeers of local pigskin fans. Continuing his antics, he moved west for a short stay at Columbia Prep carrying with him some wild idea of entering USNA in the future. Completing the rigorous academic requirements at the "Hilton" Norman was now ready. A short stroll down King George Street was probably the least expensive trip to the Academy made by any mid. He entered Navy with hopes of curing the ills of the football team. However, after a rude awakening early in his naval career, the two decided it would be best if each went his own way. Finding a new home in the lower hollows of Macdonough Hall, he now spends many pleasurable hours engaging in the manly art of self-defense. Norman has decided to try his hand at Navy Air upon graduation.



Craig Martin Decker

Craig hails from the beer capital of the world — Mankato, Minnesota. His primary reason for coming to the Naval Academy was to avoid girls, being the male among seven children. His interests include social work, business, collecting things, kids, mathematics, rug-hooking, most anything that requires working with your hands, and nurses.

Decks has participated in many activities such as being a Saturday hero (father of six), and a member of the Drum & Bugle Corps, Pep Band, and Sigma Iota Epsilon. His athletic endeavors at Navy have been in fieldball and battalion football.

As far as the future, Craig certainly hasn't ruled himself out — of anything. His "Kuder" said he should be a minister, social worker, or banker, (a prime candidate for nuke power), but whatever his future, success is sure to follow.

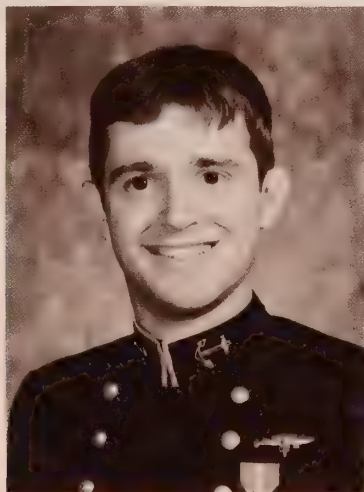
Foxy came to us from the slums of New Rochelle, New York, fully equipped with long hair, mod clothes, and guitar. Things changed rather fast as his hair fell prey to Tracy and his jeans were replaced by Navy blue. John could often be found hiding out at his home away from home, the WRNV Head Shop, either spinning the latest album or jamming with a friend. Foxy was the resident economist and business expert and he could be seen at nightly gouge sessions, pumping the upperclass full of business logic and sound economic strategy. "Oh, I expect to make my first million by the time I make Lieutenant," was his battle cry and knowing Jon, we won't be too surprised to see him wallowing in dough. Whatever branch Jon chooses, we're sure his foxy mind will carry him far.

Bro Bo spent most of his pre-mid life in the 'Glades before packing up his shotguns and heading for Crabtown. During his four years, Mudslippin' Gerrard was the proud recipient of 316 Dear John letters ... all from the same girl. Regardless, leaves still were fun. Second class year, he bought his wheels. Nicknamed the BFT, he had many good times with it until he was slapped with 75 + 2 ... one of two Black N's he was to receive for service above and beyond the call of liberty. Not letting this experience deter him, he decided "to live within the regulations." It was during this time that he perfected the recipe for "Bro Bo's chicken to go." Academically, Wade has some pleasant memories of thermo (for the third time) and devoted many long hours to perfecting the Gerrard Postulate. After graduation, Bo plans to return to sunny Florida for an accompanied tour in Pensacola.

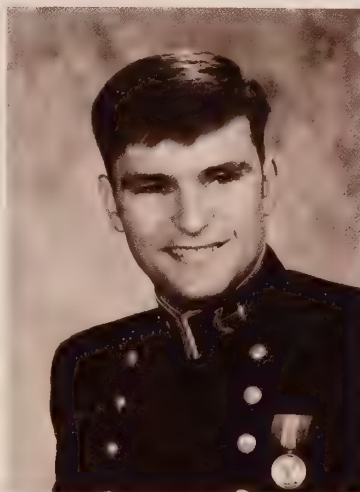
Robert Aloutitious Stillbourne Hammond had dreams of attending the U.S. Naval Academy ever since 5th grade when he first saw "Navy Blue and Gold." Little did Bob know that his name was to become notorious throughout Bancroft Hall and household on deck 4-1. A member of the 140 club First class year, Bob found himself among the wearers of the Black N. "Live within the regulations" became his motto and to prove it, Robert went on the wagon and did not collect a single demerit for over 14 days.

Robert will always be remembered for dedication to his studies. The concern he showed during his junior year when he imposed a self-exile to his room during semester leave, will not go unnoticed.

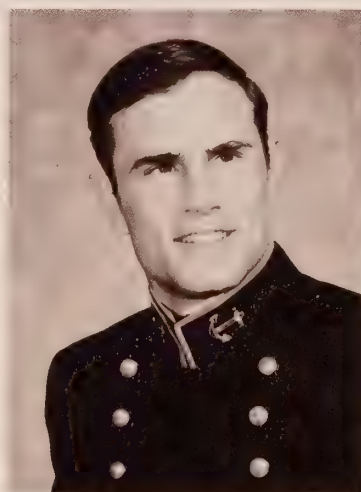
Good luck Bobby with your career in the Supply Corps. God speed and may "Spike" never find out what you did.



Jonathan James Fox



Wade Jay Gerrard



Robert Hammond



Jolly came to the "Boat School" from the "Shires" of Holden, Massachusetts. Our little hobbit (. . . just what is a hobbit? Well, J.R.R. Tolkien describes them as being small, beardless, fat in the stomach . . . need we say more!?) has spent his four years of intensive academic endeavor being electrolyzed, nuclearized and quantumized in hopes of attending Admiral Rickover High School. Perhaps Jolly will be chosen as the mascot. On many a night, after all of the good T.V. shows, "Super Fetus" could be seen burning the midnight oil while muttering something about flunking the next day's test, which never happened. After all, hōbbits are supposed to be clever. Even through the most trying times (near brawls in England, Cybil . . .), Jolly has managed to keep a smile on that cute face. He might be small in stature but we expect many BIG things from Jolly in the future.

Jack, son of John, journeyed from afar to attend this fine institution, and has yet to rationalize why. His primary interest, and one which he has mastered to perfection is the rack. Jake's activities include being a member of the French Club and the Radio Club (W3ADO), and he's a plankowner of the S.S.I.H.W.

Jack is renowned for putting the first company on good terms with the godfather and for having a car in the yard, inconspicuously parked — in the Academic Dean's space — since plebe year.

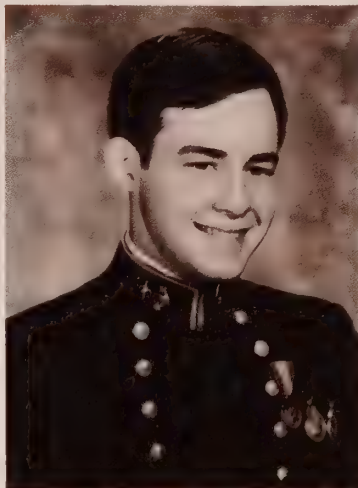
Jack never let his studies interrupt the lighter side of life at "Mother B." He was welcome in any room but his own, often leaving his roommates in "stitches".

Jack is going Surface Line and hopes to transfer into the JAG Corps.

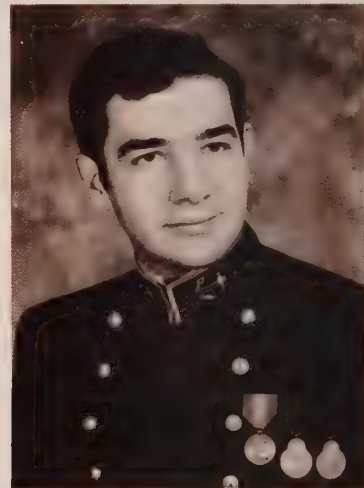
Clayton Farley Hill drifted into this galaxy on the twenty-seventh day of August in the year nineteen-hundred and fifty-one. The "old man" of "Fun One" graduated from W.T. Woodson High School of Fairfax, Virginia. He attended the University of Virginia for a semester and the Naval Academy Preparatory School before entering the United States Naval Academy.

"Hillsie" majored in Mechanical Engineering and involved himself in many extracurricular activities. He rarely missed a beer bash at the O-Club with the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The walls of Bancroft Hall will never be the same after he has tested the skills he developed as a member of the Karate Club. He is also a member of the Semper Fidelis Society.

This dedicated individual will soon join the ranks of the Marine Corps and has hopes of postgraduate work in Clinical Psychology.



John Raymond Jolicoeur

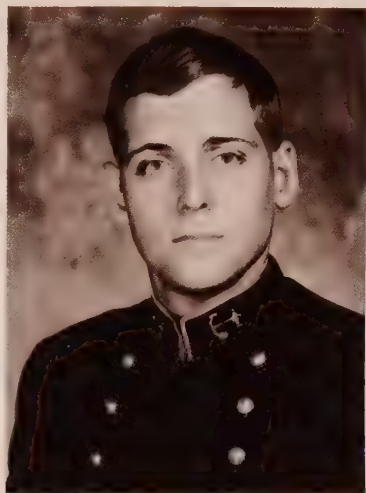


John Daniel Kelley



Clayton Farley Hill



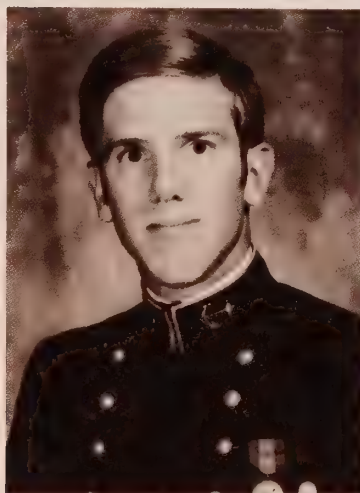


Guy Randolph Langley

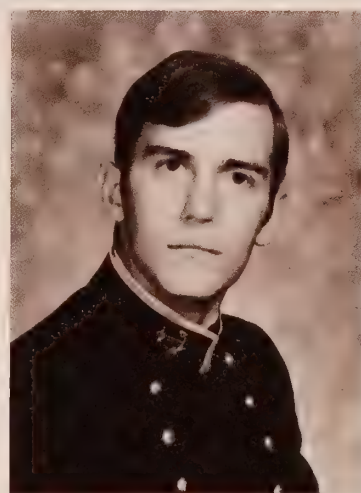
Randy came to "Fun One" straight from the bayous of Louisiana. He readily adjusted to the rigors of life at Crabtown and due to his Cajun wit, became a well-known personality among us. Throughout his stay at Canoe U., he could often be found at Hubbard Hall. To become a member of the crew team has always been his dream. He fell short of this goal youngster year, but seems capable of taking the final step in fulfilling this dream now. Youngster year the God of 2.0 fished him out of the ocean major and put him back on dry land as a physical scientist. Remember when he was going to buy his dream car; a TR6; instead he got an Opel which 6 months later he traded for a Monte Carlo. Now Randy must chose between the life of a ground pounder or destroyer driver. Just remember "Don't rule yourself out!"



William Pointer Loeffler



Robert Anderson Monroe



Frank Michael Murphy

Billsie. Prince William the Navigator. "I may not know where I am, but I'm never lost." Didn't like "deck" phase of Youngster cruise. Told officer in charge of "deck" phase same. Officer turned out to be his first semester Navigation prof.

Aspirations of anchorman. "Well, if the minimum weren't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum." Attitude check! "Ask me if I care."

Likes to beat Harvard at crew and prefers Jensen-Healey's over MGB's. "You can't have a Jensen-Healey and a wife at the same time!" Best man at June Week weddings. Scuba dives and sails at home in Houston.

"I hate the 'skins!' Loves them Cowboys, though. "How about them Aggies?" Has a passing interest in materials science. The flying madman wants F-14's. "Wouldn't happen to know a nice girl, would ya? ... No?" "Stay out of my room, Benny!"

Bob came to us from the quiet suburb of Bethesda, Maryland. A Navy junior, he was well acquainted with military life and adapted easily to the requirements of the Academy. As a Systems Engineering major here, Bob was always buried in books, but more often than not they were "outside" reading. For three years he haunted intramural squash and tennis, but first class year he decided to go out for crew. He said, "I've always wondered what it is like." Well now you know, Bob! Service selection night much to the dismay of several nuclear power officers, Bob chose conventional surface line. If enthusiasm is any indication of future successes, Bob's got it made.

Now we come to one Frank Michael Murphy; commonly known to his inmates as "Murph the Surf."

Frank was born in Hawaii but due to the Hawaiian custom of keeping only beautiful people, he moved to Coldwater, Michigan.

It is rumored that Frank owns 10% of Budweiser's holding interests. This statement is totally false. The truth being that Murph has drunk 10% of Budweiser's common interest. Budweiser's stock jumps six points everytime it is known that this hollow leg steps off these hallowed grounds.

Frank spent his time doing what was natural to him and every Sunday he memorized the coming week's "TV Guide". Upon graduation, first company will retire one of its wardroom sofas in his honor.

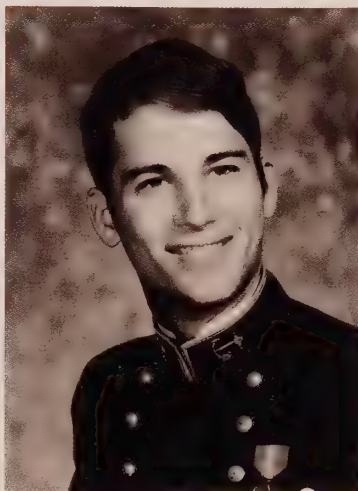
With all seriousness aside, Frank leaves here as first company's most popular man and one of the Brigades finest. He will prove to be an asset wherever he hangs his bottle.

First Company's original "hearbreak kid", Ken devoted his entire stay at USNA to the glorious and rocky pursuit of that mystical "deep meaningful relationship." He did find time to "pump a little steel," root for those New York football Giants, hoist one too many, and play a little basketball and football. After a stint as a fearless battalion commander, "Chow" settled into the "Hawse" mode, grew a set of antlers, and set his sights on the beaches of Florida and flying. He'll be caught someday but then again, aren't all runners? A man whose advice was always sought and highly regarded, Ken will do well whatever he decides to pursue. We wish the best to the best.



Kenneth Emil Sichau

Richy-O made the long migration to Canoe U. from "da Bronx", although Philly was on the itinerary for more than the Army-Navy game. Youngster year was Buzzy's and chow packages too heavy to lift and too well-wrapped to open. The great awakening occurred Segundo year when Rich discovered an alternative to study and brew - Irish lasses. Erin go Bragh. By first class year, we had grown impervious to the red gym shorts which he undoubtedly had not removed since his days at Cardinal Spellman High. If "The Big O" wasn't in the city of Brotherly Love, you could find him chained to his desk until the wee hours of the morning. No matter what time of day it was you could always count on Rich to be a willing listener. A committed jet jockey from I-day on, he was only swayed momentarily by the glow from Naval Reactors but first class cruise set his sights back on the sky.



Fredrick Pitney Ortloff



David Keith Shimp

Ric came to us from the city of New Orleans carrying a trumpet in one hand, a foil in the other and his old uniforms in his B-4 bag. Known to his friends as Catliff, Pitt, or Retread, he has been a constant source of sly wit, good humor, and good gouge. He was a real trendsetter plebe year with the first stereo system in his shaft and liberty every Saturday night. Ric's main interests include women, fencing, the Pep Band, and the excused squad. He succumbed to the rigors of a General Engineering major in order to occupy his daytime hours while preferring the peaceful slumber of his blue trampoline during the darker hours. His future holds a stopover at the Chapel with a close family friend. Whether flying his F-14, cruising in his MGB, or living free, his pleasant company will be enjoyed by all who are fortunate enough to know him.



Richard John O'Hanlon

David Keith Shimp came to Canoe U. from "Lank-ster," Pa., four short years ago with high hopes. Heavily armed with "Shimp, He Makes Sense," buttons and autographed pictures of Tricky Dick, Dave launched an unsuccessful bid for Brigade recognition.

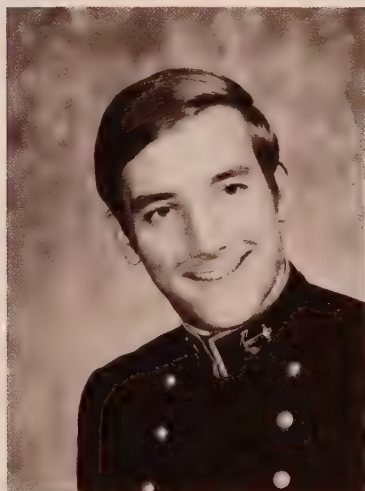
Settling for a hitch with the Political Science Department, D.K. majored in minimum classloads. Many can still remember Dave burning the candle at both ends those last few nites before class registration, fashioning a schedule with: no first period classes (CB priority), all youngster afternoons, no Saturday classes, and, all within a maximum of 15 semester hours.

His Academy career will close on a note of political success. After 3 long years of campaigning it appears that Smilin' Shimp is the victor. NPQ was the issue and, by a unanimous vote (of the Medical Board), "D.K. Shimp" will be placed on that hallowed honor roll.



Robert Mitchell Somers, Jr.

Bob, who hails from Catonsville, Md. feels right at home here in Annapolis, even to the point of enjoying the local weather, which invariably includes rain on the weekend. But then, weekends find him away from the Academy, for it seems that he has better things to do in Baltimore. Bob, who is affectionately called "Slink", hasn't seen a "B" on an academic report in so long that he has forgotten what they look like. A Mathematics major, he has finally seen the error in his ways and has decided to join the ranks of the engineers and go nuclear power. Among the highlights of Bob's career, as a midshipman must be included his adventures at the East End Club in Subic Bay and his famous last words, "I ain't going up there," before climbing a volcano in Hawaii during first class cruise. All in all, with his fine talents and abilities, Bob is sure to do well at whatever he tries.



Bruce Edward Stanley Stutsman

Bruce Stutsman, better known as Stuts, came to the Naval Academy from Burlington, N.J. via Columbia Prep. Upon arriving at the Naval Academy Stuts immediately set out to prove that it doesn't take much to do much.

In the field of academics Stuts has shown that an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge. He's the only one we all know, who has been offered a scholarship from Zenith, as a TV critic. Stuts enjoys TV so much that he can often be found in the wardrobe watching re-runs of POHP.

In the field of athletics Stuts has excelled in the oldest sport known to man, boxing. He's the only one who can throw a mean right and comb his hair at the same time.

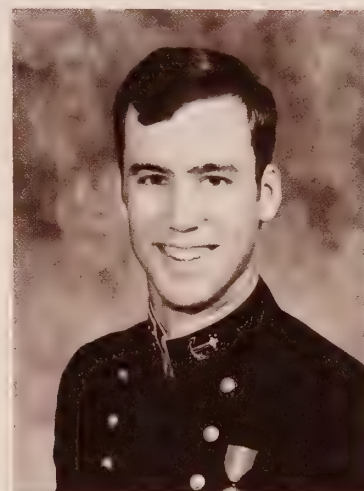
On the serious side, Stuts is one of the finest individuals ever to grace these hallowed halls. Whatever the future holds for Stuts, he will surely come out as tops.



Handford D. Tyler, III

Ty, affectionately known to his classmates as the "Bear" and to his closest friends as "Mr. Personality," came to USNA from sunny Miami, Florida. As a double major in Mathematics and Mechanical Engineering, the Big Bear was consistently named to the Dean's List and plans to further his education after graduation under one of the Navy sponsored programs. Ty's interests were not limited to academics however. He never spent a free weekend at Navy during first class year and was usually always accompanied by a member of the fairer sex. An explorer at heart, his accomplishments included, most notably, the conquest of Diamond Head Crater.

During first class cruise Ty aspired to go to nuclear power school after graduation and from there to submarines. Whatever the future brings for the "Bear," he should find a long and happy career.



Blair Roland Vorgang

Blair came to us from Fairfax, Va. singing the praises of the Washington Redskins and his beloved Marine Corps. He was a four year member of the Fun One Recon Raiders (captain, 4; "Murph says beat AF," "Let's get Sewell's shoes"). Blair was always in the running for flamer of the year. He was one of the original members of the "Flame On" Club ("Who says it's P.I.?"). He could often be heard late at night playing his hand mongrammed Les Paul through his "Buster" amp amid cries of "Put that #!%& thing away you *c&e\$#!!!" If he was not playing his guitar, he was most likely to be found fulfilling his alter-ego, that of the "Green Machine" on WRNV, where he was to go on and become Program Director. After graduation, Blair intends to fly helos for the Marines. I'm sure we'll hear plenty from him in the future.



Mark Harold Anthony

Mark Harold Anthony, hailing from the corn country of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came to Boat School after three years of real school at Iowa State — and real fun! Quickly settling down to the harsher realities of life at USNA, "Scank" as called by his friends, buckled down to the more important training programs like pumping weights, watching "the Trek" on the tube, racking through youngsters, and bolting to the wife on Weekends. Mark's primary interests are Huster Mag, Corvettes, "coin", the Club, and his lovely Cleopatra, Margie. At USNA Scank blazed along in Ana-Man, working hard at studying only when vital to survival. He also worked as a Physical flunky instructor, earning him many an unprintable blurb from his tired squad. But truly he will be remembered as a fine friend. The Navy gains an outstanding officer, Margie gains a husband and "Big Scank and little Scank" finally part way.



Dirk Pomeroy, Deverill was a true inspiration to the second company atmosphere for four long years. This young man held some of USNA's highest traditions. He was our company polluter, resident dirtball, and most of all our own living TV guide. Dirk, or to most "Pomz," could always be found in the company area. That is, Pomz had daily ritual of logging in a good 6 hours of tube. Yes, Pomz is an amazing person. How anyone could watch repeats three times over and have the advertisements memorized is a task in itself. Some day, we the members of '76 2nd Company feel Pomz will return to USNA to teach a credited course in TV tuning. Yes, Pomz will always be remembered. But we and Lt. Turkey Nonno wish you and your family of antenna's, TV tubes, channel dials, and TV guides the most of success in life.



Dirk Pomeroy Deverill

Dennis arrived here on the sixth of July preceded only by his nose. He had this strong feeling that the Corps had a place for him, and he was faithful to this conviction right up until service selection.

Dennis will be missed in future years on the athletic fields. The inspiration he was to the fieldball team cannot really be put into words. He emerged on the field in mid-January in his shorts as a figure not to be intimidated by the cold and just spurred the team on to new heights, and more layers of sweats.

"Dilu's" footwork on the athletic field was only exceeded by his workouts in the Officers' Club during Happy Hour. He could move around the bar more deftly than any other mid, but the thing that really set him apart was his ability to do this while juggling both of his drinks in one hand and dragging the girls away with the other.



Dennis James Dilucente



Milton James Fusselman, Jr.

Milt, allus seen grinnin from "earbone to earbone", fetched 'eself from the backwoods of Ponca City, Oklahoma to the teeming big city-times of Annapolis. He is affectionately known as "Foghorn" since early plebe summer days and football pep rallies.

It was shortly after Valentine's Day plebe year that Milt learned the truth in the words of John 3:16 "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *Whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Much to his joy, his life began to change as he earnestly attempted to serve his Savior, Jesus Christ.

It was a real joy to see God's Word take root in this young man's life, and to watch him as he experienced the words of Christ. "I am come that they might have it more abundantly."

Today you will find Milt helping others to become faithful men of God. Airborne!



David Marshall Haines

David Marshall Haines I, Esquire, acquired his worldly title after making the long journey from the small rural community of Sweetvalley, Pennsylvania, to the small rural city of Annapolis. After weathering a hot plebe summer, the "old" Dave fell right into the routine of academic year. This began his instruction in worldliness, resulting in a transition to the "new" Dave. It was at this point that *THEE HAINER* shed his ambition to study to be an engineer in favor of learning to use his dictionary as an English major. Then came Christmas leave and our student of worldliness met "HER-R-R-R." Youngster year brought more change for our man of the world, and he decided that his true calling after graduation was to be a steamer. This ended the transition from the "old" to the "new" Dave and he just settled down to reading books, thinking of "HER-R-R-R," and praying for a minesweeper out of Philly.



Chris Michael Handley

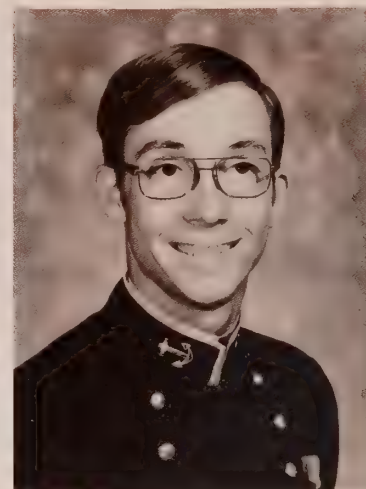
Chris M. Handley; Midshipman Extraordinaire, man of letters (mostly D's and F's), Earl of Summer School, Duke of D and B, and major stockholder in Hood College. The highlights of H. J. Naval Academy career are recorded for posterity in the annals of the D and B daily Muster reports, the academic probation files in Leahy Hall, the Hood College dormitory visitors' record book, and on the walls of every head in the greater Baltimore-Washington area. As for H.J.'s musical prowess, he is the only blower in the history of the Corps who could flip his mouthpiece over his shoulder at noon meal formation and still finger the ol' valve just like he was really playing. Yes, we'll always fondly remember the boogie woogie bugle boy from Boca Raton as our own H.J. who blew his way to the top of the D and B, and played his way to the bottom of our hearts.



Gary Amando Littlejohn

Gdanced his way into the thriving metropolis of Annapolis to add soul to te second company. The Academy hurriedly channeled his fancy footwork and quick hands into a more constructive endeavor, via the Macdonough Hall boxing ring. When he wasn't working out or watching the tube, Gary could often be found explaining to a Prof why his grades reflected not his ability to learn, but the Prof's inability to teach. He would insure however that the explanation didn't carry over into liberty time. Never having met a girl he didn't like "the Kid" was often seen cruising over the horizon in his white Elite, in search for those unlucky young ladies whom he hadn't yet met. Upon graduation Gary gave up all this for two ppounds of mud and a pair of combat boots. Always smiling, always optimistic, always faithful (semper fidelis); the Marine Corps has found one good man.

A product of Santa Ana, California, "Howdy Neighbor" made the fateful mistake of trading a scholarship at Stanford and a position at a major political party's 1972 national convention for lovely Annapolis. Being far from the model midshipman mold, he soon found that being a plebe was not his favorite pastime. However, Hugh did achieve proficiency in various aspects of Academy life, with majors in both American Political Systems and Latin American Studies. Although never outstanding in technical subjects, Howdy was always able to help a friend in bull courses. Howdy will always be able to look back at many enjoyable experiences and real friendships at Annapolis, which turned out to be better than Stanford after all ... After graduation, Hugh will be found in San Diego reciting daily, "Surface Line is Mighty Fine."



Hugh Mears Neighbour

Moe, as he is affectionately known, has been the "unique" individual, always striving to better his four year internment while at Navy. Moe's greatest contribution to the Company was his being the resident Ann Landers and Dear Abby, all rolled into one. As always, Moe spent most of his free time with Mich, the ever faithful companion, out at Barb and Dave's where he was a casual weekend boarder for three and one half years. Then came that fateful day when the Moebil met the Fiat and Angel. Aside from his other attributes, Moe was also a scholar, striving to be number one in the class starting from the other end, plus a striper to boot. Peter Allan Mahoney came to us from Warwick, Rhode Island, a bit more determined than the rest of us to remain unchanged by the life in these hallowed halls, so he is now, as he was and ever shall be, a derelict, Amen.



Dale Glenn Meyer



Jerry Mark Mobley



Peter Allen Mahoney

2nd Co. Recon Team 1, 2, 3, 4. Underground Tunnel Runner's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Maury Hall Roof Hoppers Club 2, 3.

The "Animal" (Thanks, Turkey) came to USNA with none but the highest hopes, but these were soon shattered. The luxuries and liberties of third class year brought on Georgetown, the "Tombs", and chicken pox. With the following summer came the ultimated experience, parachuting, airborne style. The beginning of academics in the fall brought on an empty feeling, as if he wasn't living as he ought to. A commitment to live as Jesus Christ told us all to live brought much happiness and in November a girl who would become his wife.

Kudder says he should be a forestry major - no wonder E.E. nearly flunked him. He looks forward to a wonderful wife, destroyers and squirrel hunting, in that order.

As one of the older and saltiest members of the class of '76, hailing from Columbus, Ohio, "Bits" came from washing choppers in the fleet to the penned-up life of academics and athletics by way of NAPS. "Mobs" majored in split-taking and setting up hurdles and minored in EE. Always with the track or cross country team in the afternoon and holding head - manager of cross country three years and head manager of indoor track one year, he never let academics get in the way of managing. Many a slow soul will remember him as the pacer in the mile. Not knowing what a weekend was, or the tube and rack for that matter, he struggled through the scene with the midnight oil burning incessantly in his room. So with his twelfth navy school behind him, and another five years of the Navy life ahead, Pensacola is the next lucky school since he has decided to dirty the aircraft instead of cleaning them.



Jeffrey Arnold Neufeld

Jeffrey Arnold Neufeld, Otherwise known as Boof, Scank, the kid, and whipped, is from the Golden Coast, where he was a member of the thriving metropolis of West Covina. He is a man of extremes: he chose systems engineering because it was the "toughest", fell in love with THE GIRL because she was the "sexiest" and reads Hustler because ... well, just because. His spare time is devoted to pumping weights, the wife, Star Trek, the wife, his Trans Am, and the wife. He will be most remembered for his spellbinding statement, "is it the weekend, yet?" He loves to bulk up and eat, and you can pick out the other members of his squad by their hungry, underfed look. He also loved the outdoors; I remember quite a few times hearing him say he'd like to get his hands on a P.B. Bunny. All in all, Jeff was a great guy who loved the good times, and knew that the most important thing in life was sharing them with someone.

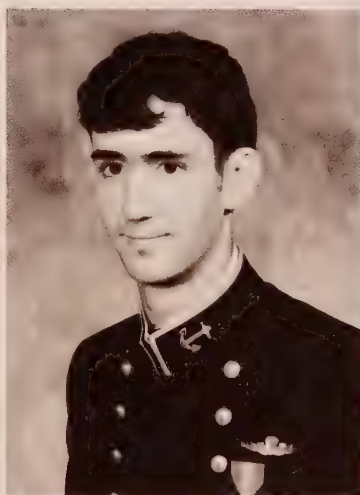


Joseph Louis Paquette

Joseph Louis Paquette, better known as *Thee Packrat*, Squire, was hatched in the "All-American" City of Hampton, Virginia.

Joe learned at an early age what it was like to be "whipped". For the past seven years, he has been forced to respond with the phrase "Yes, Dear" so well that he decided that he might as well also say "Yes, Sir." With this previous training in his favor, he embarked on a naval career.

Leaving "*Thee Wife*" in waiting Joe came to the Naval Academy and pursued such interests as working on the Trident Calendar staff, being a systems engineer, flunking thermodynamics, consuming alcoholic beverages, and lettering in swimming subsquad. "Striper Joe" is now sure that, due to this professional background, he will excel in his future as a naval officer, husband, and DD-type steamer.

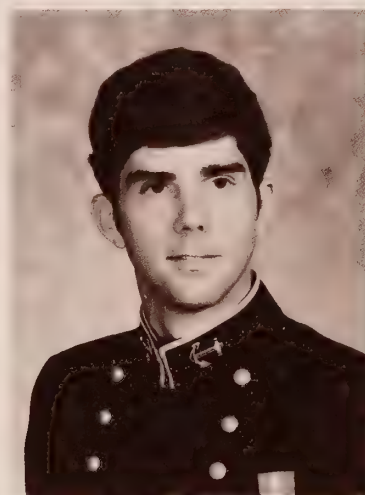


Lawrence Joseph Piano

Continually oppressed and persecuted for his outspoken defense of the misunderstood Italianos of America, "Pianoman" sought refuge among the reclusive alcoves of 3-3, only to be blessed with a Wop-teasing "Animal" and a guinea-pickin' Okie for three long years.

Late in his youngster year, Larry was mysteriously taken prisoner by the monster 'putes in Ward Hall. While on parole, he pursued a somewhat nebulous degree in electrical engineering. His other interests included plebe and JV soccer, one plebe P-rade bagging set as a member of the Academy's finest, the mighty USNA Severn River defense squadron, fieldball and softball. And after Larry caught a severe case of airborne fever 2/C summer, he never used the 'vator to get to the O-Deck and never passed up a chance to get some jumping in.

Looking forward to an exciting flying career, Larry hopes someday to be an astronaut.



Douglas Leigh Robbins

Douglas Leigh Robbins arrived plebe summer with a carton of cigarettes and "the gouge" on exactly how life was going to be.

Doug has an outstanding party presence. You couldn't help but trip over him at any party in the area. Doug's dynamic personality really came out at these parties, as he was always known to leave a party with at least one person under each arm.

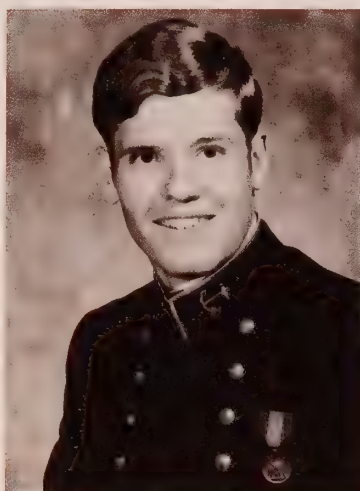
Doug's tastes always ran a little to the extremes. Doug moved in with his selection of "cruisin" albums and his RCA victrola and proceeded to become "hip", the only problem was no one ever told him he was Class of '76 and not '56. Doug proceeded to buy a Trans Am and fit it out with all the essentials; chichi balls, dice, and no muffler.

Doug plans to leave rubber all the way to Pensacola when he graduates, but his dreams will probably be crushed when he finds that Trans Ams don't fly.

Tod came from the only big city in Louisiana - New Orleans - but still he took a lot of ribbing about being from the swamps and alligator land. During his plebe year he was a member of the varsity sub-squad. Tod was an aqua-rock in swimming and was only surpassed by the super aqua-rock, Joe. Although his official major was listed as political science, he took enough semesters of plebe chemistry to qualify him for a dual major. He'll be remembered for a long time on his first class cruise ship since his critique made it back to the Naval Academy attached to his 54-A. The last line of his critique sums up his intentions well: "Although ships like this are rare, you've convinced me of Navy Air." That's just what he plans on doing for Service Selection - Navy Air. In particular, he wants to fly helicopters. His present intentions are to join the Secret Service after he fulfills his obligation.



Tod Michael Thedy



Richard Paul Smith

Rick started his quiet sojourn down the Severn after turning down several other scholarship offers from numerous other universities and colleges. Once at the Academy he quickly and modestly exhibited why he was such a wanted man right out of high school. He proved to be a superb gymnast of national caliber. His gymnastic career was unfortunately hindered by injuries which haunted him throughout his last three years at the Academy. Rick made the best of the Academy. When the right time came he bought a bright shiny, fast and new sports car and quickly acquired his woman. Rick wore a smile on his face every day, which forced others around him to enjoy at least some kind of joy. His time here at the Academy can easily be described by a short saying taken from the Bible: "To every thing there is a season, And a time for every purpose under Heaven."



Craig Charles Snee

Craig Snee arrived from the great state of Ohio all prepared for agriculturally rehabilitating the Academy. To his great disappointment corn fields were not allowed on Farragut Field.

Craig was always known for his winning ways with the officers of the Academy. His training in political science was indispensable in his endeavors to plead his side of any argument, which was usually the underdog's view.

Craig had a very unique sense of priorities: his girls, his car, his music, and last but not least the company officer. This however turned out to be beneficial in the end, as the company officer was so determined to get him out of the company area that he gave him the Battalion and four stripes.

Craig will always be remembered for his quick reactions to tight situations and his quick grasp of the situation ... duh, which way did he go.



Timothy Jay Sprowls

T.J. Sprowls appeared at the Academy fresh from the prep school and ready to set the Academy on its ear. Well four years and a Black "N" later the Academy and T.J. seem to be getting along fine.

T.J.'s car could frequently be seen on Rt. 50 by everyone but the State Police, that is when T.J. was not replacing the points.

T.J. gained popularity throughout the Company first class year with the coming of his phone. This is not to detract from T.J.'s own unique personality but the plebes still think Craig roomed alone this year. T.J. decided that it would be a nice life in a submerged salami so he signed up to become a future guardian of the free world with Rickover's bubbleheads. However, as T.J. goes subcritical at Nuc Power School he will always be remembered for being conspicuous by his absence.

In as much as . . . Three quarters of the earth's surface is water . . . and only one fourth is land, The Good Lord's intentions are very clear.

A man's time should be divided Three fourths for sailing And one fourth for work.

Mark Uhron, from Indiana, Pennsylvania, the town about which it was said, "I didn't think there was enough room in Western Pennsylvania for all those people." Mark tried his hand at being a gymnast for two years but then settled down to serious business. He often disputes the label of company rack king; with a Latin American studies major it was tough. Mark is also one of an elite group of consensus Anthony House All-Americans. He bought his Corvette second class year amidst ridicule from his classmates, but he knew everyone can't be expected to have good taste . . . AAHHHH. At one time, it might have been said that he heard the faint crack of a whip, but now it is all an echo in the past. Praise be for one who has been saved amongst so many that have fallen. Finally, it may be said that Mark arrived at USNA knowing little, and has maintained his unspoiled heritage.

Harold Roland Whalen, III arrived at the Naval Academy from Stuart, Florida, and never did adjust his metabolism to the weather. Perhaps this is because he planned to return to his "Sunshine State" for flight training immediately upon graduation.

Like most mediocre people Rollie owes his success to the woman behind him. "The Vic" became an integral part of the "Loose Deuce" in the spring of plebe year.

Rollie studied for a double major while at the Academy and graduated with a degree in Latin American Affairs and a degree in "Vic". If it would not have been for this heavy workload Rollie probably would have graduated first in the class. As it finally turned out Rollie is now doing graduate work in one of his majors. Which one? The Vic, of course.

Rollie's outgoing personality and hard working attitude will be an asset to the Naval Air Service.



Donald Theodore Thieme



Mark Alan Uhron

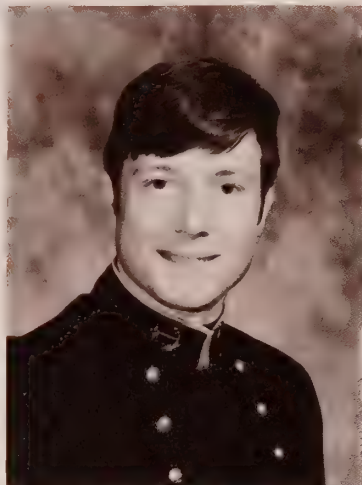


Harold Roland Whalen, III



Daniel Robert Whitney

Dan came to the Naval Academy from Natick, Massachusetts and was quickly forgiven when the company realized he couldn't help it. When it came to the females in Dan's life the whip was frequently heard to crack. Although he quickly fell into the groove at the Naval Academy, it was not until his first class year that Daniel "Ralph" Whitney truly left his mark on Bancroft Hall. With the coming of First Class year and Plebe Summer "Striper Dan the Form-2 Man" was born. With his coming of age (and a little help from the three stripes) the form-2 man was free to terrorize the surrounding area clear down to Arlington. Dan plans to become a bubblehead when he graduates. His only qualm is the problem of fitting his Trans-Am in a torpedo tube. As Dan sinks slowly into the sea we'll always remember the Navy has a place for Whit . . . out to sea.



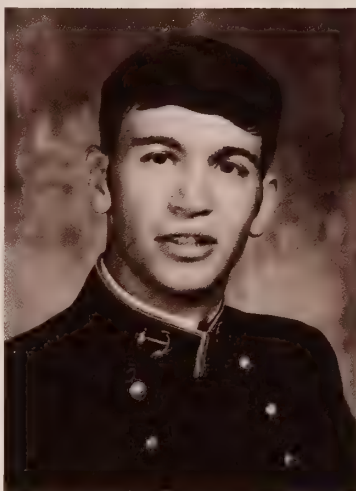
David Richard Barclay

Walking through the company area on any night one could easily get the wrong idea. The "Go away, Dave," "Stay out, Dave," signs seem to appear on every door, but they don't work. He's behind one of those doors (never his own) either wrestling with sweat, entertaining the group with "Believe it or not" stories from his youngster years, or leading a chorus of "The sexual life of a camel..."

It's easy to tell when Dave has been in your room. Either the base of your sink or the bottom of your mug has a dark brown film on it, residue of Walt Garrison bubble gum.

Most of the apples in the company have been invited to vacation at Dave's diner, where the food is great and the entertainment non-existent.

A salt at heart Dave still enjoys nature. He loves to camp and likes flowers, especially two lips!



Albert Robert Blacky, Jr.

Boston Blacky came to the Naval Academy from the wilds of Wyoming thinking the Navy would be a floating sheep ranch. Finding that there were more people than sheep in the Navy, Boston quickly changed his major from veterinary medicine to pediatrics. Striving to be accepted into some unwary medical school, Boston could be found slaving away in the wee hours of the morning trying to cajole an unyieldy carbon chain into some sort of molecule which hopefully had been discovered in a mad professor's laboratory. Biology held Rob's special attention.

Excelling in other areas, Boston was promoted from a varsity trackster as a plebe to batt cross country coach as a firstie. It seems that parties held at the 40-yd line in the stadium had a lasting effect on his anatomy...

If you meet Doc. Blacky in the fleet, don't say: "Doc, I have this pain ...". His diagnosis will be simple: "Amputate."



John Milford Christman

Sired in the land of cold and snow John came to Navy not really knowing what to expect. When told by his squad leader he would have to memorize menus John thought he was kidding. John has been laughing at the Naval Academy ever since.

John is the kind of man that is always good to have around. Completely honest, he'll speak his mind freely.

John's one vice is this certain Mediterranean princess. This fair maiden is the only person that can exercise complete control over him. Who else has spent one thousand dollars to see his girl twice in three years! John says it will all pay off in the end.

John is always the best dressed person in the company. He is one of the few people around that buys his entire wardrobe at the Salvation Army.

It will always be remembered, that John has within his grasp the highest Hermie count of the bad applies, especially by Tiny.



Dennis Charles De Geus

When they invented the word quiet they must have had Dennis in mind. Dennis is a mysterious man who does not make private life public. He stands in high admiration within the company for his many and varied women friends. Not much is known about them but we know that they do exist.

Dennis has managed to overcome the Chemistry Department here at Navy. Many people may wonder how, when he gets to bed every night before study hour begins.

When Dennis came to Navy, he was recruited to play basketball for the Blue and Gold Hoopsters. But when he got here he decided to try something else, and ended up taking a 4th at the plebe summer wrestling smoker.

Not wishing to be known as a grappler the rest of his life he decided to visit Hubbard Hall. There he found a home. On a cold rainy day when the crew team is heading up the river, Dennis may be seen sitting smiling and not saying a word.



Robert Shafer Emmel



Steven Jeffery Evans

Stereos bought, sold and dreamed of. He was called the "lame mule" after he successfully talked the doctor into operating on his knee 3 times. Ask him, he'll tell you. In fact Bob will tell you anything about his past, and then some. Bob came to Navy with the aspiration of pitching for Coach Duff. But when Bob's leg kept him from fulfilling his dream, he turned his talents elsewhere. On one of those rainy miserable afternoons at Navy you could listen to him as the voice of WRNV.

Bob's on the road most weekends, but when he isn't you can find him on Hospital Point washing and waxing the Brougham A half dozen times; even the bottom.

Third Company would never have been the same without him. But when do we all get a ride in the Goodrich Bump?

The true subversive leader of the bad Apples is Steve Evans. When things started getting rough for cowboy the company rallied to his side to earn the fine name which we will carry proudly to the end.

Steve comes to Annapolis from a ranch nestled deep in the Colorado mountains, but he managed to bring most the ranch with him. How many sailors do you know who have a branding iron, lariat, and spurs in their lockers? For that matter, how many other mids bought ¾ ton four-wheel drive pickups?

Cowboy has spent a long four years searching in vain for an Annapolis rodeo, but most of his free time is spent working on his half-cocked projects.

After graduation Steve will be looking for duty aboard a cattle freighter homeported on the Rio Grande. Some C.O. will just shake his head in disbelief when Steve comes strolling up to the quarterdeck in SDB and Stetson.

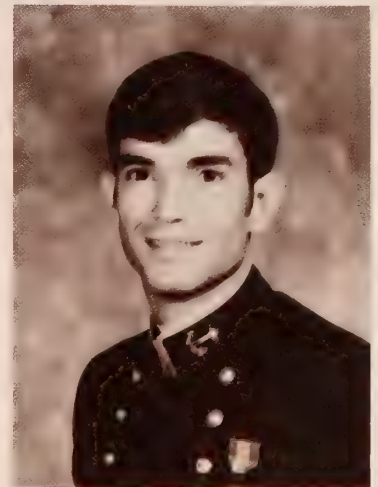
If you're ever out some evening and you see someone running along the seawall, he'll probably be Randy. Randy says that it gives him a chance to rest and to do some thinking. Anyone that enjoys the mile run deserves to be called Goof.

When walking through the company area, you will not be able to miss him. He'll be the one wearing a sweater and a doofy hat.

One must pity Randy for the cruel and unusual punishment he has been subjected to during his confinement here at Navy.

To define the phrase "Nice guy," one could sum it up by saying Randy Goof. Being such an even tempered person, no one can stay mad or downtrodden around him for very long.

Randy's goal in life is to become a lawyer. Without a doubt he will become one and one of the best. His quick agile mind will lead him well through the courtroom — but he has to get rid of that hat.



Randall Edward Goff



Stephen Dennis McWilliams

How can you call a man six foot five Tiny? As hard as it may seem that is the name he has been living with for the past four years. Tiny comes from the land of the corn and the Big Red. And if anyone doesn't think that Nebraska is number one, see Tiny. He'll set you straight.

Tiny has that easygoing personality and a one of a kind smile that is hard not to like. Sure, he'll walk you off the sidewalk but that's just his way of being friendly. Sometimes he's just too nice, his strength is his weakness.

Tiny is the kind of man the Navy needs. It is unfortunate that the Navy doesn't realize just what it has.

When its party time, Tiny is one of the top steamers among the Bad Apples. Always willing to reach for the gusto in life, he never refuses an offer to go and wet down a tall thirst.

Tiny, what do you think of that girl? Boy, she has nice



Don't ever ask Nims to split a case of beer with you, or you'll have the happiest-go-lucky limp rag on your hands you ever saw. He's a man who likes to party and knows how to do it right.

Nims is an easygoing guy who enjoys a good joke. His laughter is unmistakable when you hear it coming down the hall. Who will ever forget one of his more memorable moments as a star member of the "Bancroft Eight?" But, don't get the wrong idea, he's one of the best people the fleet has coming.

Steve occupies much of his time with long hours on the Severn, pulling an oar for Navy crew. The rest of his time is spent in front of the tube, usually rooting for the 'Skins'.

Steve is a straight stalwart among the bad apples without whom they would just not be the same. Now, if he can just find himself a worthwhile football team to cheer for . . .



Stephen Clark Nimitz

Shep, as he is affectionately known to the rest of the Apples, is probably responsible for the passing marks on many of our exams. His circuit-like brain and his fetish for computers have led many to wonder whether Bill was born into this world or created in some electronic workshop.

Bill has been a 1/c midshipman ever since he has been at the Academy; however, it has taken him three years to convince anyone else of that. How many other 2/c have had better phones (and more used) than their Company Officer?

Shep has had that storybook life where one would expect him to grow up and marry the girl next door . . . he consistently loses at squash, too.

Bill's big success at USNA has been the TV Club. Largely responsible for its growing success, Bill justly takes great pride in each production of Channel Check that the club completes.



William Jeffery Sheppard

Jeff comes from the town of Tumwater, Wahsington, the home of Olympia Beer. But Oly is not the only fine product from that town as Jeff will show you on any given day (if you're willing to meet him on the mat). His outstanding performance as a grappler has greatly helped the Navy wrestling team maintain their status as one of the nation's finest. For Jeff to wrestle like he does, it takes more than just the water.

One must not assume that Jeff spends all his time in the werstling loft. In the evenings and late at night he can usually be found hard at work behind his desk in his ever present battle with the M.E. Department.

When it comes time for the weekend, don't look for Jeff. He's nowhere to be found. He's headed for Pennsylvania to visit a certain fair maiden who plans to be called Mrs. Steiner not long after graduation.

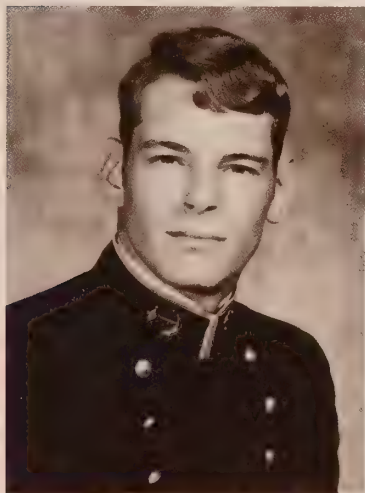
Seaman Joe came walking out of the hills of Tennessee with an easygoing personality and the disposition of a mule. When Joe feels he is right, he sticks to his guns no matter what the result. Ask Shaw, he'll tell you.

Joe is known inside certain circles to be a standout on the Navy Rugby Club. His play has helped make the club the fine orgainzation it is.

This outstanding performance in rugby does not reflect his ability as a quarterback for the heavyweight touch football team. When Joe drops back to pass, it could be anybody's ball.

On weekends one may see Joe heading for his truck to retreat to the mountains. He is satisfied with the simple pleasures in life like a cold beer and fresh mountain air.

The real pity of his fate is that Joe must go restricted line for the Navy is in dire need for officers of his quality and ability.



Jeffery Allen Steiner



Joseph John Sturm, III



If you don't have enough problems just stop by and talk to Jimmy, he'll be more than happy to share his with you. He always has more than anyone else.

Jimmy is our only remaining Napster. He came to the University of Navy wanting to fly Tomcats and still does.

Jim will have many pleasant and unpleasant memories from the Naval Academy. He'll think about times on the 40 yard line and some scratching good nights.

Jim spent time on the rifle range shooting for Navy. When he wasn't there he liked to be in his four wheeled pleasure palace. That van makes Sodom seem like a city of holy esteem.

Jim lives by the theory that your young only once and lives it to the fullest. When it's party time you'll always find Jimmy in the thick of things. With all this fast living, it's no wonder that his hairline is receding. He's lucky, he's not bald already.

Following in the footsteps of Don Juan, "Robo", is ever preparing himself for his lifelong ambition, to be a ladies' man. Judging from the five pictures of different girls, which are ever present on his desk, and his "hot rod" of a car (which sounds like a thousand tiny fingers urging her to let go) he is well on his way. A weathered "bad apple party" veteran, his only caution must be not to burn himself out. At this rate he'll look like Adm. Rickover by the time he's twenty-five.

Rob's favorite pastimes are running the mile, being C.A.O., coaching third base and waking up his roommate.

The company would never be the same without Rob. He'll always go out of his way to help a friend whether he has to come a hundred miles or just across the room - you can always count on Robo. By the Way, how about that bet?



James Hamilton Thompson



Robert Francis Weiss, Jr.

Sweat picked up his nickname for physiological reasons and not for his academic efforts. As a disciple of the dark you can usually find him in the horizontal.

Formerly he was a fairly temperate man. But some dregs of society have since showed him the finer points of a stout ale. To place him among the better steamers in the company.

Ron will long be remembered for his high speed runs to Penn State. He always had a good reason to go there, and he always went back for more. Riding with Sweat is like riding in Evel Knievel's sidecar, you know you're safe but you're never quite sure.

Ron had a good heart and is willing to help you out when you need it. A good many radios and tape decks have passed thru his room when they weren't working too good.

It's just too bad Ron couldn't drive his new car for more than a week.



Ronald Wayne Wetmore



James Cornelius Cleo Whitsett, Jr.

Jim Whitsett came strutting into Navy with the tendency to be demanding, that is the reason he was soon to be fondly called the Little Admiral.

When Jim isn't under the covers, he may be found slashing away at his books.

Jim uses the facade of being a manager as a cover for his black market operations. Some varsity sport is still looking for the majority of their supplies.

One of his better known accomplishments is as a woodman's woodsman. His fine building technic will keep the matchstick companies in business for years to come.

Jim plans to be the first one married in the company. He gets so lonely at times that he can't remember the last time "he has seen her."

He can be seen wheeling down the road in his scout talking to the truckers. But who can respect a man whose handle is banana man. All in all, Jim is a bigger man than his size would indicate.



Paul Henry Wietlisbach

If you walk down the hall and you hear a melodious voice echoing from within some room, it's probably "The Dog" practicing his music, or entertaining some spellbound audience with his endless rapport of rugby songs.

"Dog" lives for the good times. He is the king of all partying. If you have a case of beer and "Dog," you have a party.

Paul, being a member of Glee Club, Choir, Masqueraders and the Barber Shop Quartet, is very active at Navy. He sometimes manages to worm in a little studying (usually in January and May) but most of his study time is spent studying figures (not 1, 2, 3... either).

Without "Dog" the company would never be the same. If anyone is ever depressed they just stop by and see "The Dog." He could cheer up a druid in a lumber mill with his easy going personality. "Dog" laughs on. He just keeps stroking.

Hugh came to the college on the Severn straight from the fleet. A little bewildered as to why he was here, Haw had trouble adjusting until he found a good friend with whom he has been walking ever since.

If you have a joke to tell, go see Hugh. He is absolutely the world's best audience. One of Hugh's strong points is his theory on sharing. As far as he is concerned, if you have food, he has food.

Hugh comes from the tropical land of Panama. He finds it difficult to get used to the winters of Maryland.

The one bad habit Hugh has is his compulsion to wait until the last minute to get ready to go anywhere. Walk in ten minutes before formation, and you will hear a voice in the shower ask you to brush off his uniform or cotton ball his shoes. He never would have made it without his gentlemen's gentleman, Alfred.



Hugh Alexander Willis



Martin Eldridge Bacon

D r. Bacon began his residency at Fourth. Company trying to rebuild his roommate into a reasonable facsimile of a human being. His failure at this endeavor was the only setback young Dr. Bacon had while attending Canoe U. Despite the fact that Marty's mind stops functioning at 2230, he managed to gain top honors in academics and aptitude (5 biggies). Marty is about the only midshipman in history who has kept the same old flame for four years. When given a job to do, Marty has never failed to reach his goal. Marty has a few odd quirks when it comes to studying, namely kneeling in his chair and lying in his rack (awake). But when everybody saw his grades, the entire company began to kneel in their chairs and lie in their racks during study hour. Marty's confidence and perseverance guarantees him a success at medical school and as a doctor.



THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

T wo roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost



Patrick Stephen Bole

S tu came to the Naval Academy from Wesleyville, Pennsylvania bringing with him a desire to do well, a propensity for physical exertion and his mother's brownies. Stu soon gained the esteem and friendship of many, due to his uncompromising loyalty and good nature. When Stu was not found helping a classmate or delving into his studies, he was usually found clad in his 'sweats' pushing his body to new physical limits. With this tendency, Stu quickly became an established, dedicated and inspirational member of the Navy Wrestling Team. Stu's love for the outdoors, his concern for his fellow man, and his devotion to duty will secure a successful place for him in the United States Marine Corps.



George Stuart Brock



Alanson Trigg Chenault, IV

Coming from the bayous of Houma, La., "Skip" brought to the hallowed halls a penchant for the ribald. All were awed by the way he could transform the most innocent phrase into a suggestive thought, with but a word or gesture. Skip will most be remembered for the hours he spent on the bay sailing. He always was one to set his priorities and sailing came first. He paid the price though, In order to do all that sailing he was up late every night, hitting the books. It was no surprise to walk into the wardroom at 2 a.m. and find him, studying away. Quiet and level-headed he was, but given the proper circumstances he was more than willing to hoist a few. All these and more made Skip's friendship much sought after. Skip is joining the surface fleet where his quick wit and seaman's eye are sure to place him high in the esteem of his new shipmates.



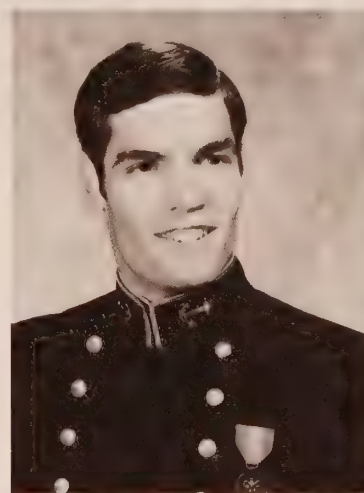
Robert Stanley Chronister

It was Bellingham's loss and the Naval Academy's gain, to acquire such a unique individual as Stan. After all, who else can cite the first and last name and claim to fame of every individual from the state of Washington since the time of President Polk. A hard working and dedicated student, Stan has spent many late nights and early mornings with the books simultaneously holding the local moth population in check with vicious towel overhead shots. Stan Smith, tennis professional, and Stan Chronister tennis fanatic, have been equally successful in their endeavors. The latter's success can be witnessed by glancing across the net, across the desk, or across the country. The attractive blond across the net holding a tennis racket and Stan's future happiness is Terri. Stan is flying high awaiting June '76, a future in Naval Aviation, and his life long copilot Terri.



Frederick Galphin Craft

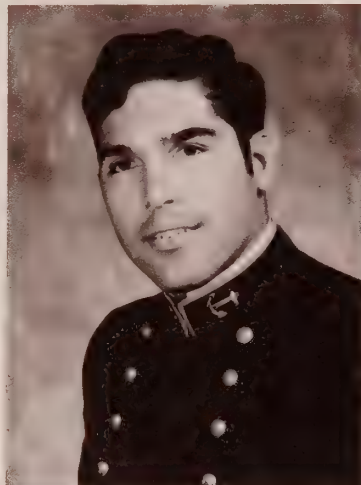
Fred came to the Academy from a family background steeped in Naval tradition, with the determination to broaden his horizons both athletically and academically. Fred's ability in the squash court can only be matched by his complete command of the English language of which he frequently availed himself. Despite a lighthearted veneer, Fred held a serious attitude toward the Naval Service and the fulfillment of his role as a Midshipman. Fred's enthusiastic attitude toward his subsequent career in the Surface Navy will quickly earn him the respect of his future shipmates.



William Rock Daze

Rock, the studly, challenged the cavernous domain of USNA after conquering the sunny beaches of California. Always ready to party, boogie and truck (custom van style) he can rarely be found in an inactive state. Though Rock prefers a beach volleyball game, he did manage to box for three years here at Navy, and picked up a Brigade Boxing Championship Youngster year. Not being one to pull his punches, Rock is known for his candid opinions and has established himself as a man who knows what he wants. Rock's extroverted personality can be observed instantly upon meeting him. His quick smile and unembarrassed laugh have assured him of no problems with the gentle sex.

Rock is ready for the real world, but is the real world ready for Rock . . . later.



David Alan Fisher

One of the more colorful characters of Fourth Company is Dave Fisher. He is famous for his approach to Naval Academy life. Dave has learned to overcome the frustrations and extreme hardships of the week by answering a stronger call – liberty call – with a trip to Baltimore. Dave has also learned to ease the intense pressures of study hour by getting the most out of a trip to the wardroom or bowl of popcorn.

While not serving his time studying, Dave has been able to take full advantage of extra – curricular activities. He has been active with Masqueraders every year, raced a yawl on the Chesapeake, and charged around on YP'S.

A hearty laugh and crazy sense of humor make Dave fun to be with. The Navy is definitely getting a good man this summer.



Originally arriving from Fairfax, Virginia, Steve's family moved during plebe summer to La Jolla, California. Steve, a confirmed surfer and beach bum, got right into the spirit of California dreamin'. Perhaps what Gorgo will be remembered for most was his true love; running. Probably one of the greatest runners in Academy history, he led the team and himself to record performances his Junior year, and despite a serious injury, was captain and one of the top men his Senior year. He was truly "Machoman", one of the most easy going guys around. Steve was always a welcome addition to the party and concert circuit. Second class year brought a tundra green MGB that only Steve could get near, and many wild nights on the roads. Surface line and San Diego are in the future for Steve. May he always be "looking good" and never "Feeling like"



Steven Kimball Giorgis

After evening meal, Doug would rest in his rack for about an hour, jump out refreshed and ready to work. He would then pull out a library book and read it. In this way, he managed to read every fiction book in the library. Occasionally he would go to class or take "Brigade Business" in the rack as a four striper. Shockingly, he kept a 3.6 cum. and earned a Burke Scholarship. Doug has been a submariner at heart for years and will probably spend the rest of his career in a sewer pipe. But while at Canoe U. he sailed for four years and became one of the Academy's best sailors. True to his mathematics major, Doug adapted a new language for our computer system ... "simple-T". Doug will probably be able to adapt his relaxed approach to the rigors of the Naval Academy, to his submarine career and find clear sailing all the way.



Douglas Burden Guthe, Jr.

The way he talks sometimes, you'd think Steve had ridden into Annapolis atop a galloping Palomino. Steve has been the Fourth Company cowboy contingent for the last four years — boots, hat, and spurs.

As there have been few rodeos held in the Annapolis area Steve has made himself comfortable with the less complicated endeavors of homelife and "Ana Mana".

Steve has eternally endeared himself to the members of the Fourth-Class. As a platoon commander during Plebe Summer and as first set Company Sub., Steve's name and the word "Fry" were often heard to be spoken in the same breath.

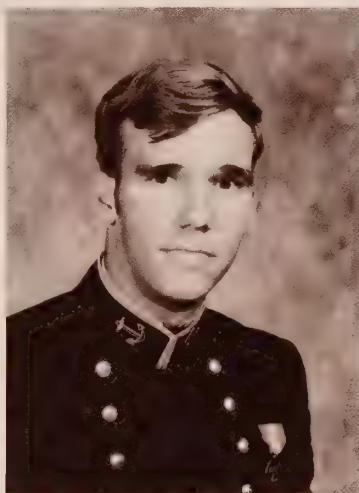
Steve intends to become a Marine pilot, and his loyalty to country and fundamental sense of duty and professionalism will undoubtedly lead to ultimate success and happiness.

Bruce or O.J. or Frog, as he is often called sprinted his way down from Landsdale, Pa. after a shortstop at the Coast Guard Academy (to pick up a pair of shoes). Bruce didn't know if he could cope with Navy life, but after a boat was engraved on his chest by his devious roommates, he became a true sailor. His running talents continued into the company football games where the "Juice" left many a classmate grabbing for air.

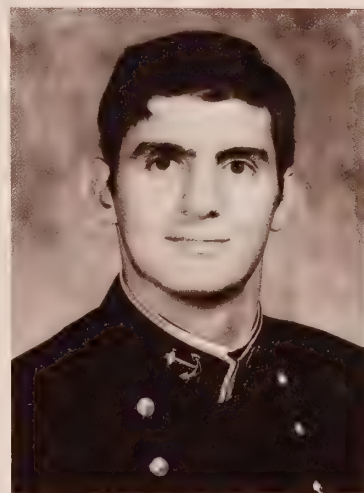
During youngster year, many pictures of Kathy mysteriously began appearing in his room. Undaunted, he pushed on somehow to higher levels of academic excellence. The "midnight rider" almost made the Pottstown 150 a nightly event during plebe detail in the Boston X 1/9. After all that driving, it should be easy getting himself and Kathy down to Pensacola where he should have no problem hopping into Navy Air.



Stephen Craig Hastings



Bruce Wayne Ingham



Michael Thomas Kelly



The "Immaculata Marauder" spent many of his infrequent first class long weekends camping either at the Spectrum in Philly or in the foothills of the Appalachians. Mike excelled in football his plebe year, but he came to know the Academic Dean better than his coach. As a second class, Mike spent much of his time rescuing "Damsels in Distress" hoping to receive the medal of honor for valor above and beyond the call of duty but he only received an invitation to dine with the "Dant"

However, all in all these four years have been the best ever for Mike. He has learned to occupy his time by smoking a pipe, excelling as the "Lloyd Bridges" of USNA, and working to promote such names as Steven Stills in the concert business. And as the end of these four years draw near, Mike forsees himself as the next manager of the Spectrum.

Mike came to the Naval Academy from Fairless Hills, a quiet and deeply thoughtful individual. Mike gained the respect of his classmates through his physical abilities and straight-forward attitude. These characteristics helped him secure a place on the Navy Wrestling Team for four years. Off the mat, Mike found a second home in Ward Hall where he matched his wits with the computers. With Navy Air on the horizon, Mike's calm and concerned manner will assure him of an enviable career.

Bringing with him a New Englander's love for the sea, hard work and personal integrity, Bob quickly earned the respect of his classmates. Though Chinese consumed a better portion of his time, he managed to maintain a diversity of interests. As an active member of the Popular Music Committee, he ingratiated himself to many by bringing Stephen Stills, Livingston Taylor, Jonathan Edwards and many other talented performers to Halsey Fieldhouse. He also contributed to the photography of the Trident Calendar, and proved himself to be a solid member of the Battalion Lacrosse Team.

Within the company, Bob projected an amiable, but serious demeanor. With a mind to command at sea, it is certain that Bob's career as a 'steamer' will be a great success.

Mark came to the Naval Academy from Charleston, South Carolina bringing with him an enthusiasm for the Surface Navy that he gleaned from eighteen years as a Navy Junior. Mark's approach to the Academy was different than most, marked by many trials and tribulations, determined opinions and volatile comments, and a sincerity of purpose. Mark will best be remembered for his endless hours watching the 'tube', working under his Porsche, Excused Squad and his disarming smile.



Michael Frank Logar



Robert Burne MacDougall



Mark Steven Kiser





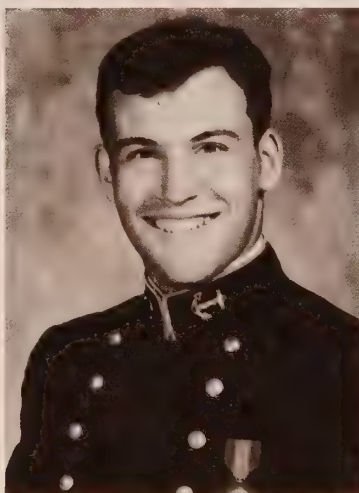
Michael E. McKenney

This South Dakota native would simply like to leave with this:
 The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven –
 All's right with the world!
 – Robert Browning



William Earl McMinn

The "Mole" hailed from the thriving metropolis of the "Port", leaving behind the other ninety percent of the population and the airport down by the dump. Plebe summer was the most exciting thing that Bill had undertaken since he gave up watching the traffic light change, back home on Saturday nights. His master plan was really quite intricate; he convinced himself he was in the toughest major at the Academy (Oceanography), and got good grades. This plan allowed him to meet other challenges during his tenure as a midshipman. Not a day went by when Mole did not do battle with the pad monster. After seeing the real world at Navy, Bill decided he needed a different outlook on life, so he took to the air. There is no doubt Bill will successfully meet the challenges of the future.



Charles Alan Mihalko

Chuck came to the Academy with three thoughts in mind; becoming a naval officer, studying Ocean Engineering, and throwing the javelin. Charlie vowed Plebe summer never to smoke, drink, use foul language, or get married. He now smokes like a chimney, is an expert "duckwalker", has become a real old salt and Nevertheless he has become a creditable Ocean Engineer, quite a javelin thrower and may even make an outstanding naval officer.

Chuck has managed to stay above 3.0 and has even found himself on the Sup's List a couple of times. He maintains that the secret to success is staying six weeks ahead of his instructor's assignments. "That way I have plenty of time to study for finals."

Chuck has only one perspective on life, "periscopic." Upon graduation he intends to go on to nuclear power school and into submarines.



Georgie Moore

George hails from California and points beyond. He arrived at USNA with a toothbrush in his pocket, a third degree black belt around his waist and a star in his eye. Well he still has the toothbrush which has less bristles than plebes have years, and the black belt has had about as much use as the broom we swept out with, but the star still shines and his ambitions guide him on. In fact George is so ambitious that he came back from summer leave early so he could get started on his term papers. But George did go through some changes. Ask him about his transformation into a 190 lb. bear every night at about 12:00 while talking on an "outside line to Baltimore".

Imagination and determination have been his trademarks and destine him for success. A man of many "firsts" George will always go "first class."

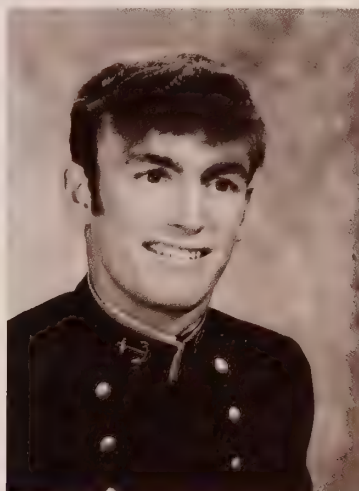
Rick came to Canoe U. fresh from the wheatlands of Washington State. He arrived at the Uncollege toting the qualifications of a Salutatorian of a thirty-member high school class and a full professional knowledge of wheat growing and pig farming. Though a first impression of Rick tended to remind one of your average 'Joe Gish', he is anything but average. His academic abilities have been rarely questioned by his classmates or underclass since Tutor Control Central was initially established youngster year. Others may have given out the gouge but Rick always responded to questions with the how and why. Yes, Rick has really changed since Plebe year; what were once vices are now habits.



Richard Milton Pratt



Mark Curtis Murton



Bruce William Northridge



Luster Payton, Jr.

On July 6, 1972 the world fell in on top of Mark Curtis Murton. In response to that challenge, a star was born. His first appearance (the one that got him through plebe year amazingly unscathed) was in that famous play "Out of Sight, Out of Mind." Meanwhile, back-stage, Murt was looking for any and every excuse to get out of this place. He kept his back-pack packed, but he never did walk out on us. Soon he was co-starring with Alfred E. Newman in the comedy "What, Me Worry?" The fans loved it. He followed that with the popular "I Want Muff" and "Procrastination Pays." The crowd roared. His fans cried out for more.

He appeased their demands, and his own search for meaning by stepping into the defensive end position for the 150's and knocking some heads together. He waits now for the reunion of THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND.

Navy sure missed the boat with this all-round athlete from Florham Park, New Jersey, with the greatest pair of hands since Raymond Berry. Frustrated by the lack of intercollegiate juggling, ping pong, or jump rope teams, he turned to company sports. There he passed and pitched his way to obscurity, and was always willing to lend an elbow to those less accomplished in the art of basketball.

Nort became disillusioned with his math major ("I haven't seen a *number* all semester!"), and turned to other things, like the rack, the tube, the Glee Club tours.

Easygoing by nature, Nort rarely complained about "life" here at the Uncollege. Instead he just did things in his own time (not always *on* time), and didn't let the system get him down no matter how hard it tried to retaliate.

Luster Payton, the economics whiz of 4th Co., made a substantial investment into the automotive industry. It seems that he managed to purchase two cars during first class year. However, he had some difficulty remembering where he left the first one.

Luster seems destined for a certain young lady in Virginia, but he must first cope with those local foxes who keep his phone constantly ringing. Luster was also very talented as a Brigade Boxer; and came close to winning the championship. The only factor that hurt him in the title fight was that his feet were faster than his hands.

With his four years at the Academy coming to an end, Luster seems destined to become an outstanding Naval Aviator, having excelled in the A.I.P. program.

The future surely seems bright for this multi-talented young man.

Val came to us from a small town in the mountains of Ecuador. His two years experience at the Ecuadorian Naval Academy gave him every trick needed to get through plebe year except one – the English language. After four years of "all-niters" and hard work on his Spanish-English dictionary, he can communicate well with his classmates. Early in Val's life at the Academy, he was introduced to the sport of running. He has been running ever since, especially at the distance where he reigns supreme – the marathon. When Val isn't studying or running, you can usually find him trying out his macho on the señoritas, although he will always go back to his high school sweetheart in Ecuador. Val has dreams of going to Seals training before going back to Ecuador but whatever his selection is, Ecuador will sure benefit.

The Heart is the Capital of the Mind
 The Mind is a single State –
 The Heart and the Mind together make
 A single Continent –

One – is the Population –
 Numerous enough –
 This ecstatic Nation
 Seek – it is Yourself.
 E. Dickinson

The Size will well be remembered as the biggest, toughest, strongest, most aggressive, and most confident member of our class – disguised as a midget. He loved PEP so much during Plebe Summer that he decided to join Coach Lenz's mighty specimens of perfect bodies for the first set of Plebe Detail. Ron always liked a challenge. First, he decided to take on the academics at USNA by majoring in Engineering Physics. He took a hit, but stuck it out for four years. Then, he tried the impossible – he attempted to square away the Mole by being his roommate. He never succeeded. Although he could never tell his right from his other right, Ron deserved all of his stripes on the Regimental Staff. "The Size" is a bit disjointed about his future, and will probably find his heart in a Nuclear-Powered Flying Tank with the heavy sounds of Santana blaring out the portholes.



Valdemar Edgar Sanchez



John August Schumacher



Ronald Dean Seizert



Bryan Douglas Webster

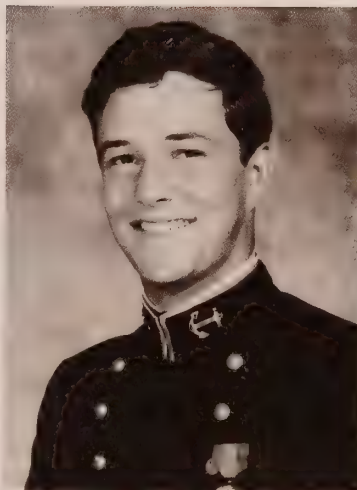
During Bryan's stay at the Academy, he has established himself in many of the circles in which mids tend to excel. First of all he stood out academically staying in the top part of the class. Bryan has been known to periodically clean out his address book at which time at least a dozen names were "circular-filed", but there were still enough names left to fill the book.

Bryan's newest flame has been his unrestrained desire to fall out of a perfectly good airplane and proceed earthbound unabated until he deems it necessary to come back to reality to pull his ripcord. This suicidal attempt to have fun may seem repulsive to some, however, the invigorated air about his descriptions of adventures of the previous weekend make one believe he really enjoys the sport. Bryan's high-flying attitude will greatly contribute to his career in whatever walk of life he pursues.



Frederick Vaughn Bauer

The amazing Mr. Bauer has done everything a mid could do, and still be a graduate of the Naval Academy. Of course Fred has achieved an outstanding academic record in Oceanography and will undoubtedly receive "The Daughters of the Humpback Snorkel Award" for the mid who has stepped into more trouble and still comes out victorious. Fred's physical condition is beyond compare as noted by his selection for Seal training. However, this does not count coordination, especially concerning running into moving vehicles, with his body. Despite Fred's ruggedness, he knows his limit as far as "Sweet drinks" are concerned. Unfortunately, he gets drunk before reaching it. We are all sure that Fred has saved the best for the Seals and are expecting even more amazing events in the future.



William Harvey Beeson, Jr.

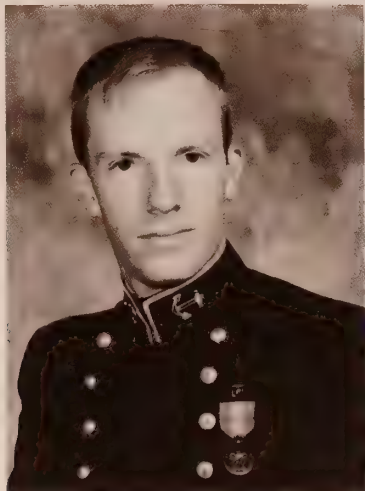
Being a very wordy individual Bill naturally gravitated to his chosen field of study, History. Once a Wolverine fan from Saginaw, Michigan he now hails from Ft. Myers, Florida, but he still can't stand Buckeyes. A profound student of military History, he has but one shortcoming, he always supports the loser! An easy man to talk with, Bill was always ready for an evening discussion, but now that he has kicked the habit you don't need fog lamps to see him across the desk. Always ready to "pack it" in the mountains or go scuba diving, Bill nonetheless found time to develop his exclusive body beautiful course, a special weightlifting program that need only be done two days out of seven and only involves lifting twelve ounces as many times as possible. Bill desires to fly but the Luftwaffe wouldn't offer him a commission so he opted for Navy air.



Robert Alan Butt

No one will ever forget the day he drifted in from McLean, Va. From his early years Rob had been seriously thinking about the Navy, and his appointment to the Chesapeake Small Boat and Barge School seemed to be the natural thing to do since his entire family has at one time or another been sheltered by these hallowed halls. Some of his feats are quite amazing, such as his validation of Plebe year. He blended into the woodwork well. His time away from the hassles of Plebe year was well spent at the library falling in love with Systems Engineering, his "bag-it" major. A firm believer in the two party system - one on Friday and one on Saturday, there could never be enough of the good life at Navy.

U-Boat U. may grab him after graduation, and Sword School has an equally good chance at the suave young sailor. Whatever road he takes the Navy is sure to benefit.



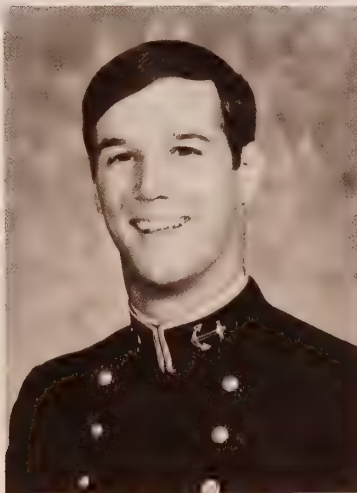
Bradley Spencer Clark

Brad came to the Academy from Jacksonville, North Carolina for a commission in the Marine Corps. On June 2, Brad will become a Marine along with approximately one hundred other men in the Class of '76. From there Brad is not so sure what he wants to do. For two years the infantry was the only thing that was of any importance; until Second Class Summer. After a week at Quantico Brad abruptly switched to artillery. His feet were sore, so he knew that the infantry wasn't for him. First Class cruise convinced him that he wouldn't go artillery; too much time in the field. Brad is the son of a Marine and will marry Cheri Caudill, the daughter of a Marine shortly after graduation. Brad is a real academic wizard, he must be, he's passing and only spends about an hour a week with his studies. When he finds something that interests him the Marine Corps will be getting a fine officer.



Timothy John Criner

For old "Boats" Criner it has been quite a voyage. A trip ravaged by such nemesis as Thermo, Nav, and Diff EQ's, inspiring his battle cry "Sign the accountability log by taps" which is sure to go down in Reef Points as one of our greatest of famous naval sayings. But of course, what else would one expect from a man who has wrung more salt water out of his socks than any of us have sailed over. And naturally, where would Frat Five have been without its very own Social Director (who wants tickets for Army?) Nevertheless, after a voyage at USNA as colorful, and almost as long, as the seven voyages of Sinbad, Surface Line is about to get one of the finest officers to come off the waves in a long, long time.



Richard Arthur DaPrato

R. A. DaPrato from Memphis, Tennessee; his friends call him "Rick" his enemies call him many things that cannot be put on paper. His family is directly descended from a famous Italian navigator. This is why Rick decided to join the Naval Academy, which he did at the age of 19 years, after a brief tour at NAPS. After an abortive attempt to become a Mechanical Engineer, he decided to finish his academic career in the field of General Engineering, his reasoning for this change is that the Marines don't really need a Mechanical Engineer. He will always be remembered as the only guy on the lightweight football team who weighed 180 pounds. His hobbies include bowling, scuba diving, flashy clothes and big cars. To follow in the family tradition Rich will join the U.S.M.C. after graduation.

Drifty Dave is rapidly approaching the day when he will be climbing into the cockpit of that hi-performance fighter. He will undoubtedly become one of the best pilots in the fleet. May God have mercy on any MIG that dares to tangle with him!

Not being satisfied to remain earthbound, Dave plans to reach for the stars. In the years to come we may find him at the controls of the space shuttle or in command of an inter-planetary mission.

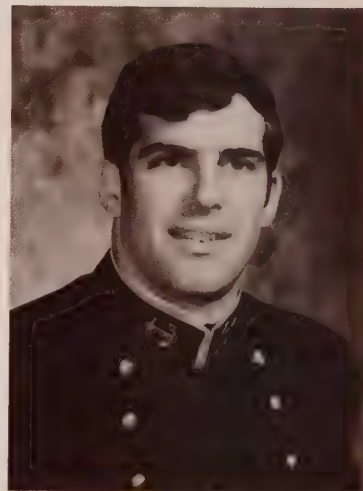
If the exploits of this spaceman don't put Taunton, Mass. on the map nothing will.



David Michael Desilva



Bill came to fifth company in the fall of 1974. The Tampa, Florida native is known for the wealth of talents he exhibited as a two year starting lineman for the Big Blue. It was soon discovered that football was not his only talent, however. His superb taste in the opposite sex and competence in that pursuit were made obvious by the company he kept outside Bancroft Hall. Bill was a firm believer that the secret to successful studying is plenty of bed rest and many hours in front of the tube. Bill will make a welcome addition to the surface navy.



William Thomas Driscoll

Little Richie, better known on the clouds of 3-4 as one of our resident jocks is soon to be inducted in the "Hall Rat" hall of fame as honorary custodian of the automatic pencil sharpener of '76. Fecks' desire to divert his efforts from the football field to the field of combat with the leagues of pencil necks has been unfavorable - he has been sweating '76 proof bug juice in anxious anticipation. The Ops Analysis people have tried to claim Fecks on numerous occasions, and have tried to steal from him his true destiny, probability has finally caught up with them. Fecks hobbies include building fences north and south, during the week, east and west on the weekend, his intensity of purpose to achieve the all time high has often astounded us hall rats from five. When Tommy B (a long time friend) said to Fecks, "6-2, 242, I crave you" he said it all.



Richard Alan Feckler

Action, decision, motivation, are concepts that have always described old "PJ" and his four-year plan of attack at USNA. But don't let that steamer's having conned Frat Five first set and a stellar academic record convince you that he doesn't know how to relax. Truly, the keys to his success belong not only to his beloved Camaro and that ever present case of Banquet Beer in the back seat, but also the good times out at the K&K Ranch. A sleek, clean Spruance is singing its siren's song and Paul's decision to march to a different "Drum" is giving surface line one more outstanding officer.

It's easy to find J.D. in a crowd – simply look for the spot reflecting all the sun. That's John and his luxurious head of hair. But setting aside his hair, John is following the illustrious footsteps of his father into that noble profession of wearing the best looking uniform around – the Marines'. He plans to be an NFO and has already exhibited certain characteristics which aptly suit him for the job. He has exhibited exceptional flying ability, for once he made sixty miles in forty minutes, strolling into formation with thirty seconds to spare, and a mere \$24 poorer.

On January 1, 1974, J.D. became a captured man caught by one Kitti Collins, the girl home in UVA country.

As a wires major, J.D. for his senior project, had a habit of blowing a six pack a day – of transistors. But after graduation John will really get to have fun – Quantico!!



Paul Gerard Johnson



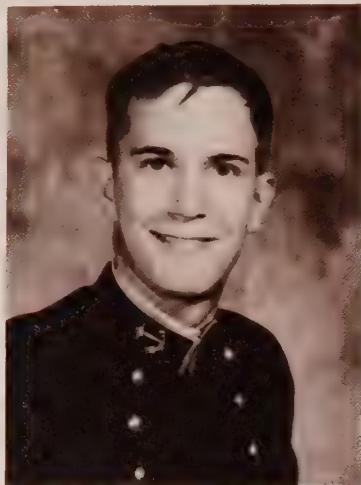
John David Mann



Diego Danilo Mantilla



Diego had added a great deal to the company during his stay as South American diplomat to 5th Co. His only troubles with English were experienced in Plebe year whenever he was asked rates he did not know. Now his vocabulary is shockingly profound. Despite his physical size, Diego has undertaken such activities as airborne training and scuba diving, where he teaches such thing as unique and daring water entries. After years of searching he has finally decided on his life's goals. First, he hopes to some day play on the same team as Roger Staubach. Secondly, and most importantly, Diego hopes to some day become "cool." Although he may never be "cool", Diego will make an outstanding addition to Ecuador's military service.



Robert Ray McNeill



Jim came to us from the Ohio State football rooting section known as Galion. He made it through Plebe year with the help of ten brothers and sisters, and in spite of three roommates who really didn't care for the easy life on the Severn. Opting to be a Management major so he could save plenty of time for Louise, his pretty hometown sweetheart, Pete has established a fine record in the classroom at Navy.

We all owe him thanks for the many parties and get-togethers, even for the ones that we can't recall. Although his interest in automobiles has recently been domesticated, as he will soon be, Pete has often been seen behind the wheel of a fast, blue Vette.

Jim is soon to be one of those nuclear-powered whiz kids. There's quite a challenge there, but he has lived up to those before. His classmates are losing a great guy, but the Navy is getting a fine officer.



James Arthur Petersen

How many people do you know who spend eight thousand dollars on a Vette; with an automatic transmission? How many mids do you know who take weekends, care of U.S.N.A. Library? How many men do you know who can laugh off 50 demerits after barbecue spareribs? There is, believe it or not, one "mid" who can do all these things and much, much more. "The Ploob," so christened by a retired roommate, has won a little place in the con-lockers of all of his classmates, beneath the ATP 1B where he can't get too much exposure, for Jim is one of those dynamic people whose influence you wouldn't want to spread around too much — the wardrooms would probably be shut down and study stalls built. Ploob is a prime contender for Brigade CAO and may even spend TAD as MHP custodian. Many thanks to Ploob's Mom who kept 5th Company supplied with chow packages.



James Lesely Poole, Jr.



Leroy Mark Sparr

Leroy's score on the "Skooter occupational interest survey" indicated he should either be a Catholic sister or a guidon, he chose the latter. Leroy's ability to remain cool earned him the honor of being the only out-of-company "striper" for first set. This coolness has carried over into his social life as well. What woman could resist hearing such romantic words as "Huh, Huh" or suave descriptions of her body in regards to her ability to float. Never one to let his body get out of shape, just look at it, Leroy went out and made the officials' team while a second class, an honor held by few. Recently, "Conway" has taken it upon himself to be ready for any power failure by keeping his hair constantly wet with oil and grease just in case a torch should be needed. His consideration for others will carry him far.



Gerald Kirkland Spraitz

"Spraitz" cruised in to this institution from the drinking fountain capital of the world, Warren, Ohio, via one of our civilian universities.

He has spent his time here working hard on his Oceanography major and being the backbone of the 5th Company heavies. There have also been a lot of "late-nighters" spent sitting on honor boards as company honor rep.

Gerry can often be seen sliding into formation at the end of a weekend with barely seconds to spare after making a high speed run back from Leslie's. A terror on the highways from way back, he can be seen in command of a white streak, with CB radio in hand, giving the area's law enforcers a run for their money (and his).

After a last minute rendition of the "service selection shuffle" it looks like he'll become one of Admiral Rickover's finest. Good luck Spraitz, the fleet needs more like you.

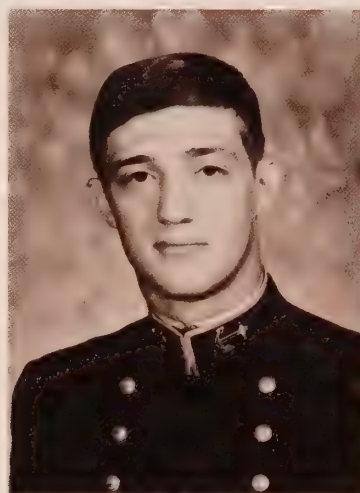


Adelbert Leroy Walker

H. P. Walker made the short hop from Petersburg, Va. to USNA with hopes of becoming the Navy's finest fighter pilot. The "artful Dodger" chose Systems Engineering and fencing to keep him busy for an extra year.

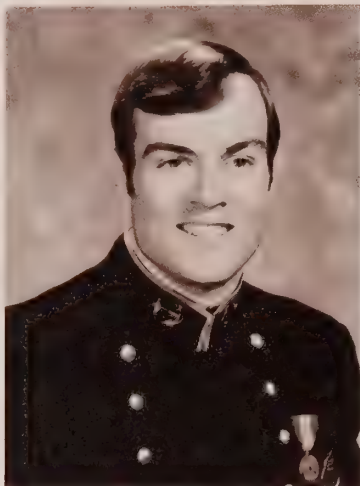
Del never faltered however, and like many of his own 54-A's - Mr. approaches the ideal midshipman and will make a fine naval officer" - Walker fills in the blank.

A truly honorable gent, Del would always respond to "Who dunnit?" with a resounding "Me, Sir!". "Well, what's your name and Alpha Code?", the OOD would say. "Hanket, 762435, Sir!" Del would bark back. That a way, Buds! What a classmate!!



Dolph Nelson Watts





Scott Allan Beaton

The road to Annapolis was paved with gold for the round-faced boy from Providence, R.I. Scott adjusted easily to academy life — his grades came as easily as his profs. He temporarily earned the nickname of "B-B-A" — ton thanks to his work in plebe weapons. Athletically, Scott could not be beaten. He spent plebe year roaming between the T-tables of the plebe football and plebe track teams. Youngster year he sold his legs to Bancroft Medical then decided stroking crew is where it's at. He lived with the little Cog for three-and-half years, because only they knew where the "cah was pahked in the yahd." Chasing after women with expensive tastes 2/c year might have been Scott's downfall. That's when he started drinking and changed his mind about service selection to Navy Air. He'll either fly a crew shell or his "F.T." Chevy van.



Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of Midshipman John "JB" Blasko. (not that John's spacey, but who else has a warp factor figured into their class standing). His 4 year mission almost became 5 when he discovered that none of the courses he needed to graduate were offered 2nd semester 1/c year. Fortunately, the English Department is very flexible and they allowed John to substitute 15 hours of athletics, all on the blue trampoline. And who can forget that famous Blasko lean? Certainly not his 7 roommates or the wall in his room (I'll bet that dent will be there for another 10 years.) The Blasko chuckle, the sigh, ah, yes, the sigh! For service selection John plans to pursue a career in aviation, if the doctors will give him his knee back.



John Edward Blasko, II

For someone who was as consistent as Butts was, he seemed always to be changing one way or another. Half the week he was starving himself, the other half he was investing half his paycheck in Steerage.

But, above all else, Carl remained true to himself. Somehow he put up with the neighbors' complaints about his "funny" music, and somehow hung onto the Brigade's most complete collection of knick-knacks, despite the strong alienating interests. Butts wasn't known as a believer in the conservative, nor as a conformist to anything, especially things he felt strongly about. Letting tomorrow take care of itself was as natural to him as was a good boogie on any dance floor.

Carl thought he might like a future in Navy Air, but there is no denying the Surface line in his blood. Those pilots would never get him back into one of those rubber suits anyway.

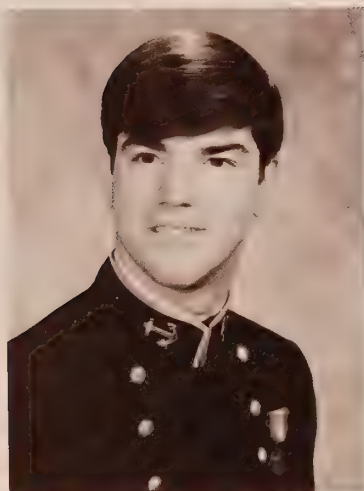


Hoyt Carl Butler



Joseph Emilio Cantu

Leaving behind a VW, a blonde, and a six of Olympia beer, to be engulfed by the great grey monastery, Seattlite Joseph Cantu reamed and milled into Navy Jockdom. In his never ending struggle for gouge, knowledge, Joey had an audience before the AC Board which bestowed the "Cantu Special" upon him. With his new major in General Engineering and the old one in the Marine Corps he confronted the Aptitude Board. Expanding his horizons by going down and up in the Scuba Club, and up and down in the Parachute Club, he leveled off as Yawl C.O. Waldo's air force accounted for senior year as he accounted for everyone else. Leaving USNA in the rear-view mirror of his Corvette (with a blonde in front and a six-pack of Oly in the back) after four years of oscillating coast to coast, he certainly deserves a pat on the back, or anywhere else for that matter.



Aron Keith Champion

Anything worth having is worth cheating for. When will these hallowed halls ever again echo with that sweet refrain. Chickenman, C.B., the Whip or just plain Mr. Professionalism. Keith was always full of good cheer for everyone, especially around test time. Who else could get the gouge for the JORR? Navigation was almost his downfall but the Honor Board was impressed by his star witness so they let him go.

Keith had his share of conduct offenses, including the infamous "Class A" for not changing the channel. He finished 2/c year at the limit, but that was just to keep "performance" busy.

Not one to let this get in his way, Keith always maintained an active social life. There was one dry spell though, when his Canadian Huskie left him pulling his own sled. As for service selection, Champ plans to try NucPower with the NFO option. Who knows, maybe he'll have the poop for the interview.



Mark Henley Clements

You would think that anyone with first hand gouge from his brother on what life at Navy was like would go to a nice civilian college. Not so with Mark who was overcome with military masochism on July 6, 1972. Somehow he managed to maintain that smiling, unassuming, "Get me the hell out of here" attitude all four years. A standout company athlete, Mark was "the arm" for the lightweight football team and "the plaster knee" for company soccer. Clem's three year search for his own Waldos came to a happy conclusion first class year where he finally found a place to shower by himself. After graduation Clem is heading for the sewer pipe Navy although he secretly aspires to the CEC as a one-legged engineer. And he'd become a good engineer too, as long as he had a mug of Coke, a pair of tennis shorts, and a soft shoulder to cry on.



David Eliot Coggan

Sorry Dave but this biography has to stay short

Dave went to high school in Brookline, Massachusetts where his homework consisted of spitting Heather, but because he couldn't handle them, he came to the Academy.

Being a P.E. major at heart he took oceanography where he was able to get through such difficult courses as Diffy Q's, with the aid of Bill Harney's computer genius.

Being the resident sixth company Hebe, Dave manages the largest MIF account. Too bad he couldn't use it to buy his TR-7.

2/c year found Dave tumbling his way to a varsity N in gymnastics, and walking away from D.Q. wearing old spiffies.

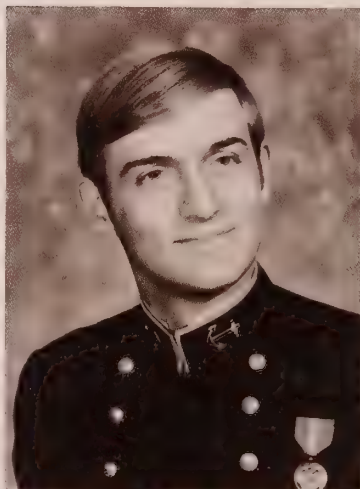
Finally 1/c year finds Dave hoping that Hymie will take pity on his blood brother and let his become a nuclear-powered schmuck. Too bad no one ever told Dave that there are no nuclear powered P.G.'s.



Woodrow Hilary Dasilva

Woody left the Jets of East Meadow to conquer the football and academic worlds at Navy. He never accomplished the former, and the latter took five and a half years; but the "Fox" was never one for doing something in the shortest possible time. Never one to take the academic world too seriously, Woody decided he'd get a much better education through the Heathkit Correspondence Course. Putting this education to good use, Woody designed Chevrolet's first NASA space control center. A standout on the Batt Football team, Woody reached the culmination of his career by coaching the First Battalion Football team to a victory over the league leaders.

One other victory still in pursuit by the man is the conquest of his ultimate woman. A real pro at meeting members of the fairer sex, Wood will always be found doing his best in this pursuit until victory is achieved. Go get 'em, Hilary.



James Joseph Janosek

There were regs against marriage, and regs against paternity, but as far as was known, Jim was the first divorcee to graduate from the Academy. Yet being the person he was, this, like any serious matter, didn't bother him in the least. And there were a few people who enjoyed a good time as much as J.J. Whether at the annual Army bash in Philly with the tribe, or during a command imitation of some noted celebrity, Jim was always a lot of fun in those rather un-sober moments.

Hailing from Long Island, J.J. brought more than just a funny accent to the Academy. He distinguished himself musically in both the Trident Brass and the D & B, helping the corps to put together one of their best seasons yet. Academically, this operations analyst once again proved that even the most non-technical, civilian-thinking student can get through all that technical Navy stuff. Surface line will never make out any better.



Edward Payne Kilbourn

On any given afternoon in the fall and spring during our four years here, one would have been most likely to find Ed at the helm of part of the Academy's sailing fleet barking orders left and right. The many loves of his life took second place to his sailing, that is unless they could tend a good Genny.

Yes, Ed's a fine product out of Ardmore, Pa. just a stone's throw from that party'n city of Brotherly Love, and the epitomy of dedication to the Naval service, his studies, and the "Good Life". The proud owner of not one but two Black N's and even more proud of testing the 2/c demerit limit right up to the last day of June Week, Ed beat the odds again during his final year as took charge of the company during winter's "Jock Set." This Yawl Sailor and chain smoker not a Jock you say? Well, just step into the Squash Courts with him and prepare to have your skivies scorched.



James Richard Knight

From the first day that J.R. wandered into his newfound home, we all recognized an individual with a heart of the homespun, and a taste for the better things in life. Jim was a connoisseur of many things: motor cars, alcohol, and men's fashions.

Whether escorting some through basements for late night talks with the Brigade staff, for asking the questions the rest of us would dare not ask at assemblies, or for graciously stepping immediately into any shower at the slightest hint of a request, J.R. somehow remained a close friend to us all, and one whom we all shall remember for the good times we shared with him.

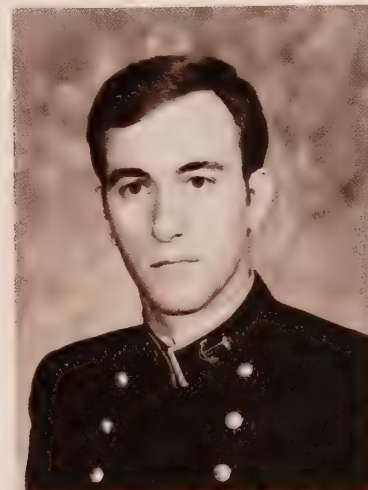
After four years of "surface line is might fine," J.R. has left his deepest, darkest days as a midshipman. Off to the Naval Air Corps, we know Jim will someday land his feet firmly on ground. And when he does, we hope he'll drink his first round to those who will never forget him.



Michael Arthur Moore

Some say Michael Arthur Moore is having an affair with his 6 string Rickenbacker guitar but don't let this Southern gentleman residing in Aiken, South Carolina fool you. Just take a look at his collection of Southern (and Northern) belles he has pictured on his bulletin board and you will see that this soft-spoken, reserved guy is really a Southern playboy at heart. Mike has not yet found Miss Right, but looking at his possible alternatives I don't think he is too anxious as yet to find her. Right now Mike is neither looking for Miss Right nor Wrong, but for a 1970 280 SL Mercedes that someone would conveniently sell. Mike enjoys playing tennis and being a firstie so much that he has decided to stay another half-year and will graduate in January 1977 when his service selection will be Naval Intelligence.

Moon came to us from Kinnelon, N.J., a sweet innocent boy yet always willing to show off his beautiful physique. He became an instant hit plebe summer with his classmates and instructors by getting seasick in a knockabout during a sailing lesson. During 2/c summer he won the golden glove award going 3-for-3 in Pensacola, almost making it 4 on the commercial flight down. Know the liquid capacity of a flight glove? Moon's sex life has been dominated by a fetish with a girl's name - Debbie. Cute, but it would never make *Penthouse*. It seems as though Gary was always getting the jobs nobody else wanted - wardroom rep, Company Commander first set, the early morning mouth at WRNV, J.B.'s housekeeper for two years, and dishwasher at Waldo's. After graduation, Moon will take a short refresher course in Orlando, then head out for four years in the nuclear surface Navy.



Gary Leslie Munn

Robert Paul Petroka hails from Charleroi, Pennsylvania. Some say "the Rock" as he is affectionately called emerges ... every morning to amaze his baffled compatriots with artfully tucking no tuck at all, leaving his humble abode in Class Z condition, and spreading carbon monoxide fumes as he "trokes" to Morning Quarters. However, in his four years here, he has played from plebe football to rugby and become one of the top heavyweights in Brigade Boxing. In studies, a major in chemistry was changed to bioscience, and still he claims a "3.4 cum". His future lies in the Nuclear Surface Navy and with a little lady back home. Also, he's a sure pick for the "Old Man and the Severn Award" for '76. In any event, Donna's got a piece of the "Rock".



Robert Paul Petroka

In order to add excitement to his life Rick went down with the Scuba Club and got high with the Parachute Club. The budding aviator at heart often spent his liberty hours rolling sailors on the docks to get the money to pay for his flight lessons. As a three-striper first set, Rick opened his own laundry, and beer, weeknights with his Uncle Waldo. Besides beer, Rick is fond of pizza, and Buzzy's has seen the worst of him (can you stir beer with it Rick?) Rick did well at cards too. Who else could, or would, cheat at strip poker and cause his classmates to lose in 4 straight hands. Rick's claim to fame is that he went to school with the band "America" (how many times have you heard that one Clem?) After graduation Rick plans to head straight for Pensacola where hopefully he can find a place to shower by himself.



Thomas John Panik



Robert David Papak

Puss hails from Bethlehem, Pa. and brought with him all the smog this side of Hood. Despite his first varsity sport, the rack, Thomas managed to letter all four years for the varsity soccer team as one of the highest scorers, culminating in, his captaincy his senior year. Never one to take the academic load too seriously, T.J. et al, miraculously pulled an average that shocked the civilized world.

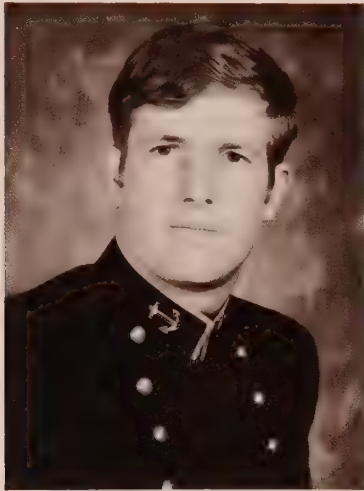
Never one to hide his affection of the opposite sex, Tom spent the better part of his weekends and weekdays for that matter, trying to keep one girlfriend away from the others. If he needed a date, he always had one, or two, or three, or, yet it's a shame his sitting rates were so low.

If he could see, he'd go air, if he could march, he'd go corps, and if he could, he'd get out. Surface gets him because he couldn't take anything else.

After a year at NAPS Dave came to AUSNA and spent 4 years chasing quarterbacks and academics. A familiar fixture on the football field, Dave earned the job as starting left defensive tackle 3/c year. From that day on Dave helped Big Blue build for the future. Those hard years of work culminated with the 1975 season when Navy's defense was among the best in the nation and the team finished with its first winning record since 1967. Off the football field Dave could be found either hard at work on his studies or in the wardroom fighting various and sundry roommates for a front row seat. Service selection night we'll find Dave over at the Navy Air desk trying to convince them that he will fit into a fighter.



Eric Christian Neidlinger



Louis Frederick Repucci, Jr.

Lou first made a name for himself Plebe Summer by playing Nature Boy in the hall. Being an extremely hot day Lou figured that he didn't need any clothes. Unfortunately the BOOW thought differently. Lou will long be remembered for punching out a 2/c in the yard and blowing tubes in his rack. It wasn't until 1/c year that Lou once again made the hit parade by forming the first 1-striper roving patrol. Lou could often be seen out in town weeknights checking the bars for unauthorized personnel. Unfortunately, it was all ended one Wednesday night when Lou, in uniform, got into an argument with the bartender at Fran O'Briens over 20 cents in change. The bartender called the cops and Lou ended up in jail until the OOW bailed him out. As an older, wiser, more mature individual we always had someone to turn to when we wanted to know what it is like to have been there, and back.



Carl Henrik Sharperson, Jr.

Fresh from the United States Marine Military Academy, Carl looked like a sure bet for the ground-pounders plebe year. He has since proved us wrong - Carl will probably be flying Navy helicopters for a living.

Carl's forte was his athletic ability. A letter winner in football his youngster year, "Sweetmeat" played for the Big Blue for three years. In the off seasons, Carl was always available for a game of hoops, where his stellar performances earned another of his many nicknames, - "Jive Ball".

When it came to women, Carl played the field. Many weekends were spent in D.C. or his hometown Spotsylvania, Virginia. Carl never stayed in one place for a girl to tie him down.

There are no doubts about Carl's future - he'll succeed just because of one of his assets - alone - he can get along with *anyone* (as his roommates can testify!)

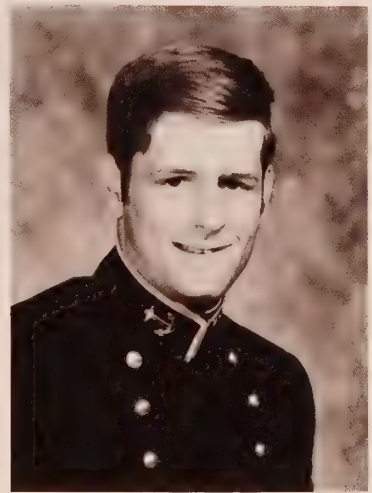


Michael Dale Waldrop

After destroying the Public School System in Monmouth Beach, N.J., Mick headed for USNA and thoughts of civilization. An excellent high school athlete, Mick chose to pursue soccer at Navy, earning his letter three years in a row and highlighting his career by being chosen Captain by his teammates. Mick's presence has definitely made the difference in Navy's soccer program.

An Oceanography major, "Mr. Winthrop" extensively studied both wave and other physical motion. He always seemed to have a new sea nymph to explore on weekends. He also had a taste for the killer hops, but the bumner at A.H. wasn't worth it.

If Mick can keep from passing out during P-rades, there is no doubt he'll make it somewhere. He's headed for Pensacola and the wild blue yonder, but rumor has it he won't need a plane to get around. Yea, blodder!



Michael Donald Williams

Arriving from the Sun and Fun Capitol of the World with his golf clubs and a prayer, Mike knuckled down at Navy to "get hot" on becoming a naval officer. The Kid was strictly regulation. Second class year was particularly trying for Mike. He rebounded quite nicely by quoting the maxim "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Laurels in his honor include twice Holmes Trophy winner and the first golf team captain in four years to play. Important decisions haven't been easy for Mike: nuke power or air, Porsche or Vette, should he play golf or rack it? It ain't easy having four years of civilian clothes privileges and hustling extra cash from Navy brass and golf pros. From the stupid grin on his face it was easy to realize that he was headed for the golf course and we'd always ask, "Going over to hit a few Balls?"



Robert James Brotherton

A connoisseur of beautiful women, fine clothes, and the nicer things of life, Robert James Brotherton will leave his mark at USNA as truly a quality midshipman. A native of Paoli, Pennsylvania, "Bro" was a typical studly mid, outstanding at soccer, B-ball, baseball, and sit-ups for the applied struggle.

Noted for his extravagant taste, Bro's style remained unmatched when he took off on weekends in his blue Firebird to see his one and only. Typical for Bro's liking, she was the 2nd Batt. Homecoming Queen, and a nurse that could make her patient forget what ailed him. Bro never had a pain in the world.

Always searching for new and exciting experiences, Bro's goal is to fly Navy Air. Bro will be taking off as the "Pride of Paoli", swooning over the girl he left behind, with a baseball glove in one hand and a DP in the other.



Dean, known to all as D.R. (dead reckoning) a name derived from certain traits exhibited on youngster cruise, was and is "the man with the plan". The plan was to seek out and find every loophole in the Regs. He was very successful in fulfilling this role manipulating Glee Club, Sailing and Catholic Choir movement orders to fill those weekends when duty threatened.

A native of Garfield Heights, Ohio, Dean spent most of his waking hours sailing, playing tennis and associating with young lovelies. In spite of his full schedule he still found time to keep those grades above 3.0 assuring an endless succession of long weekends.

Undaunted the master planner found out CEC gave the best deal and is now preparing to assault the fleet as a CEC officer where he will still probably be "the man with the plan".



Dean Roger Dobbert

Jay Vernon Gardiner has been a welcome member of the company ever since he left Billings, Montana, to face the rigors of USNA.

Jay has taken part in a wide variety of activities here, from manager for the football team and member of the plebe and varsity rifle teams. His extracurricular activities include the Sport Parachute Club (Geronimo!!) and W3ADO.

An Aerospace Engineering major, Jay is a former prospective chopper pilot now contemplating either surface line or nuclear power (nuclear surface, that is; he knows how to keep his head above water). Either way, we all expect him to make an excellent officer.

Despite the numerous regs and academy routine, Jay has managed to distinguish himself from the crowd. In particular, if you're ever passed by a blue Triumph Spitfire with license plates "PING!", you know there goes Gardiner.



Jay Vernon Gardiner

Hank is something of a phenomenon to everyone who has had the privilege of knowing him. His friendship, the genuine concern, the generosity that characterize all his relationships; these are very rare in a person. Each day he greeted like he was seeing the world for the first time.

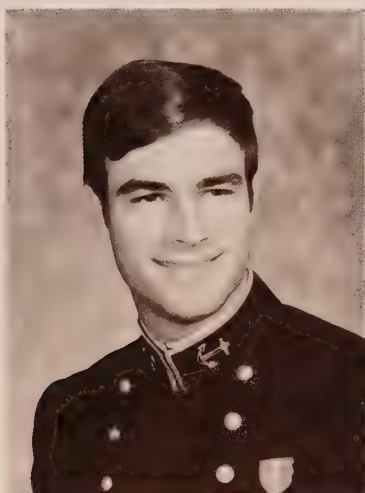
It is always an intense desire to see and do everything that can be seen and done that governs Henry's life. Whether he is silently backpacking a forest trail, soothing a dusty throat with a cold, Mexican beer, sleeping in a Swiss train station or just breezing along on his Raleigh. The thing about Henry is simply that he is committed to excellence in everything he attempts. He's had a few excellent mistakes too. But all this makes for the most patient and approving friend imaginable, a most remarkable man with the most uncorrupted commitment to life.

Bruce Hinkley is one of the fabulous four derelicts. His easy going smile and general mannerisms give him the appearance of a snake. He is one of the great partiers of all times for about half an hour. Then he is usually found sitting quietly in the corner hugging his bottle of Tequila.

Bruce is also dynamite at the Army-Navy game. He is known for going to the wrong hotel at the right time. Also he is probably the only mid in the brigade to go to the game and not even see a play.

Yes, and Bruce is quite the athlete too. He is the best player anyone has seen while he's on the bench. Bruce's favorite play is when he takes the ball right down the middle while the opposing team decides to hit him all at once. Which brings us to his injured knee.

In conclusion, Bruce will make a fine officer in the fleet, for at least 2 days.



Henry George Greinke



Bruce Everett Hinkley



Frank Anthony Inzirillo



The most exciting event in Frank Inzirillo's life, (who's he?), was being born in New York in the early FIFTIES. Thereafter, Izzy was always known as a "Moon-child", doing his best work during the midwatch; such as writing and typing papers.

But he didn't attain this lofty position without certain sacrifices. Most severe being the day he vacated his Flushing Street stomping ground, his high school sweetheart and promising future as grocery clerk in food farm.

There was no sulking for Izzy, though. He vaulted into the Academy scene and quickly set to work opening an office in Bancroft Hall.

Now he sits quietly reminiscing of the past from his rocking chair, warning all of a toilet tissue shortage, because Izzy remembers the big Rotterdam tragedy of '73 ...



Wayne Michael Jakubowski

Hailing from Kettering, Ohio, "Hoosky" has certainly left his mark on the 7th Company. Eccentricities abound in this Systems Engineering major; after all, who has ever heard of keeping a dead fish under your pillow or of buying 3 gallon cans of cashews? Makes you wonder about what goes into picking a battalion commander!

In the sports arena, "Hoosky" has been defensive coach and safety for 7th Co. lightweights for 3 years running and with remarkable results. His only mistake was being a REDSKINS FAN.

Now to the young ladies (no names of course!). With a dash of Royal Copenhagen cologne, Wayne has made the rounds while nonchalantly posing as a member of the Brigade Hop and Ring Dance Committees.

Whatever the field of endeavor, "Hoosky" can't help but come out on the top with his friendly personality and strong determination.



Steven Alan Kapitan

Known to both friend and foe as "Kap" Steve found the zone coverage of 3 - 1 and 4 - 1 more stifling than anything the opposing 150# football teams could muster. Their gang-tackling was unlike anything seen on the common gridiron. Not one to let academics get him down, Kap had a two minute drill (14 - 16 wks) that was unstoppable. All he wanted to do was work with people. Instead it seemed that the board of governors wanted to work on him. His good intentions and desire to win were two qualities which weren't striper prerequisites. He always did look better with eagles anyway! The biggest play in Kap's career has taken four years to develop. He has taken the flanker screen and eluded three would be tacklers (Lem, Deke - Jaws), Kap sees the daylight but there is one defender left - #76 surface line. A shoe string tackle here could be a sad ending to a fine career.



Steven Michael Kundrat

Affectionately known as "Hooner" or "Rat", Steve has never ceased to amaze everyone since Plebe Summer.

When he elected to be a Math major we had our doubts about him, but he has turned out to be somewhat normal despite this minor flaw.

He was born to be a rugby player - a true animal in every sense of the word. Who in the company will ever forget his returning from the Rugby Club parties?

The steadfast anchor man in our pep rally rumbles since '72, Hooner has always done his fair share by taking on 5 or 6 others when we needed him.

Voted the M.V.P. (most valuable partier) he has definitely earned the title. Thanks to him alone, Buzzy's made a profit in '74.

Looking into the future, Steve is assured the road to success (if he can only make it past Rip's).



Calvin Paul Langford

Arriving from a world tour as a Navy junior and the rocks of Rhode Island, Paul immediately went to work on the joys of Plebe Summer, grew oars and joined the Navy crew. Rates and surviving nightly Firstie raids rounded out Plebe year. Youngster year wasn't much better. There were always door to door service Coke machines, laundry bag monsters and elevators getting in the way. No problems. Second Class year found his roommate on TAD on the shores of Hospital Pt., so he moved in with the Scuba Club's mighty puff-puff machine. Another Plebe Summer dawned and under a blistering sun, he almost wilted, but rate traps and kissing concrete walls slowed things down. The Hornet recovered and Paul stole a third crew championship. It would have been Corps but for muddy boots, or Surface but it rolls too much. So Navy Air is his reward ... Sit-ups his nemesis.



Ernest Gilbert Leidiger

Ernie Leidiger is the "man around the PIT". One of his best traits is his proficient description in the proper care and use of the RACK.

Ernie is the kind of guy that says and does the "right thing at the right time," for instance, wears the wrong civilian attire at the wrong time; rides the wrong type of "motor vehicle(?) at the wrong time; and gets caught with the "goods" at the wrong time. You can see that Ernie never really had it together at the right time.

On weekends, Black Cow would be in an endless search for White Rabbit, who together, would roam this haven of Annapolis for those elusive "seat cushions." Being what he is, Ol' Ern escaped harrassment by driving his jewel - the Ol' smooth - riding Chevy van. I guess the song "Making Love in My Chevy Van" really got to Ern, because it became quite an outstanding kapookapeck mobile.

Peter saw a ferry this summer on the very tip, northwestern edge of the American parking lot steaming silently in its own lengthening shadow hard pressed by the sinking sun's glorious red and orange tentacles. Inspiringly, he garnered what remaining strength preserved from lust and boredom what was willing to still reside in that semi-imperfect gorm and he harnessed himself to the supreme charioteers and rode resplendently across sky-dyed heavens in acceptance and divine condensation. The eternally imprisoned orbs listlessly encased in subject skull's sockets foreverly resolved to struggle against bright, hard, merciless, forces as he understoodly perceived the stranded, fundamentalist pressuring not-unsimple friends deep in the Tacoma jungle and proposed renownedly favored notions of permanently prohibiting in roping off fashion-movie theatre fashion-unwanted guests.

Peter, born in Staten Island, very much would like to go to Iran.



Peter Olivieri

Bill, also known as the Wizard of Oz, Dorff, and bookman comes from the land where everything is southern, made southern, or tries to be southern. Dorff's dog, Jefferson Davis, will attest to that.

Being basically uncultured at heart Dorff has dabbled into just about everything here at USNA, including two majors. He has participated in most of the intramural sports and even got involved in collegiate golf for awhile. An avid diver Dorff Dan has had a booming love life consisting of a couple of mermaids. He's smiling a lot recently and rumor has it that the Army had a better idea.

Being a Systems Engineer Dorff has finally admitted that his fondest "Quality" moments are those he spent late at night with the analogs.

In whatever Dorff does I'm sure the saying if Bill can't do it nobody can, will follow him.



William Charles Ostendorff

Smilin' Ike just really soared around this place for four years. You didn't always think he was soaring, but a minute or two talking with him nearly always left you smiling too. It wasn't necessarily his academic prowess or fleet feet, his like for bookin' or his way with women - these didn't really carry him through from day to day. It was that strong inner faith that he had. That was really evident. Ike was the guy you knew would always understand you or someone else when they really needed to get some encouragement. No one is really sure, but after a three year running battle of wits with the Lemmer, legend has it as 673 to 672 in favor of Oh-nowens. Swimming wasn't his feat, but Coach Higgins he could beat, in a sixty yard heat. We'll all be looking for Ike often and anxious to find out "whas happnin" in the years ahead.



Isaiah Hudson Owens, Jr.

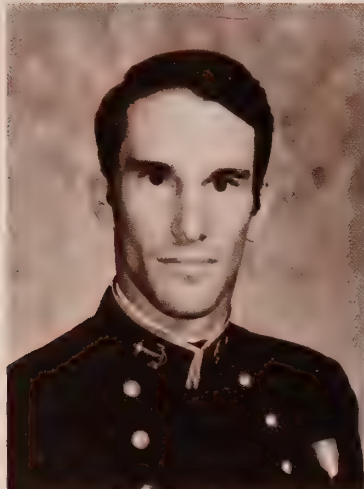
Terry, alias Pearl, Adolf, Mr. Clean, Saurkraut, and Lick, came to us from Ft. Wayne, Indiana. His keen wit and personable nature coupled with his exceptional proficiency on the pibbity court have made him popular with us all. When room inspection time rolls around there is never any doubt in anyone's mind as to who is going to bilge us all. We all knew we were in for a tough year when his room was selected to be the example room for the company.

Pearl's German heritage was no doubt a major influence in his selecting German as his major. Although an extremely conscientious worker, Pearl seldom allowed studies to interfere with his trips to the Field House or to the Steerage for his nightly rendezvous with Louise. Other extracurricular activities include several tours made with the Glee Club and weekly performances with the Chapel Choir.

As for future plans, Pearl says surface line looks mighty fine. Our congratulations to Hilde and Rog for an exceptionally fine son.



Terry Frank Perlich



Randall Louis Pinetti

Our most active probate, Randall "Dick" Pinetti, is probably best known for his impersonation of a Mid in academic trouble. Although his impersonations did bring him stripes during one summer set, he would have much rather spent his time being his cold woman-killing self. When the bear flag was missing off his bulletin board, you knew he was engaged.

Randy has always kept himself busy here at USNA: President of Marine Technology Society, brown belt member of the Karate Club, and Kamakaze scholar at the thumper tables. Life was not all so pleasant for Dick though, Izzy made things crutchy for a time. Buzzy had trouble making out where he put it all, he thought the cast was hollow.

Scuba trips were many but never as much fun as Sportsman Club campouts.

Randy is one person I know that will succeed in any walk of life. He is somebody you can always count on.



Steven James Raher

Steven James "Rocky" Raher started Sout plebe summer with a bang by validating 53 semester hours of credit. Rocky majored in Math and Physics, and completed his first class year as a Trident Scholar. His project was a Fourier analysis of brain waves. In addition to his Trident Scholarship, he has been nominated for Rhodes Scholarship.

On the athletic side, Rocky played Batt squash, was a memeber of the Brigade Champion Batt Team Handball team, and braved the Severn on the company sailing team. Rocky joined the USNA Karate Club plebe year, and has achieved the rank of brown belt.

Rocky made a Boomer deterrent patrol aboard the USS Stonewall Jackson (SSBN 634) for his first class cruise. He plans to go Nuke Power for service selection and hopes to serve aboard SSN's after graduation.

John Ravold came to Canoe U. hailing from Jekyll Island, Georgia. After an endless summer at Navy, he charged right into Plebe year academics, sports, pep rallies (and usually to sick bay after the pep rallies) and YP's, where he was a natural. He opted for Naval Architecture in order to build that dream boat, and thus sentenced himself to the life of an engineer. Youngster year saw John growing more familiar with the famous "Melville Mile," huge piles of engineering books, YP's and lots of "midnight oil." John claimed to do his best work at night, but from youngster on he was plagued with roommates who turned in early (i.e., before 2400). Second class year was highlighted by a two month tour in the hospital, more books, lots of late nights, and the purchase of his famous blue "pregnant bubble." John is looking toward nuclear power surface warfare and beaching the one that got away. Float on!



John Francis Ravold



Charles Elton Renner

Charles Elton Renner came to Navy from NAPS and Great Lakes, and found Maryland a lot different from Plain City, Ohio. Chuck put his electronics training to work at WRNV, and as vice-president of the Amateur Radio Club. On his trips back and forth from I.U.P., he could be seen in his Halloween Monza, talking on yet another radio. You could always tell when Chuck was coming; he was the only firstie who walked at 10 mph. Who else would take a long weekend to watch the sun rise from atop Ritchie Overlook and try to wake the entire world in the process. Usually deliberate and conscientious, the only person who could make him sweat, hurry, and otherwise go bananas was his real live Barbie Doll. Yet, she somehow managed to keep him in line, and get him through first class year and graduation. Barb's getting the best roommate anyone could ever have, when she and Chuck say the words.



Just think of wires and your thoughts are immediately soldered to Jim Sanford. From radio and TV repair, audio and projector maintenance, radio studio work at the Academy's WRNV, to being president of the Amateur Radio Club W3ADO, Jim has lived in the shocking world of electricity and electro magnetic waves.

Jim's personality covers the whole spectrum, from kindness, thoughtfulness, love (Patti), to "nasty grams" sent to obtain a badly needed part.

As a blue Monza swerves around a corner with dim lights and an amp meter permanently pegged to charge, you know it is Jim. With an air conditioner, tape deck, two amateur radios, and an electric rear window defogger his battery doesn't have a spark of a chance.

He is not satisfied with electrons as his brain waves are modulated by thoughts of nuclear energy.



James Alan Sanford

Known to many as "J.J." and occasionally as "Mainstreet-One-Way", Jeff will never be forgotten by anyone who knew him.

He spent four years majoring in football and the little time he had left over he spent working in the Political Science area. It was hard work hunting up the gouge every night - especially that Spanish.

A true gentleman(?) in every sense of the word, J.J. could still party with the best of them, and he did. In the off - season he was either tearing up the ski slopes or pounding the tennis balls. A true competitor in everything.

Jeff was also the resident expert on just about anything. Any question about etiquette, fashion, budget, cars, etc. - this was the man with the answer.

Never a big success in the academic area Jeff turned down Nuke School and will be flying the friendly skies of Navy.



Jeffrey Jackson Scott

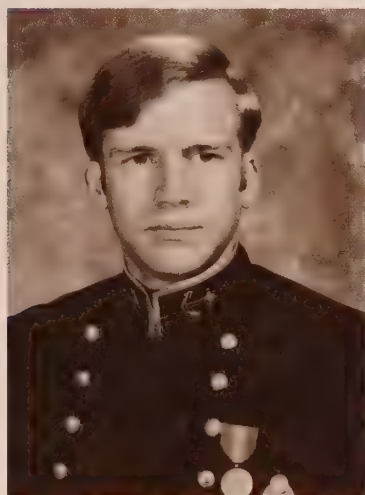
Chas. Reese Trude is without a doubt the gnarliest member of '76. His prior enlisted service as an IC man and his sailing earned him the nickname "Salt." True to form, he became a naval architect, or NARC, and embarked on his mission of drawing sailboats on every notebook and blackboard within the seven mile limit.

Chuck will always be remembered for his openness with people. In fact, one of his plebe year professors awarded him 40 demos for his frankness. Chuck is a man of principles though, and will do what he feels is right no matter how uncomfortable the consequences.

Chuck is headed for Pensacola for flight training and then off to be a jet jockey. To that end he has been practicing by driving his \$7000 Cosworth Vega around. Chuck has a lot together and will go far if the highway patrol and finance companies don't catch up with him.

From "Pottstown, Pa." he came, making academic excellence and unquestionable morals his claim to fame. This young man quickly established himself as a leader among men, looked upon by his fellow classmates as one in which they could endear their trust and friendship.

Upon entering that dim dark tunnel of plebe year, with only faint ideas of what lay ahead, he fought his way through wrestling with heat exhaustion from "thermo". getting callouses from crew, dodging Form 2's, overcoming peril after peril. While the hard grip of academia and the heavy weight of regimentation choked and crushed many who ventured their paths, he rose to the challenge as a "Systems major" and calmed these beasts. Out of the darkened tunnel emerged a giant among giants, a legend among men! Well, not exactly, but he is certainly one heck of a guy, a true scholar, gentleman and friend.



Charles Reese Trude



David John Venlet



Ellis Dexter Woumnm



Whether you said Wow-mum, Bubba, Ed, or Woomenumenum, everybody knew who you were talking about. It was the man with the van from Atlanta. His interest in anything that had an engine and four wheels made him our natural choice to be company car rep. Actually, he "wound" up being more of the resident engine doctor for most of us. Anytime a blinding yellow flash appeared, it was Ellis and his fast banana – the hottest Pantera in the yard. Probably the source of his most satisfying athletic experiences came from pulling an oar for Navy crew. Long hard hours on the water and many sweaty battles in the handball court just made his farmin' on the weekends that much more fruitful. Being from Georgia, Bubba was in a league of his own at pickin' peaches. He has been a great guy to know and we hope to keep bumping into him for years to come.



Philip Michael Abbott

Mike drifted into Annapolis from beautiful Hawaii, unaware of what was in store for him at Canoe U. He went through plebe year with ease as an honorary West Virginian. Birdman then took to his major, economics, like a duck to water and to his unmajor and archnemesis, French, like a rock to water. Drifty was one of the infamous Boys in the Band, whose numerous escapades could fill volumes. A few memorable ones are the graveyard, skinnydipping, the R & R club, and countless parties including one particular one in Baltimore. His everpresent Aloha spirit and Teal's Law got him through good times and bad.

The love of his life is a beautiful, yellow Econoline which has taken to all points of the compass rose. Mike will choose to fly the friendly skies of Navy Air, and they couldn't ask for a better man to wear the wings of gold.



Matt, or "Boze", as many of us call him, came to USNA from the tumbleweeds of Texas. He immediately proved himself a hard worker, a police expert and a wild Texas A & M fan. As a Math Major, Matt spent many a memorable night struggling with Matrix, Analysis, and other assorted mathematical animals.

Most importantly though, Matt is a dedicated Christian, and this strength kept him going whenever the times got rough. Matt is always ready to relax with friends. He is an intense though easy-going individual who has the dedication to be a great asset wherever he goes. Professionally, Matt has set his sights on Nuclear Power. Anyway you look at it, the fleet gains a good man in Matt. "Integrity and firmness is all I can promise; these . . . shall never forsake me although I may be deserted by all men." George Washington.



Dudley Matthew Bozeman

Joe came to the Academy from the Prairie state of Illinois. Before that home was Ecuador. Since then he has traveled east and west reaching Japan and France.

Never one to ease up on the books, Cala outdistanced all in academics. He could think, speak, and write in three different languages. But Pepe was always ready to lend a hand in having a good time. Put on some boogie music and Joe became a perpetual motion machine, on the dance floor and off. A very funny guy; he was quick with a joke - practical, sick or otherwise.

Navy Air had him but that sub on first class cruise stole his affections. Well not quite. A certain delightfully accentuated miss had his heart in bondage from the beginning. That's alright though; he never would have made it as a bachelor - he likes to be pampered.



Jose Gilberto Calahorrano

Brant arrived on our naval shores, keen and polished, having prepped a year at the venerable institution NAPS. He immediately impressed all with his uncanny ability to "sweat" going to such lengths as sharing a shower with his roommate to make a come-around! This tremendous drive was soon reflected on the basketball court as our lean and mean star made the plebe team with ease. He soon developed an avowed reverence for the b-ball. Once a venturesome classmate, feeling daring, managed to borrow Brant's ball only to ruin it on the outdoor surface. His reaction - kaleidoscopic!

Brant found the going somewhat more troublesome in the elusive academic arena. Like a true competitor he acknowledged defeat to the O.A. mind bogglers just to find false security with the slippery Analytical Managers. He returns to his native California with Navy's Surface Line.

Rafael Dacanay of Mandaluyong Rizal, Philippines, pursued the path of personal challenge. He majored in wires, constantly burning the midnight oil, and sometimes the all night oil. Few people knew the cause of his apparently odd study habits. Raffy was the victim of jet lag, another personal challenge which he gladly welcomed and met head on by doing his best to sleep during the nights of his homeland. Having a flair for the international, he made it a point to visit as many points of interest as possible during youngster cruise, including the Arc de Triumphe in Paris.

Before coming to the Naval Academy, Rafael had diligently pursued the art of self defense, which was more than ample preparation for Navy's physical education program.

Such a fine, individual will certainly serve his Navy well as a conscientious officer and a gentleman.



Brant Michael Carter



Rafael Villasanta Dacanay



Stephen Dewitt Ewers



A natural in the field of civilian line, Steve got on the wrong train and found himself in Crabtown. It took a while (four years?) for Steve to forget the casual, relaxed atmosphere of old Lyme, Connecticut and assimilate the Un-College routine. With a marked versatility, Steve could avoid serious bouts with the books in favor of the wardroom, a party or two, or a conversational evening, while maintaining his good standing in the chemistry major.

An intramural athlete, Steve has been on two Brigade soccer teams and a Brigade fieldball team, while on the extracurricular side he is an avid bachelor. A master of unpredictability, Steve surprised us all with his selection of Marine green. Which all goes to show the Marines do need an occasional "few good men."

Jack came down to us from high school in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. Plebe year he made his claim to fame as the chief hull engineer of the company Army project. Good thing he chose Oceanography as his major; only the fish have to worry about his design talents.

One of the first in the company to buy a car, Jack changed his order about 20 times. It's a wonder he actually ended up with the machine he wanted; a Firebird. But it helped him out when he forsook three years of hard crew workouts for the rigors of long distance driving. Jack was one of those who suffered from a chronic case of "white line fever" on the weekends. Jack loved the wardroom, a good chow-down, and truly was a good, steady guy. As he gets underway from USNA and sets his departing course the sun is shining on his future.

Bob hails from sunny southern California and follows his father's trail straight to the doors of Bancroft. After running cross country and track during plebe year, he coached and coaxed many a classmate through a difficult mile. An Oceanography major, he has excelled academically, occasionally gracing the Dean's list.

A committed Christian, he was always ready to sit down and talk about Jesus. A confirmed bachelor for more than three years, he took the big leap as a firstie and got engaged. He is headed for Pensacola and a career as a navy pilot.

One thing have I asked of the Lord,
That will I seek after
That I may dwell in the House of the Lord
To Behold the Beauty of the Lord
And to inquire in his temple.

Psalms 27:4



John Edward Gault



Robert Bruce Guild

A native of Glen Head, New York, Peter came to NAVY an experienced "preppy". Peter found the rigors of Plebe year very realistic when his first set squad leader, a notorious first classman, proclaimed the first week as "out-to-get-Harris Week!" Many weekends found our man difficult to pin down; only one of his harem of classy Ivy League women managed that feat. Endowed with an abundance of athletic ability, Peter often dashed into his room, having just won a tough squash match, only to rush out moments later with skates and hockey stick in hand.

First class year provided its share of excitement for "Bones." During his New Zealand foreign exchange cruise on board the NMNZS Canterbury he was nominated for the Glass Tipplers Hall of Fame with the highest bar bill! We wish Peter the best of luck wherever he may go.



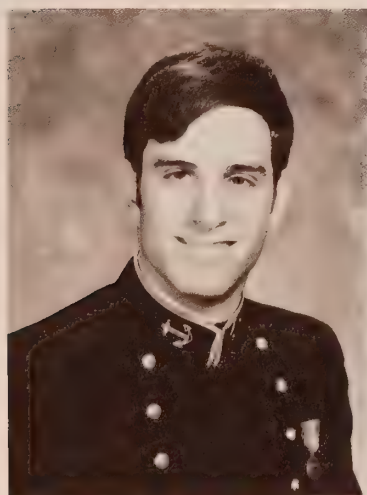
Peter Webster Harris



Timothy Joseph Hesketh

Tim came to us from Cleveland, his mind set, but never telling anyone, on leaving the Academy "grunting." His main interests are sports and girls, with the latter having the edge. Many a broken heart has he left behind, but the long-distance runner appears to be lonely no longer.

An outstanding boxer, he kayoed a member of his company in ten seconds of youngster boxing. (The same punch he must have used on his Cleveland Miss, no doubt!) He does have trouble keeping roommates, however, for one reason or another, they seem to fall by the wayside, The "Jinx" he is known as. And no one will forget the company picnic when he tried to catch a ball with his face. I am sure the tank corps of the Marines will welcome with a waiting TBS, a mathematical wizard of the caliber they will receive with Tim.



Lee Owen Moss

Lee rolled his way to USNA from the big-city life of Huntington, Long Island. An academic success in high school, Lee learned Plebe year that success required plenty of work and desire. Work he has, right through his Ocean Engineering major into nuclear power school. He always seemed to find time for his Wednesday night phone calls and weekends with his special little Hood girl.

Although not one of the most athletic members of 8th company, Lee did manage to contribute to the success of the company Brigade championship soccer team and pass his P.E. tests with a minimal amount of effort. "Validating" second semester Youngster year, Lee recovered in time to enjoy his favorite pastime during Protramid and summer school. June will bring graduation, marriage, and a trip to Orlando to begin preparation for a career in nuclear submarines.

Pat flew in here from sunny San Diego and aspired to fly out of USNA into the ranks of the airdales. But Navy Junior Pat went sub - 20/20 while here so he'll have to RIO his way out. Pat also came here determined to prove that a mid can exit USNA with the same girl he entered with. In fact, he married her upon graduation.

An International Security Affairs type, he somehow managed to finish all his papers in spite of his griping and frequent visits to Sick Bay. Ole Nev-nuts was a mainstay of intramurals and even found some time for the French Club. Most of his time, however, was spent with that young lovely who eventually moved to Crabtown (or was it with that Maserati?). Hopefully when he drags his skinny bod out of here, he will unload one or the other (the car, Pat!) Pat's future looks good as he launches from the decks of USNA to find his horizon.



Patrick Oliver Nevitt



John Richard Pagan

John, or Peigs, as he is often called, hails from Ravenna, Ohio. He spent one year at Kent State with the Army ROTC before coming to USNA.

John started his career at Navy by being four days late for reporting for plebe summer. That was the start of a long, hard struggle for John to make it through plebe year. He managed to redeem himself by being a stand-out in leadership and academics for the rest of his stay at the academy. Not even a good flick on the tube was able to suck him in from his O.A. books. He is famous for sticking around after company parties, and not even the dental department's hardware on his teeth could prevent him from munching the left-overs.

With an attitude that spells success, John should be one of the Academy's fine contributions to the nuke power program.



Osland Paulding

Osland "Ozzie" Paulding came to the Academy from San Francisco via the Naval Academy prep school. A natural "aqua-rock", Oz spent many hours fighting to escape the clutches of Coach Higgins. After an initial taste of life at sea on 3/C cruise, Ozzie became a confirmed candidate for the Marine Corps. This service selection was strengthened on 1/C cruise, with a stay at Kaneohe, Hawaii with the 1st Marine Brigade.

On leave periods, he has spent his time fishing and chasing girls. His latest hobby is gambling at horse races and at the casinos in Lake Tahoe. Highlights of his 4 years at USNA include his fieldball play, predicting the weather and terrorizing plebes. With his natural humor and boyish charm, Oz will be a hit wherever he goes. He will make the marine corps a great NFO.



Raymond Paul Putt, Jr.

Ray came to USNA from Newmanstown, Pennsylvania by way of Columbian Prep. He arrived with two loves - sports and girls. His athletic pursuits were channeled to the intra-mural level but his affinity for the fairer sex will always be varsity competition.

"Putter's" academic interests brought him to major in Math. Had it not been for "Santa Sammy" this could have been a tragic mistake.

We'll remember Ray's pizza runs while a member of the Brigade Staff. He didn't need an excuse to go out in town, all it took was a phone call from a lovely lady. Who cares about academics First Class year anyway?

Always out for a good time, on cruise or on a weekend, but always getting the job done first, Ray will be a welcome addition to the Surface Navy, nuclear powered, we hope. But however he goes, he'll go in style.



Mason Charles Reddix, Jr.

Chuck Reddix turned down Harvard when he found out they did not have a YP program or a Surface Line option. The San Antonio wizard marched on to Gymnastics manager, Brigade Deputy Commander youngster year, and head of the Human Goals Committee first class year, despite the efforts of his (tough)? Political Science major, and his overbearing roommates.

He couldn't find an M-151 jeep so he settled for a BMW and broke the windshield the first time he drove it. He wore it out the first six months he owned it shuttling between USNA and Philly every weekend visiting a certain young lady. His good companionship and slow wit will obviously be wasted as he sets off on his lifelong dream of a cruise on the USS NEVERDOCK. Someday we will see Chuck as CNO with his feet propped up on the desk, his Taj Mahal record playing, and munching on an Oreo cookie.



Thomas John Reilly

TJ, a native of the windy city. Quick of wit - he's the life of any group or party. The Fleet gains a great sense of humor when "Tommy" trucks out for duty after graduation.

Short of stature but mean as the biggest. Always gives a 150% in any contest. Hot dog - good at any sport.

Intelligent - Aerospace cake for him, so was the "J.O.K.E." High QPR. Well rounded - can expound on any subject. Fantastic knowledge of any kind of trivia. Can always win an argument with his clear and logical deduction.

A true military man? Friend to anyone. Had all officers and firsties in his pockets. Never had a plebe year. Good times with peers.

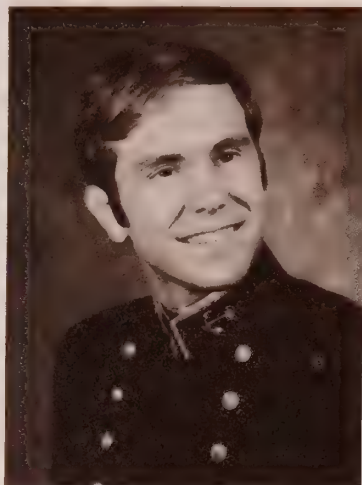
A natural leader? When he's serious - fairness his motto. Air? Whatever Riles ends up doing, he will do it with style. Tom's future appears to be as limitless as his wit.

Ben came to us from Newport; or was it Pensacola or is it Tallahassee? A Systems Engineer, Ben could usually be found programming away on the computer, or making a computer. For a computer type he sure knew a few females who didn't know inverters from differentiators. He also spent 3 years shooting with the Rifle Team and earned an "N", despite his unstable "most stable" firing position.

Ben often didn't say much but he could always be found on cruises out having a good time with the boys (except first class cruise when he disappeared for eleven weeks to grow some gills under the waves). He did surface and perhaps he will surface permanently. Ben was tight with underclass, loose with classmates, or sometimes just tight (e.g. semester break). He aspires towards Nuclear Power and his future looks bright as he sails from USNA into the world.



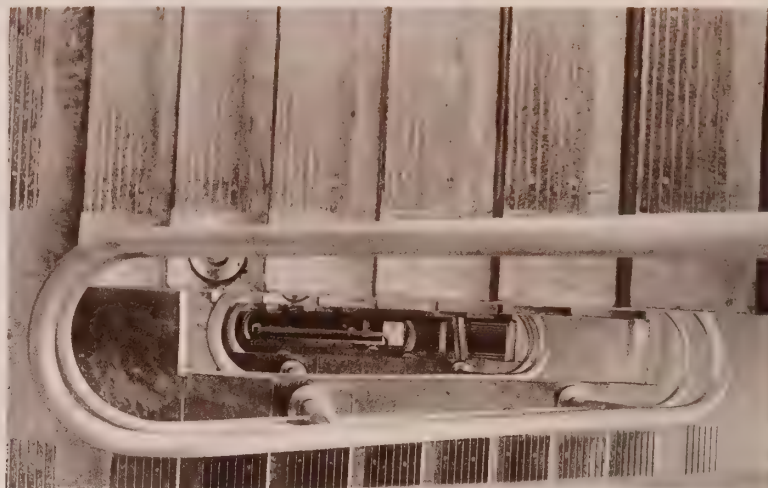
Benjamin Henry Scott II



Floyd Coleman Searl, Jr.

Floyd, a Navy Junior, brought many varied interests to the Academy with hair, girls, coin collecting, and distance running chief among them. A sandblower in stature, but a distance runner at heart, he ran intramural cross country and track and also ran in local marathons. His hair has always been at the outer limits of "reg" and plebe year when asked "When was the last time you had a haircut, Mister?", he replied, "my roommate just gave me one, Sir!" Nonetheless, he was one of the tighter upperclassmen and woe to the plebes within yelling distance.

A slash in academics, Floyd signed up for an overload so he could register early and then dropped to a normal load. Always ready for a challenge, he chose math as a major with a strong minor in snoozing in class. A victim of two surface cruises, Floyd has opted for nuclear submarines.



Vincent Lee Smith

ODE TO A CHOAD: Vincent L. Smith hit the Naval Academy as well as might be expected from any of your average, everyday sun studs from Hawaii. Budding with aspirations of proving himself a great athlete, little did he anticipate becoming the perpetual king of the Excused Squad. Actually, while he wasn't busy displaying his vast warbling talents with the Glee Club, he proved to be an aggressive linebacker for the 150s.

Alas, poor Vincey also had his downfall: Every weekend it was either, "Well, my horse has just got to win this time - my calculations and the law of averages says so," or "Hey, it's off to see the Babe in Balto." He proved to be pretty good with those tricky little numbers in Ops Analysis - enough to get him a Burke Scholarship. The Corps is looking for a few good men - and they've got one.



Richard Keith Stutler

Stuts came to USNA covered with coal dust from the wild wacky hills of West Virginia. Definitely a wine, women, and song man, but not necessarily in that order. If it could be bottled he could drink it. Along with his Plebe year roommates he went on to form the boys in the band.

Perpetual member of the swimming subsquad, the Great White Whale could be found practicing many long hours in the pool. When not in the pool, Mad Dog could be found punishing people, and himself, on the Batt football and rugby teams.

Rick got his car early second class year, a beautiful silver Trans-Am, just what he'd always wanted. Thanks to his brother, he started first class year with a souped-up Capri.

Upon graduation the Marine Corps assumes responsibility. It should prove interesting, but that will be nothing out of the ordinary.



Terrance Allan Tielking

Hailing from Liverpool, New York, Terry arrived in Annapolis well prepared for a four year stint at the local un-college. Besides his wife-to-be and a natural leadership ability, he had the prerequisite athletic pedigree. However, he soon found his interests diverted from soccer and lacrosse to the pool. A member of the aqua-rock fraternity, Terry managed to keep his head just above water.

A big hit at the parties, Terry never has a problem attracting the girls and always manages to stay a step ahead of them. During the week, when not defying the laws of biology at the bottom of the pool or working out in the rack, he found time to play on several Brigade Championship teams. After he succumbs to marital bliss, Terry plans on heading down to flytown to add his considerable talent to navy air.



Malu Tupuola, Jr.

Junior, alias the Mad Coconut, came cruising in like a well-tuned Mack truck. Easily the biggest man in the company, he was a true jock from the word go. He always gave 150% on the football team and coach Higgins will testify to his rugged prowess with the varsity "Aqua-rocks." In his spare time the Coconut could be found working out (especially those bouts with the relentless Z monster) somewhere on the USNA grounds. He also was especially formidable at the bale (oh, the starving plebes.)

During his off time, Junior could be found pursuing another favorite pastime: partying. His trusty Firebird helped provide many hours of wine, women, and song. His easy smile and quick laugh endeared him to everyone he met. As he heads for surface warfare and, eventually, wings of gold, the great mistress of fortune is smiling upon him.

Steve, alias the "Wile E. Coyote", came to the trade school a pure, flag-waving American boy from Ada, Oklahoma. After surviving the window wars with his Eskimo roommate plebe year, he got himself another good one, a mountain man from Appalachia. This is when his great demise began. He soon became one of the infamous Boys in the Band. The many escapades that followed won't be easily forgotten. Those Saturday nights alternating between the river bank and the graveyard taught Wiles how to drink like a man. Remember those Schlitzsicles?

A great Alpine skier, his best event was the giant downhill tumble. Steve got his car late second class year and became a charter member of the 8th Co. good drivers club. When that great June day comes, Wiles will be on his way to Pensacola to join the ranks of the Navy's best and earn his wings of Gold.



Stephen Nelson Wiley



Thomas Quentin Bakke

Tom followed a proud family tradition choosing Navy over Duke as his Alma Mater. He never made captain of the football team but he was known for his prowess on a surfboard. As far as academics, Tom did very well. One had only to ask him. Being a stud on the athletic field, Tom easily mastered intramural sports, especially when it came to fast pitch softball. Speaking of fast pitches, Tom could always talk himself out of trouble, or into the arms of some waiting girl. But then when you are the only plebe with wheels in the brigade, it is no wonder he had little difficulty with the females. It seems Tomwise is joining the airdales of Pensacola to be an NFO. Though in Florida, Tom won't abandon his love for the Redskins over the Dolphins. Whatever aircraft Tom finds himself in, the Navy can be assured that they are getting a top notch back seat driver.



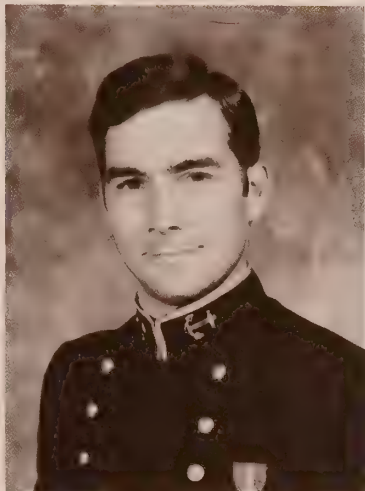
Joseph Francis Buranosky

Joe received his appointment to the Academy just six days short of induction, so it took the better part of plebe year to decide whether midshipman sounded better than mister. However, when Joe made up his mind, he changed his name to Buro, or was it Burrow, and the long hibernation with the books began. While being frustrated in his dreams of playing alongside the Big Blue on the field, Buro would not be denied in the classroom, opting for ana mana as his major. Joe's perseverance has paid off though, if class rank and Burke equivalence mean anything. As for social life, Joe's general good nature got him invited to many a party. Joe's service selection was never really in doubt realizing that he spent three summers with the Marines in one aspect or another. Thanks to the Gator force, the Navy has lost a real hard working, highly motivated individual to the Corps.



John Michael Carter

John is a brother from Daytona Beach. Throughout his four years at USNA, John has engaged himself in wild but normal activities. Plebe summer, he became very popular with the first class. As a proficient photographer, John could take pictures of the firsties playing poker without being caught ... almost. Sportwise, the company soccer team can blame its success on his mastery of the Kung Fu kick (without being called for a dangerous play). John joined the Antiphonal Choir which benefited from his awe inspiring voice. On the lighter side, John's fine taste in women has led his classmates to believe there is an animal under his soft exterior. We look forward to seeing John out in the Surface Fleet commanding destroyers, cruisers, and perhaps even ocean-going tugs. But will he fly?



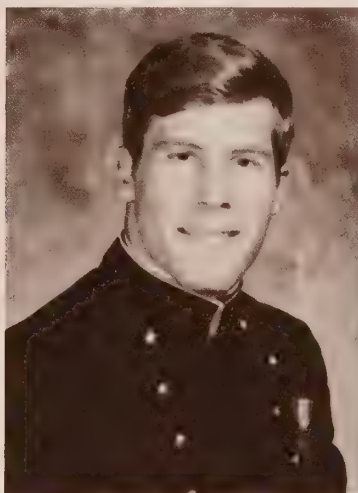
Alex Young Cobble

Alex Cobble talked his way to Annapolis from the desert regions of Arizona and after three false starts finally made it past his sophomore year in college and graduated from his fourth alma mater, "The University of Navy". Always the perennial optimist Alex perpetually had something good to contribute. Alex worked hard at having a good time at Navy and made the most of every situation. As a hard working member of the crew team Alex rowed for two years and in his final year channeled his energies into debate and something he was really good at — talking. Academics ... well everyone has their shortcomings. "What good are grades anyway?" Alex appeared to be headed for surface line, but the medical department gave him clearance and it was off to Pensacola. "Hey, Alex, they don't use hot air balloons, anymore."



William Sebrell Craighill

Wild Bill hails from various parts, though he nominally claims Atlanta as his home. An enterprising man, he made his presence felt immediately plebe summer by losing 50 pounds, then quickly gaining it all back. A likeable person, he readily made friends with some of the more temperamental upperclass. At the insistence of the director, Bill sang with the Antiphonal Choir for four years (who's kidding who?). He can be counted on to stand a classmate's watch, duty, or even lend him money. Yes, Wild Bill has been a real chump, er, chum. He has also held one of the longest reigns as wardroom king. On a more realistic note, Bill has done a lot at USNA, made a lot of friends, and had his friendship greatly appreciated. With his assets there is no doubt that he will become a great nuke puke, but in who's navy? God forbid that it be ours!



Michael Francis Dailey

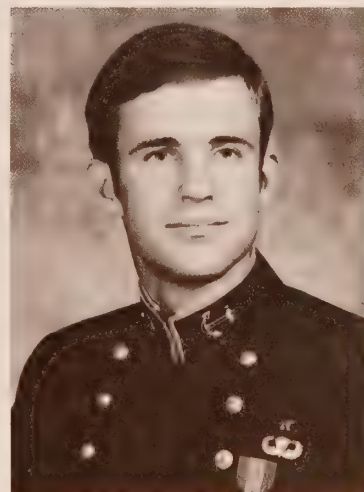
Dales hails from Aurora, Illinois, the first city with street lights, Marmion, and Merce and Jack. Having turned down Brown and Yales, Dales came to the Academy to obtain the \$4,000 loan and purchase a Porsche and Rolling Stones Albums. Meanwhile he occupied himself playing "Big Blue" football. Although he had great ability as a running back and unusual talent "cleaning cluck" on punts, Dales elected to pursue his "stars" in physics rather than the gridiron after plebe year. Mike's future: Even working 0800 — 0830 on a staff cruise in Hawaii wasn't enough to induce Dales into the Nuc Corps, looks like the aviators have a 4.0 weapon's platform operator. Wherever Mike finds himself in life may he find luck; that situation where preparation meet opportunity; in essence may he have the opportunity to accomplish his desires ...

Robert is a Southern boy at heart. He arrived at the Academy from Brunswick, Georgia and it didn't take him long to become adapted to the life of a midshipman.

Robert was involved in numerous activities while at the Academy. During the spring and fall of his first three years, you could find him on the Chesapeake in one of the Navy sailboats. During the colder months, Robert managed to find time to work with the rifle team. He was properly rewarded with the coveted N-Star.

But his most cherished activity was the Glee Club. Having made every tour he was ready to take over as President.

Grades came easy to Robert, either he knew it before hand or he went for E.I. It looks like sunny Florida and Nuke School from here. Subs or surface, who knows? But smooth sailing ahead is for sure.



Wiley Robert Deal, Jr.

John came to USNA from Union City, Tennessee and actually put Union City on the map with his appointment. John concentrated his plebe year efforts in two areas — football and academics — and succeeded in both. Assuming the punting duties early in the season, he never failed to "hang em high." An unfortunate injury ended his punting, along with all his PE tests. Some say he held the record for most consecutive PE tests deferred. Although his slow speaking style caused him much anguish, it was a charm the women found irresistible, whether the setting was a beautiful sunrise in Charleston or a dream come true in Lexington.

John's future holds great promise. After two months on the "Big Sam," where he learned the true meaning of the "paycheck" he ruled himself out and will option for the Supply Corps and the good life. No one doubts that he will succeed in both!



John William Drerup

Mistew Elwis wiww teww us how gwad he is to be from Phiwadewphia, Pennsylvania, that great city whewe we pway Ahwmy. He's really done quite well here with athletics and grades. To illustrate each one we'll do him justice while having fun. At night his study habits are something else to hear, The Rolling Stones and J. Geills Band at volumes only he can stand. He's been a lightweight crew jock for three years going on four, with a loud voice and good lungs, you could guess what he might be: Part manager, part coach and a coxswain by trade.

There is an interesting story to his service selection, a better phrase would be service rejection. According to tests for the color we see, he was blind and then seeing and now permanently blind. So the Staff Corps has captured a mighty fine lad. A bit small, a bit crazy, but a credit to the Navy.



Peter Martin Ellis

Bernard, as he is known to all of his classmates, came to us from Emporia, Virginia, and immediately noticed a marked difference between his rural background and this melting pot of sophistication. Soon realizing that an occasional break from the rigors of Plebe year would be in order, he joined the Drum and Bugle Corps.

Double majoring in Latin American studies and a lovely girl named Pat, he has gone far in both: achieving a 3.2 in one, and an engagement with the other for June '76.

First class year has brought a new Bernard to us all. After hours of orthodontal work, and a major restructuring of his jaw, which resulted in six weeks on a liquid diet, Bernard aspires to begin a career in ... not the movies, but Navy Air after graduation. And he has often been heard to say: "The only way is flight pay!"



James Bernard Epps



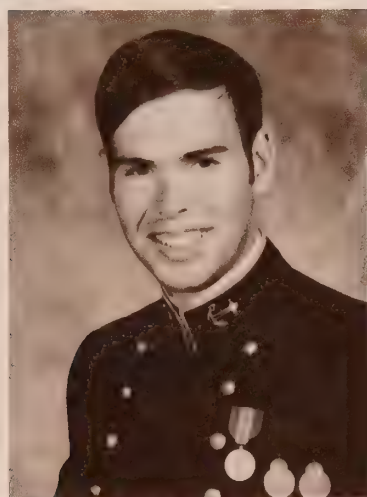
Haddon Bates Estabrooks, Jr.

Bates had a jump on us all as we began our four year residency here at Navy. Six years at NYMA left Bates in good stead in military ways.

Youngster year found Bates busy in his Physics major. Since he usually slept through all of his classes, he turned to E.I. for help.

Bates spent a lot of time with Coach Ulrich on Weems Creek but after a couple of uneventful seasons, turned to the company sports scene. His life took a big turn at the '73 VMI game where he met his new love. This relationship survived some shaky times during second class year but finally clicked together.

The thrill of Airborne and the sight of gold wings caught Bates up in one fell swoop and now he gives his boots a workout every chance he gets. He will be remembered as the human "Jane's Fighting Ships" and looks forward to his future as a nuke surface jock.



Steven Andrew Gray

Pulling his feet from the furrows of Western New York, Steve packed up for his new life here in Crabtown.

Steve began to place his priorities in order with the following outcome: Sailing, beer, cars, classes. Besides a brief fling with a local husband-seeker, girls rarely fit into the picture.

Second class year found Steve, once again, reordering his priorities, realizing that classes just might stand a bit higher than before. After skirmishes with Engine Math and Fluids, Steve's valiant, but vain battle with Mechanical Engineering came to an end, with a "General" peace soon found.

As a Firstie, we haven't seen much of Steve on the weekends, since he's been spending most of them in the Hall, trying to understand his Company Officer.

Scorned by Adm. Rickover, Steve is on his way to the Surface community, in search of a fresh start away from "Mom B".

Jim, Robert Young, Hann reported to the U.S.N. of A. not knowing what great acting roles he would be playing.

In his first film Jim played a small character in "The Midshipman." He was mild-mannered Spaceman.

His first big break came when he had a leading role in "The Kiel Week Connection," or "Where Did That Police Boat Come From?"

Some of his best roles were romantic. The first biggy was "Wired for Love." Then it was all uphill for: "Army on \$5," "The Squash Ball Wizard," and "Le Tours de Glee Club". His latest is perhaps his best, "All for the Love of Bones." In this classic tale such great songs as *I've Gotta Get Out of Here*, *I Wish I Were Weekend Bound*, *No I'm Not in Love*, and *Give Her My Love* were introduced.

Jim's next, and maybe last, great looks as though it's going to be "The Backseat Driver." We wish him luck!



James Dwight Hann



William Obert Hawn

Willy, or should I say Wolly, or perhaps Wool Master, Would you believe Goldy, came to Navy quite plump on Missouri gravy. Now he is as skinny as you please, No longer does he have those cute dimples on his knees. His reputation with the women is known throughout the land, To put it more succinctly he takes them off our hands. At the Army game during Willie's plebe year, He had five or ten too many of wine and whiskey and beer. The problem with drinking to Willy was not clear, Until he started spreading over others his good cheer. His grades were good for a while it seems, But the stars he once had are now only dreams. For his major in atoms and neutrons and fission Has demolished his CQPR leaving only a vision. As an Ensign in Nuc school his future's not hazy, Maybe married but surely a credit to the Navy.



Who talks faster than a speeding bullet, has demos to burn, eats faster than "Jaws" and never sleeps, just recharges himself? It's Chuck, alias the Blue Bumb, the human spark plug, Mr. Vogt, and Charlie-freak. Chuck came to USNA from Virginia Beach, where unfortunately they did not have an admin. conduct system.

Wrestling occupies him most afternoons and weekends, when he takes on all comers. In fact, Chuck carries wrestling over into many other aspects of his life. He wrestles fire-extinguishers, sight forms, JORR's, pro-courses, form-twos and briskies. Every night he can be seen werstling with his attention span and a book.

Another one of Chuck's enthusiasms is Navy-Air and his next stop will be Pensacola and A-6's or F-4's and Chuck will take with him many more friendships than ... demerits.



Charles Henry Litz

Big Mac came to Navy with a 53 inch chest and high hopes of making Big Blue, but neither his high hopes nor his 53 in. chest lasted long, four days to be exact. So doing what he does best he changed his mind from big blue towards a career in the Seals.

Being an outdoors man, Mac is an avid camper and spent much of his free time in the woods. Hoping to stay as close as possible to the outdoors, John chose oceanography as his major, but his decision didn't last long because John began to feel he needed more bull courses to better communicate with nature. So, he dropped into the PhySci program.

During second Class summer, Mac found himself in love. Well if everything goes well for John, Adm. Rickover will ge getting a very motivated individual for his nuclear navy, with the only problem being the spelling of his last name.



John Michael Maciejczyk



Luther Milton Mays

Milt should have been named BIGFOOT, because he looks like a gorilla and loves the Rocky Mountains. Milt was "high in Colorado" long before John Denver ever saw the place.

Milt had an easy time at USNA, good grades and good friends came easy to him. Shaky knees kept him from football, so his 230 pounds terrorized fieldball opponents. Naturally, there was always Lynn to soothe the bruises every weekend. Milt and Lynn are planning on getting married again June Week '76, just to make public what everyone knew already.

Milt, known around the company as Marcus Welby, has dreams of becoming a Navy doctor. He hopes to be stationed in Colorado but no one has had the courage to tell him there are no ships homeported in Denver. If he doesn't make it, Navy Air will have a fine pilot as long as his eyes last.



Rodney Irvin Mitchell

Rodney came from the sunny city of Bakersfield because of his wrestling abilities.

Rodney as a Fiat test driver, proved the little blue tank could withstand anything including parked cars and guardrails.

At a well-known location on Burnside, Rod was the life of the party, often found upstairs snoring and dreaming away about his meetings with Johnny Walker. Mitch, true to style, after the party was seen walking or laying around *au naturel*. Rodney even carried this party atmosphere back to "Mother B" with the daring, half-dressed 'vator ride into the 5-4 haven, and it's striper protectorates. This daiquiri filled night led Rodney to see many a sunrise.

Navy will be losing the number one partier, but gaining a number one back seat driver at Pensacola.



Richard Fredric Nathanson

Rich blew into Annapolis from one of the Twin Cities (or is it Sin Cities) in the polar regions of Minnesota. After being at the Academy for only a few hours, he was ready to resign and return to his previous life of frivolity and wreckless abandon. But something caused Nat to "stick it out". This he did and continued to do through his time at Navy. During his professional training he developed a sleek albacore shape, belched more smoke than a Fram I, Shot off more rounds than the average gun mount, and plugged more holes than the most prolific damage control parties of World War II. Nate plans to go to Pensacola after graduation and learn how to fly too. The extra flight pay will be necessary to pay for his silk pajamas, satin sheets, and other artifacts that linger in his memory from Sodom and Gomorah.

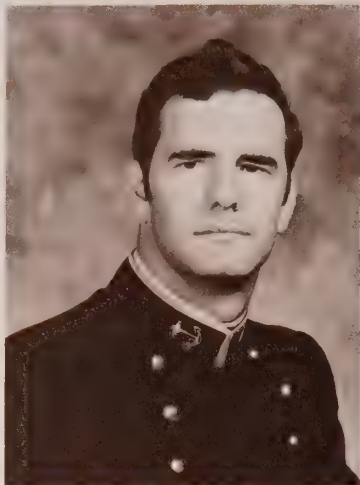


Robert Clayton Peterman

Hummelstown, Pennsylvania? Sure, I've heard of it. Robert C. Peterman lives there. Who? Bob finally made it to NAVY, after playing army at the Marine Military Academy in Texas, with a full head of steam and a long and diverse list of athletic goals. Dabbling into everything from Rugby to dancing lessons he finally decided to box. He turned out to be a fine boxer.

Bob attained his debonair and charm with the girls at the Hershey Amusement Park, Dazzling those innocent, but starey-eyed young things with his ability to run the roller-coasters.

Scuba, summer jumps, and air ground school are included in Bob's array of E.C.A.'s but at present he is on Cloud 9 following his recent SEALS selection. Congratulations, Bob - just sell that TR-6 and forget about dating for a while.



Mark Stephen Rupprecht

You know, in addition to grapes, they also grow Rupprechts in Concord, California — and they grow 'em big! The third in a line of brothers and the second to arrive at the Marble Monestary here in Annapolis, Mark had a brief stay at NAPS. Rup has been known for his imposing masculinity, athletic prowess, colorful and not always — appropriate language, and short "intoxicated" temper.

When his long-distance love affair took a brief intermission, we were afraid all was lost for Rup. But candid Ac-Board appearances and a Black N award quickly settled our worries, and we knew Mark was on the brink of recovering. He has participated, after a brief bout with the Big Blue, in the more bullish intramurals, performed with the B.A.C., and partied with the most discriminating beer and Scotch drinkers. Mark currently has wedding bells and surface line on his mind. Good Luck, Buck.



Jeffrey R. Sander (nobody's quite sure just what the "R" stands for) came to us from Chula Vista, California. From Plebe summer, when he spent his free time squaring away his roommate (not to mention his squad leader); to first class year, when he was almost considered for "all six", and agreed to grace the Rhodes Committee with his presence, Jeff has made a steady journey upward. Jeff chose Mechanical Engineering as his major. Reaching for the "stars", and getting them every semester, his academic path has been studded by several 4.0's. His endeavors with the Sailing Squadron have won him the position of Skipper of one of the big ones.

Perhaps the most remarkable factor of all is that, beneath that receding hairline, there lurks an actual human being, mystical though he may be. Jeff's service selection is to be Surface Line; Rickover, eat yer heart out.



Jeffrey Richard Sander

Scotty, "The Old Man," better known as Telly Savalas, arrived at the USNA from Motwon (Detroit).

Craig and roommate, Rock the Jock, the dynamic duo, made their presence known in Annapolis by pulling freaks from cars and beating hell out of them, every time they went drinking. Scotty was a one woman man, but she was more than a one man woman. Unfortunately, he did not discover this until the Ring Dance.

Craig with great grades plebe year opted for ocean engineering. However the dreaded engineering quickly began its assault on Craig's grades. Soon, the Flash helped him study by taking away his weekends.

An avid sports enthusiast, he'd rather spend time with his scuba tanks and parachutes than girls. Upon graduation, he plans a career in submarines. His favorite "But my profs are tougher than yours." We wish him well.



Craig Charles Scott

Lou followed his nose all the way from Rhode Island to Annapolis where he continued his sea scout exploits and pursued his dreams of following in the footsteps of the "Duke" and *Semper Fidelis*. Lou developed into a real stud while at Navy. He worked out every day for half an hour and developed a washboard stomach that went all the way to his neck. His love life was very prolific – in his dreams that is; that is all he really ever had besides his Playboy Magazines. First class year was different though – Spots got his vette and the girls came running. Lou's sex appeal must have been dormant – it couldn't have been the car? What have you got here? A man with gold jump wings, stars and three stripes, an individual who will be a true asset to the Marine Corps and a sure success in all he undertakes.

Greg came to the Academy from Louisville, Kentucky, the home of smooth-sippin' whiskey, fast horses and wild women. Greg quickly picked up the "Lance" and "Lo'ville" and started on his way to becoming a real star on the strip, getting his first "N" as a plebe, winning All-American honors and serving as Captain of the team. First Class cruise was a turning point for Lo'ville. A couple of months aboard a boomer, the Thomas Edison, quickly answered all the remaining questions concerning service selection, and graduation will be sending Lance to the surface fleet in pursuit of his SWO qual *without* a stop at Mare Island. As there are no immediate plans for a June Week visit to the chapel, Greg, with his new gold bars, will be off in his 'Maro in search of the Seven Seas and some of those wild women he left behind.



Louis Paul Sposato, Jr.



Robert Gregory Treitz



Daniel Thomas Ward



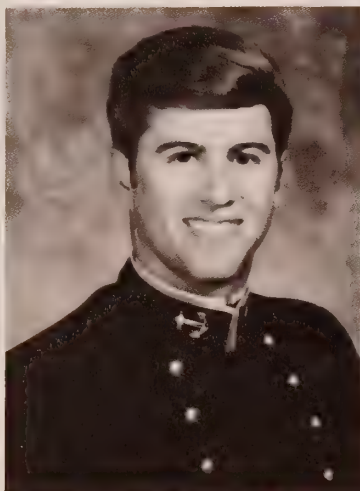
Dan came to USNA from Jackson, Michigan, after a few short stops at Jackson Community College, San Diego boot camp and NAPS. His first two targets here were the sailing team and the Electrical Engineering Department. Well, he quickly gravitated to the top of the sailing squadron with most time spent skippering or crewing Class A yachts. The first three years were easy living for him, as attested by the ZZZ's and females he left strewn about. First class year, he spent the weekdays trying to keep from heing "Flashed" while keeping his newly found O.A.O. happy on the weekends. Yes, Ninth Company's confirmed bachelor unconfirmed himself his last year and should end up with a beauty from Chicago and a June Week wedding. His classmates were almost as amazed by that as his Mother. Next comes Pensacola and the good life (and pay) of a married ensign.

Ken came to USNA as one of San Antonio's more illustrious contributions. He distinguished himself in the intramural program having participated in softball, fieldball, heavies, sailing and fencing.

A marine engineer, Ken hopes to enter the nuclear power program and serve his country in submarines. Because as a result of his first class cruise he decided that there are only two types of ships, targets and subs. All of his academic efforts have been motivated toward this goal. During the first set his first class year, Ken did an outstanding job at one of the most thankless billets in the brigade - batt admin. Always ready and willing to answer queries and explain policies, he gained a reputation as one who was firm but at the same time sensitive to others. Because of this sensitivity along with his analytical mind, Ken will go far, in both the Navy and life.



Kenneth Alan Crain



James Cantwell Davis

James Cantwell Davis came to Annapolis from East Prairie, Mo., a booming metropolis located near "sawdust" corner.

Soon Jim became a favorite with most of his classmates. It seemed his help was always there when needed, and he had a personality and character that would be hard to beat.

Though never one to worry much about academics, Jim managed to get good grades and to improve each year. He consistently gave a good effort which marked him for leadership of the company as a first class.

Jim's plans for the future look as bright as ever with a marriage to the girl of his dreams coming shortly after graduation. As for his service selection, we cannot be sure. It will either be intelligence or ignorance, depending on whether he gets into the intelligence corps or the Marine Corps.



Thomas Alexander Dowell

Thomas Alexander Dowell, not to be confused with brother C.C. of McDonald's fame entered the Academy in the summer of '72. Known as Tad by most, he emerged from the suburbs of Chicago to find fame and fortune in the halls of Bancroft. After a fruitless plebe year Tad's true non-reg instincts began to emerge with the purchase of his first popcorn popper, which was later followed by a television, hair clippers, vacuum cleaner, iron, and a motorcycle. Having all the comforts of home Tad easily tackled youngster year and with second class year well underway he bought his first car. However with the approach of first class year there came responsibility and a change. Tad's interest shifted to booze, women, and the rack. Having met the challenges of the first class year and experiencing the true ecstasy of \$270 a month he now looks forward to graduation and Nuclear Power.



Stephen Allen Ewell

Stephen A. Ewell hails from a little known fishing village on the outskirts of the U.S. Naval Academy.

Steve put in a hard four years at the boat school majoring in Yawls, Batt Lax, and liberty; while minoring in Analytical Management. By the beginning of Yoongster Year Steve had found his true love, Pam, who caught his undivided attention.

Affectionately known by his friends as EEE-well! Steve has maintained a steady interest in flying. Due to the seriously debilitating effects of numerous all-nighters however, Steve has opted for surface line: realizing full well that a back seat in the F-14 is not for him. First class year with all its challenges has left our senior low profiler without a profile, one wife, and a round trip ticket to the Med sometime after graduation. We send our best wishes, a fair wind, and a following sea with him.



10



Peter McPherson Grant, III



Alfred Anthony Gambone, Jr.



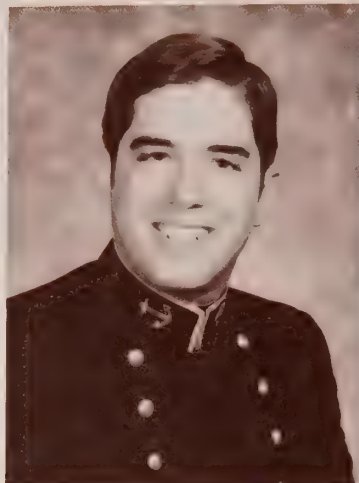
Alfred Joe Gertsch, Jr.

Bone came to the Academy out of Norristown, Pennsylvania. As he coasted through Plebe summer he began collecting sea stories especially with his fond memories of such 10th Co. notables as Haggit and Rogers. Entering Youngster year Bone and Pete decided that it was time to cut some slack, so they did. Thanks to Pete, Bone developed an outspoken manner which carried him through second class year and on into the home stretch. Rudy's, (if you can't pack, get in the back) the beater, the "Velle," First class ball, some whupped "A" and some ripped Ginny T's distracted him enough so that first class year seemed to pass quickly. Although he occasionally second guessed his decision to be a mid (instead of a person) and had to ignore a nurd (4.0 in academics; 0.0 in life) or two he developed into a real leader and most valuable friend. Bone - G.F.L.

Alfred Joe Gertsch, known to a select few as Joe, was a firm believer in that legendary old saying, "you rate what you get away with." Joe survived plebe year and kept a low profile as a youngster, but his true nature began to surface as a second class when he started the year off with a bang. After a fruitful experience in the pest control business, Joe became an active instigator of the infamous Wardroom Boycott of '75 and later decided to go into the wardroom business himself, while selling popcorn on the side. The boycott, however, didn't last forever, so Joe shifted his interests to booze, women, motorcycles, and the rack to accommodate first class year. He later went on to find out he was NPQ, and was truly disheartened to find out he couldn't spend his five years on a ship. Joe is currently undecided on his future line of duty, but is sure it won't be floating - probably skating.

Pete swaggered into Canoe U. navigating via NAPS from Santa Barbara, California. Pete was dubbed the 10th wardroom king youngster year. Second class year was an important turning point for Pete, either his major had to go or the wardroom did. Pete decided his major was infringing on his wardroom time. With convincing from our friends on 4-1 that sit around the big green table Pete decided to opt for general engineering. Pete took the varsity route in sports plebe and youngster year sailing on the varsity shields team.

First class year we found Pete driving his pride and joy into the yard, his red bath tub. Don't ever let Pete hear you call it that, its really a 1963 Porsche. Being a surface liner at heart we will find Pete on board a ship somewhere in the Pacific after graduation. Knowing Pete I'm sure he will be an asset to any ships wardroom - only if they can put up with that damn pipe of his!!



Frederick Paul Hughes

Biography of Frederick P. Hughes — on a hot afternoon in July, 1972, Frederick P. Hughes of Eugene, Oregon, stepped off of an airplane at Dulles International. After picking up what little baggage he had brought with him, he boarded a bus for a ride to what was to be his home for the next four years: USNA.

Fred was fascinated by computers, when majors selection came around, he opted for ops-analysis. Now its hard to carry on a conversation without getting an error message from him.

During youngster year, Fred found a new interest: Navy basketball. Before graduation he had worked his way up to head manager and Coach Smalley's chief advisor.

First class year found Fred on 3-1. After Army, no one could find him. He came out of hiding on June 2, 1976 to pick up his diploma and commission, and is now boring holes beneath the waves.



From the booming metropolis of Berwyn, Pa. came a strong wind one July day, and sailing before it was Doc Laskoski.

Not content to merely coast through the boat school with a 3.5 average, Dave realized that he'd have to find something to occupy his many spare hours. He solved his problem by signing up for enough extra-curricular activities to qualify him for another major, including sailing on ocean racers, plebe soccer, the sup's human relations council, and singing with the glee club.

One can see that Doc isn't the type to sit around and wait for things to happen, so it's no surprise that during second class year, he flew off to Austria to check out the Olympic ski slopes.

So, it's off to Med school for Dave, and another 3 years of chasing books and studying girls (what?), but don't count on any wedding bells for a century or so. We of Ten know that he'll do great, and wish him fair winds and a following hypodermic.



David Paul Laskoski

Pictured here, the Brigade is proud to have as its typical midshipman Jerome C. Liscomb. Jerry has come a long way and he has weathered several storms during his tenure here at the Academy. One would have thought he would be the first one to leave after his exciting plebe year but this was not the case with Jerry. He has participated in varsity sports since his plebe year (4 years varsity baseball and 3 years varsity basketball) Presently Jerry is one of the two captains of varsity basketball. One can always remember Jerry by his "semi-beard", which he had a chit for since plebe year, and his hair during the end of plebe year and all of youngster year; they call him "Pearl" on the basketball court but with is hair during Youngster year I venture to call him "Mr. Pack." This about warpsit wraps it up on your typical "Mid." KEEP smiling and RIGHT ON!



Jerome Cory Liscomb

Joe came to Middle City from Alexandria, Va. on that hot July day, and quickly earned the nickname "Half Hitch". He made it clear that he liked being small, and turned his Napoleonic complex to good use as coxswain of the varsity crew team, collecting several medals, shirts, and germs from the river during his four years.

One thing you'd rarely catch him doing was studying, however. It was observed that as a third class he broke out in a rash every time he cracked a book, but somehow he always managed to pull it out in the end and come up with a 3.3 semester.

The future will find Joe growing a beard, white water canoeing, chasing women, driving his motorcycle and, oh yes, wearing a poopie suit in Adm. Rickover's navy, with hopes of continuing his education in the field of Nuclear Engineering.

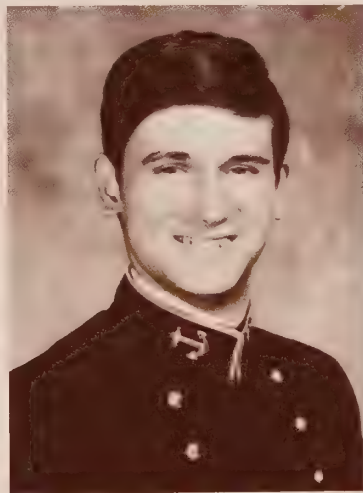
Richard Allen McHugh hails from Grand Island, Nebraska one of the larger cities in cornhusker territory. Rick, better known as Mac by his classmates, came to the Academy with ideas of becoming a member of the swimming team. His expertise in this sport quickly became apparent and he spent his first three years trying to stay off the swimming sub squad. By first class year his hard work paid off and he breezed through the forty minute swim.

Mac worked hard to keep his grades up as an underclass and entered first class year with about a 3.5. After his performance the first semester of first class year it seemed that was just enough to keep him away from the Ac Board.

Rick's plans for the future include joining the ranks of Admiral Rickover and finding a woman who can put up with him. With a little luck he should achieve both.



Joseph Charles McGowan



Richard Allen McHugh



Lucien Memminger



After two years of majoring in surfing, girls, and fun at the University of Hawaii, Lucien decided to settle down and do something with his life. He came to the Naval Academy as the son of an Air Force Colonel, with the specific intention of extending flying to another Memminger generation. He stuck it out for the four years through such notable obstacles as Wires, Fluids, and Steam.

His diploma will say B.S. for oceanography. Beating Harvard and placing second in the East Coast rowing championships were both exciting and rewarding. However, his main reasons for rowing all four years were probably his love for water and that crew kept him in shape for surfing the cold waters of Oregon, where his family had moved during Plebe summer. The future will find Lucien hopefully in the seat of a Navy fighter, during working hours, and the curl of a wave during his time off.



Bruce Santos Montgomery

The man with the golden tan emerged from the shores of Miami, Florida and traveled to Annapolis with strict intentions of becoming super-Mid. Well, that changed after about eight months here. He decided to let down his hair and have some fun. Known mostly to everyone as Monty, Bruce Santos Montgomery can either be found in a soccer net or in the rack. A three-year letterman and All-American candidate, he is a member of "Pop" Warner's bunch and has been for all four years here.

So what happens to Monty after graduation? Marine Corps? He'd rather die than cut his hair, Nuc? He tried, but Rick told him to stuff it. Air? He gets air sick standing on his chair. That leaves riding out the waves on a boat ... or selling soccer balls in Canada. Whatever he does and wherever he goes, Bruce won't have any trouble making the best of friends.



Edward Finley Nunn

On July 6, 1972 as the Class of 1976 came together from all over the Country, New Mexico sent Finley Nunn from Caballo.

In his years as a Midshipman Fin chose systems engineering as a major, achieved a position in the top twenty of his class, found time to get involved in extra-curricular activities like editor for "Reef Points" and manager for the track team.

Even though Finley has been busy with studies and other duties he's found time to go out to western dances on weekends and West Virginia to listen to his favorite country singers.

After graduation in June, Finley is planning on more school which will lead to the Nuclear Navy and in a year or two, settling down and getting married.



Anthony Vincent Ross

After a slow start as the D - during plebe summer, Tony has become the typical Mid. Academics has been good to him and grades were never a problem so Tony decided to major in rack while minoring in physics. Tony tried out for a Trident Scholar but since it wasn't offered to rack majors, he shifted his interests to floating on the vibes of his stereo. Not being the selfish type, Tony will open the doors of his blue machine to any of the women of his life. Come graduation, Tony plans a trip cross-country, stopping any place it strikes his fancy. Since he has a terminal case of Nuclear Power fever, Tony plans to temporarily drop anchor in Mare Island. His final Naval residence will be underwater, but as a full-blooded Californian, Tony figures to surface at his old home in San Diego in five years. His motto "civilian line is mighty fine."



Joseph Lawrence Sheppard

Joe camped out on the banks of the Severn for four years on his way from Cuero, Texas, to the dense, green forests of Quantico, Virginia. Shy and reserved for the most part, his eyes light up and his tongue begins to roll when words such as "Marine Corps," "football", "Politics", or "Texas" reach his ears. An analytical management major, Joe is quick to see the human element in all situations.

Joe played on the plebe and junior varsity football squads and fieldball, softball and basketball in the company intramural program. He was on a split cruise during first class summer in Hawaii, spending a month with the Marines in the field and another month on a destroyer out of Pearl. After that, there was no doubt which service to choose. In his mind, the Peace Corps is definitely not the best Corps.



Joseph Walter Swaykos

Thanks go to Billy and Steve for the four years of finger-painting, watercolor and crayon masterpieces, that have always been on the bulletin board in "Uncle Joe's" room. Being very sports minded Joe was varsity manager for Basketball. "Swayk" obviously feels an affinity for the sea, as there are a few things he talks about more than, going down to the New Jersey shore to cast his line into the surf.

Joe is respected by his classmates for his honesty and fair objectivity, as shown by the fact that he has been the company honor representative for four years. An Oceanography major, he hopes to put his talents to use for the Navy in that field someday. A charismatic personality, Joe will long be remembered by his friends, and classmates, as helping to make the four years slide by a little easier, and for saying those famous words "when it happens, it happens."



Gary Frost Wrotnowski

Gary arrived at the Academy out of Greenwich, Connecticut thanks to the advice of Sandy. He found it relatively easy to adjust to a new way of life under the guidance of Buck and Skip and soon found himself reliving the year in a German beerhall which he discovered on Youngster cruise. As he began his first year as an upperclass his time was divided between track, marine engineering and lessons in social etiquette directed toward his roommate. Also during this period Gary began accumulating many nicknames. Over a period of four years Kowski made many friends which he continually intrigued with his sociability and his "casual" way of facing the rigors of life on 5-2. His friends will miss his presence and all of them, especially his roommate of four years wish him the best of luck.

The illustrious William Counts Zobel is known more familiarly to his compadres as Skip. This young man claims as his hometown Gulfport, Mississippi.

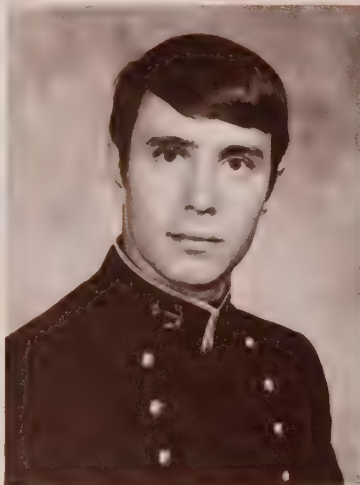
As with most midshipmen, the most accurate way to depict Skip's personality is to follow his adventures when he is allowed outside our beloved gates and exposed to the world, for this, it is told, is the true test of character.

Surviving these experiences without a scratch, the indestructible Zip has always returned to the Naval Academy to continue his participation in several prominent clubs. The biggest of these being the might mite 150 pound football club in which he has proudly earned three varsity letters.

Graduation? Sure why not? Skip a studious ocean engineer, considers several possibilities after throwing his cap into the air. These are; Air, Surface Line, and Lumberjacking in the Northwest Territory.



William Counts Zobel



Charles Arthur Bush

Upon his entrance one sunny morning into a well-known Chesapeake University Chuck was heard to utter the immortal words, "Hi, I'm Chuck Bush . . . I'm going NAVY AIR." This first brash outburst was followed later that summer by repeated second-hand sea-stories and his voiced wish to be just like his first set squad leader. The rest of plebe year was spent playing his guitar and modeling midshipman uniforms in front of the mirror whilst smoking his "boros".

As a first class, "Little Stud" has spent his weekends motoring between Annapolis and Springfield, Virginia in search of the perfect beer, the perfect road, and even the perfect girl. Two for three isn't so bad.

Chuck may be seen in the future as he becomes the first Naval Aviator to fly from the back-seat of an A-7 or any equivalent future one-seater.



Case originally hailed from Virginia Beach, but home is now in New Jersey. With his father in the Navy, his older and younger brothers enrolled in the Boat School, and a sister romantically inclined towards men in uniform, you might say he is from a Navy family.

Case gave his all to intramurals during the winter, but his energy during the fall and spring was concentrated on driving the beloved greyhounds of the Chesapeake. He was one of the first of our class to qualify as a captain and now proudly displays the coveted (?) "Command-at-Bay" star on his chest.

Bill's professional life-long ambition is to be a nuclear powered pilot: NASA take note. Otherwise, he is known and loved as a physics slash with high potential for the service and a personality to match. Whatever his field the Navy has a good man.



William Emerson Casey

Chuck Dirienzo came to the Naval Academy directly from high school, the Valley Forge Military Academy. Since Dirienzo was too difficult to pronounce, it soon became Deezo. Deezo originally believed that "the only good Marine is a submarine." So he began his academic adventure as an engineering physics major, became a physics major after 10 weeks and eventually became a physical science major. At the beginning of second class year, Deezo finally saw the light and decided to become one of "a few good men", and fly Marine Flight Officer. Deezo joined the Glee Club and Catholic Choir plebe year and is still with them. He became a YP Commanding Officer at the end of Youngster Year in one of the shortest times possible. Deezo has also been active in WRNV, WMID, the Parachute Club, the Semper Fidelis Society and as Company Rep.



Charles Louis Dirienzo, Jr.



Michael Joseph Duffy

Time quickly passes by, If only we could talk again. Someday I hope I see you (smiling) When we're all free men again. — Pinder — & Duff



David Roswell Fleischman



Christopher Alan Janiec



Steven Arthur Katcher

Dave, also known as Flash, Blindman, and Fatman, is a man of many interests. His USNA sporting career got off to a fast start as he won his N-star as a plebe varsity swimmer. After plebe year he retired from swimming, opting for the good life of battalion football and lacrosse. His academic endeavors began with naval architecture, but, because of a distinct lack of bathtubs in the hall, he soon lost interest in playing with boats and switched his loyalty to ocean engineering. Dave's hobbies include Joyce, the Buffalo Bills, Joyce, Ice Skating, Joyce, Superfly Volkswagens, and Joyce. He was also a founding father of the Quitter's Club and a scriptwriter for hits such as "Danger Bearing" and "Fasnacht, Private Eye." Upon graduation from Nuclear Power School, Dave will be sure to become a Gung-Ho Officer. UGGA-BUGGA.

Aardvark, that Master of the macbre, the Epitome of Evil, indeed, the most sinister man to crawl on the face of the earth, began plebe year by busting a gut and ended it chasing Clipper Jones through a firedoor. In between, he practiced for the World Championship of Gaining Carry-On through Baseball, sweated the upperclass, savored the joys of verbal carry-on, and opted for a history major, causing the technical types no little disappointment.

Never much of a woman-chaser, he spent his weekends blowing up the world, listening to long-hair music, and enjoying similar wild excitements. Trips into Varkmoor with him may have been wild, but as a beer-drinking companion you knew you wouldn't be carrying him back. Now he has focused his myopic eyes on Navy Air, so we can count on hearing "Bad evening!" as a substitute for tally-ho in the future.

Stephen Katcher, scholar, athlete and profligate extraordinaire, abandoned the gridirons of Columbus, Ohio to Archie Griffin in order to attend USNA. Guided by such famous naval sayings as "What's another twenty?", "It's tough to be a star on a losing team" and "I wanna go home", Yatch entered into all aspects of Academy life, including becoming a founding father of the Quitters Club. Academically, he began as an Aero Major, but after experiencing an exponential drop in his QPR, he reconsidered and switched to "generous" engineering. He had been recruited for varsity meat squad as a wide receiver, but he retired in order to lead 2nd Batt football to two consecutive mediocre seasons. Undaunted, however, he will be following Deke down to Pensacola where he'll enjoy numerous further opportunities to employ those nifty little plastic bags.

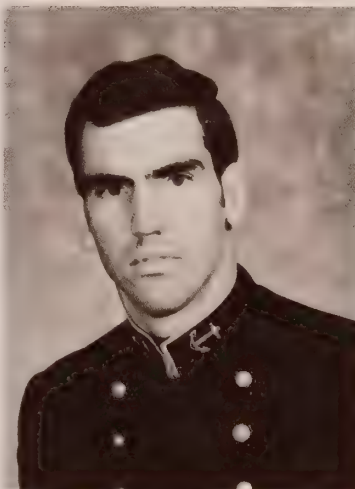


Kent Harlan Kochsmeier

No one is exactly sure where Kent Kochsmeier is from, not even Kent Kochsmeier, but it is believed that he came from Kansas City, Missouri. One reason why no one is sure where he's from is simply because he travels around so much. "Krotch", as he is generally called, has always been a real king of the roads.

Another reason why no one knows where "Krotch" is from is that no one knows when to believe him. Ah, yes, give old "Krotch" a cup of coffee and a cigarette and he'll tell you he's been everywhere. He has done a lot, but seems to have picked up a lot of extra salt from all those Chiefs he used to serve with.

Besides being a rambler and a talker during these four years, old Krotch has been quite a guy. He may have rambled over the wall once or twice, and even bumped into it a couple of times, but there isn't anything "Krotch" wouldn't do for anyone.



Bruce Phillip Leonard

Bruce came to Annapolis from the flood-water of Corning, New York. After losing his roommate several times Plebe Summer, Bruce got into the swing of things and developed into the hard-working guy we all have come to know. He could usually be found hitting the books or counting the days until the weekend. A Naval Architect at heart, one could always find him under a stack of green engineering paper making unusual verbal requests of his P.N.A.

First Class year Karen moved to Arlington and so did Bruce. Preparing for life after graduation, Bruce could be seen pushing grocery baskets in the commissary right next to the officers' wives. Bruce and Karen comprised that perfect couple that even four years at the Academy couldn't break up.

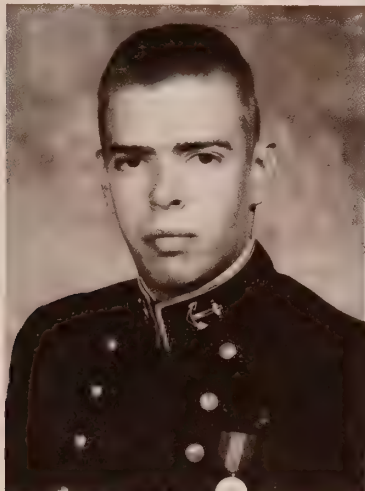
One of the most popular guys in the company Bruce will be missed by all as he enters the silent service.



Donald Stephen Love

When Steve arrived here four years ago, he was everything one would expect of an Okie: naive, innocent, simpleminded and suntanned. The Navy life has changed all that, though — he's no longer suntanned! Normally meek and mild-mannered, Okie became aggressive only when springing to the defense of his home state. Limber of tongue, he could be counted upon to liven up a dying conversation with such side-splitting lines as "!", but when all else failed he still had that huge, omni-present smile.

A real heart-breaker as a plebe, Okie settled down in his old age to a life of blissful happiness, helped out by some well-earned three-striper libs. Academics were a breeze in his math major, so he overloaded twice and took organic chemistry for fun to provide himself with a challenge. Too bad Nuke Power School won't be as easy for the rest of us as it will be for him!



Jeffrey Louis Marrin

Jeff came to the Naval Academy from the Illinois Institute of Technology, and immediately acquired the nickname of Grunt Man. With hair as short as his was, what can you expect? He joined the Catholic Choir during plebe summer and is still a member. His youngster year saw him change his major from history to engineering physics. What a Fool! Second class year came and went and while Jeff worked hard on his academics he remained active in extra curricular activities. Jeff was instrumental in organizing the first midshipman Marine Corps Birthday Ball and in the founding of the United States Naval Academy Chapter of the Semper Fidelis Society.

Jeff, although often the butt of his classmates collective humor, is a very hard worker and a very dedicated person. He really isn't too bad, for a tanker, that is.



James Henry McKee, III

Jim only had a few (dis)advantages when he came to the Naval Academy - he had red hair, he was out of shape, he lived near home, and his father worked at a nearby five-sided office building. At both Christmas Leave and semester break youngster year, he returned at least six hours late (at 5 demerits / 5 minutes!) due to circumstances beyond his control. At Christmas his plane caught on fire, but at semester break he "says" he was unable to travel (only a few know where he was.). After being totally committed to the Navy Second class year, Jim started having visions of a silver Porsche with sleek line and a vroom-vroom engine. All he thought of was his Porsche, as his grades indicated. When his machine finally arrived from abroad, it was found that some comedian had taken it for a 10,000 mile ride in the hills of Italy. His first class year can be summed up in just a few concluding words: "My Dad, the Sup."

Though his aptitude tests indicated that he should be a farmer, Rich decided to grow wings instead and came to Navy straight out of high school in San Bruno, California. He is probably unique as one who, over nine months before she knew it, wagered his plebe year roommates that he would marry his brother's girlfriend. Never one to throw a bet, he became engaged youngster year, and now is the proud possessor of a fifth Black Velvet, a quart of Bacardi, gargantuan phone bills, and a June '76 date. She got the Camaro, but we still think he got the better end of the deal! It took until Youngster Cruise for him to discover the rack, but he soon became an ardent worshipper. Ofty has also proven to be one of the better drinking partners in the company, notably after Notre Dame. Now if only he'd learn to open a door before he goes through it...



Richard Thor Oftedal

Phil hails from Weston, Massachusetts, a sleepy little Bostonian suburb. Having pursued an avid interest in music in high school, it was only natural for him to become a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps and the Chapel Choir plebe summer. By the commencement of Plebe year, he had added to his list of ECA's the Glee Club and the Pep Band. After choosing Ocean Engineering as a major, Phil realized that a couple of ECA's would have to go, or he would.

When not studying, or on a movement order, he played company sports. Fieldball, fast-pitch softball, and company basketball were all questionably graced with Phil's equally questionable talents.

First class year brought with it new challenges. Weekends, when not studying or on tour with the Glee Club, Phil could often be found at Hood College.

Inspired by first-class cruise, Phil looks forward to a future in Nuc Power.



Philip Williams Richardson, Jr.

Pete started plebe year off on the right foot, by breaking his ankle. Undismayed, he stumbled through plebe year just like everyone else.

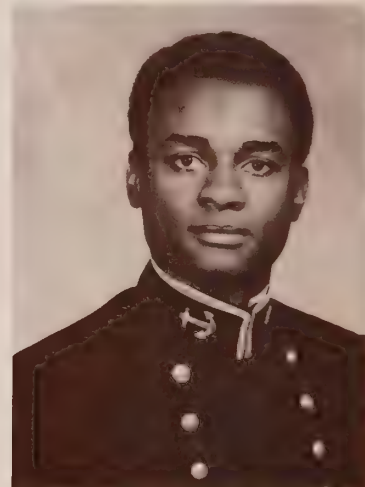
The next year Pete was very active in company sports. He also earned his classmates eternal gratitude by becoming watch coordinator and all-seeing giver of good deals.

Second class year Pete decided to upgrade his image by picking outstanding roommates. Unfortunately, they were usually out standing in the hall while he cleaned the room, quickly earning him the honorary title "janitor in a drum."

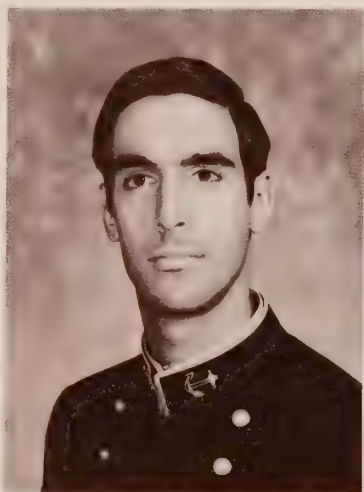
Well-liked by his classmates, Pete nonetheless became Company Commander first set. He and "Marching Eleven" were last seen heading toward the Severn after the final parade standings came in.



Christopher John Scoppa



Ambroise Lucien Seide



Peter Brian Siwek

Chris entered the Academy from New York but never let it be said that he didn't get around. After being the man about Europe his Youngster Cruise, Joe Mud in the Glee Club for a year and a half, and the Mid in the Med for his first class excursion, Chris is headed in the direction of becoming one of the "Admiral's Boys," and desires to see the world through a neutron. He may even take over the program himself in 25 years. Scoppa's great love has always been for the ocean (not under it as in submarine, but in it and on it as in Oceanography and the YP squadron). He may have often been seen bobbing on the deck of a Chesapeake-bound YP, and the command star was never a burden but always a challenge.

Overall, Chris can be described as professional and determined. The nuclear Navy has a fine officer.

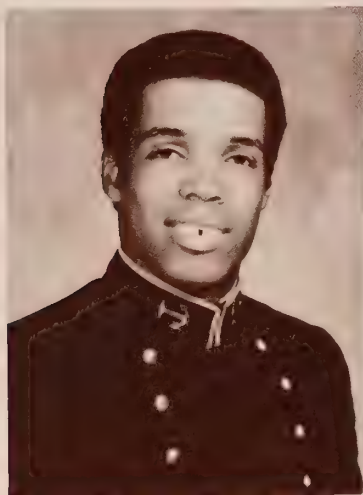
Port-au-Prince, Haiti — Ambroise, the first Haitian to attend the Academy, came to Annapolis after spending a few months at the law school, University of Haiti. Most of his friends call him Ambroise, some call him Babou, his old nickname. He participated in almost all intramural sports including boxing, fencing, soccer, volley ball, and field ball. During his free time, he works out, jogs, and lifts weights, but his favorite sport is parachuting. Ambroise adapted himself easily to the academic rigors of the Naval Academy and chose electrical engineering as his major. Ambroise often spent his weekends studying, but never spent two weekends in row without looking for girls.

We've enjoyed living and working with Ambroise and wish him the best of luck.



Stephen Michael Soules

Steve arrived at the Academy from San Francisco via NAPS where he acquired the basics in areas of academics but more importantly lacrosse. While here at Navy U. his two past times were lax – and gouge hunting. As a firstie, he also developed a reputation for sports car driving and women. Steve can always be counted on for a good time, but still he did leave his heart, among other things, in San Francisco. No one can tell exactly what the future will hold for Steve, but one thing we are all sure of is that wherever he is or has been you can't and won't miss him.



John Edward Sparks, Jr.

John, a former NAPSTER, came to Navy from a small New Jersey town. At NAPS and during high school, he was rated as a fair athlete. He carried his athletic interests to the Academy, but brought them to a halt when he decided to devote more time to his social and academic endeavors. His aspirations have always been to become a Marine Corps Officer. He has tolerated USNA for four years to attain this goal.

Like most midshipmen, he has paid his tributes to the sun gods of the red terrace on a number of occasions. However, he has managed to keep himself out of any real trouble. He majored in operations research while at USNA and to this day feels that he could have made a better decision. He seriously hopes that the "few good men" of the United States Marine Corps will accept him with as much zeal as have his compatriots of Navy.



Mark Edward Swirmicky

Sailing from Peoria, Illinois, Mark Swirmicky, known to almost everyone as "Smirk", endeared himself to the hearts of his classmates, not by his quick wit or lively outrageous behavior, but through his bi-monthly chow packages from home. Not that Mark wasn't well liked, he was just so quiet most people weren't sure if he was in company or out.

When he wasn't reading mail from his cat or trying to convince his roommates that he had kissed a girl before, he could be found waiting for a ride to the golf course with clubs under arm. Yes, Mark holds several letters in Varsity Golf.

When first class year arrived, Mark no longer had to wait for the big grey bus, for now he travelled to the club by Porsche power. Destined for a career, at least 5 years, in Nuc Subs, we all figured he might as well get all the sun and fresh air now while he still had the chance.



John Elmer Williams, II

John E. Williams, III: "Daylight is good at arriving at the right time. No it's not always going to be this grey, All things must pass, all things must pass away." ... Harrison

Mark better known as Pig Farmer, came to USNA straight from the corn fields of Des Moines, Iowa. He quickly earned our respect (and pity) by being a member of the elite Com Choo Choo squad during plebe year. In keeping up with this fine performance he became a member of the Gin Society youngster year. His crowning achievement came second class year, when he became the twelfth company cribbage champion. Unable to survive without his sweet Iowa girlfriend, he brought her to Annapolis second class year. She quickly became the den mother for all of us, as well as providing the space for the twelfth company parking lot. He has become the proud owner of a Corvette, has achieved the opportunity to get his wings, and in June he will finally become legally married to his beautiful fiancée. Well done.



Mark Marvin Benson



Herbert Horton Bowden, Jr.

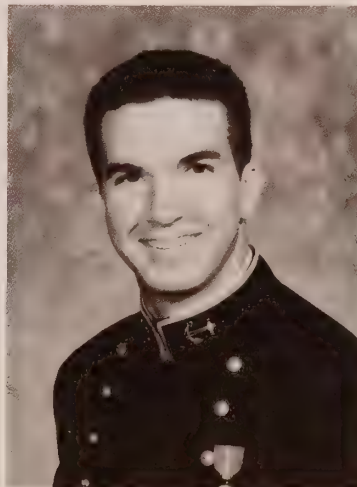
From out of a dark, desolate Southland named Texas, came a cowboy by the name of Herbert H. Bowden, better known around these parts as "Doc". He came to twelfth company with a calculator in one hand, and a hypodermic needle in the other.

He has many attributes such as a 3.94 Cum and a brand new Texas Instrument calculator, but the man just cannot hold his liquor.

When talking about Bert one cannot escape his magnetic personality, which won him many visits to the Performance Officer second class year. It seems that the Performance Officer was more interested in Bert and his car than his mother was.

To be more serious, Bert is both a scholar, and a gentleman. There is no doubt, he will be successful as a doctor, and as a naval officer.

Oh, yeah! He has a Dick Tracy nose, too.



John Martin Brown

From the beginning "Brown-Brown" has shown ardent determination to keep the uniform and routine of a midshipman from crowding him into obscurity.

Widely known and respected for his efficient techniques of consumption of food, he has labored diligently for four years as the company chow rep, to assure that no extra food goes to waste.

During plebe, youngster and second class years, he spent most of his time at the boat house pushing trucks and climbing steps in desperate pursuit of ergo nirvana.

At this time, John will most likely elect to be the boatswain on a flying submarine in the Marine Corps or perhaps to become a music major at St. John's. Whatever the result of his service selection and the course of his life, he will be seeking the strength, peace and guidance of Jesus Christ, his Savior.



William Daryl Brown

A big tea drinker from way back, William comes to us from the smog-free town of San Antonio, Texas. Soon after arriving at U.S.N.A. he hit it off big with the firsties and was considered just one of the boys. He soon acquired the nickname "Duke" because of his devotion and similar build to J.W. Working hard toward first class year, Duke was active as an officer in the History Club and was soon active in the Semper Fidelis Society. On weekends Duke could be found hang-gliding, studying, or even painting landscapes. Not able to sweep Barbara Streisand off her feet, he was forced to attach himself to a local which proved to be his downfall. A flip of the coin will decide his service selection, but who ever gets Duke will get a hard and dedicated worker. Always willing to help out a classmate, Duke, Dianne Elaine, his braces, and his Spider will go far, together.



Fernando Jose Cardoza



Ronald Burke Brunson



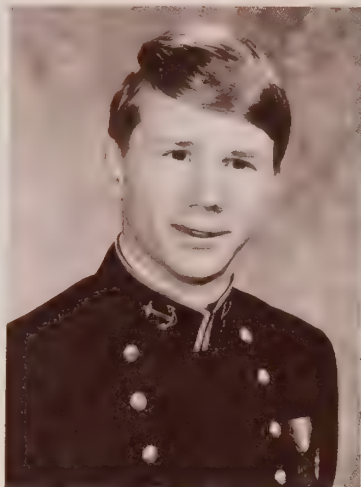
Henry Masayuki Bryson

Ron Brunson was born with a cigarette in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, and except for his striking resemblance to a strange species known as the "Boo-Boo" bear, he could be taken for a first-rate steamer. Born on Bourbon Street as a Navy Junior, he is a man of the world and of considerate experience.

"Boo-Boo" is the second link in what is developing into along chain of distinguished blackshoes in the Brunson family and he is bound for great accomplishments and rewards in the greyhound Navy. He has experienced the valuable lessons of close calls and hard bumps early in his career and like most sensible people he has learned from his mistakes. Ron is destined to fly with the eagles or even shine with the stars someday, and he has the insight and knoledge to do it.

Henry was born in the land of the rising sun (during n eclipse), raised under the hot California sun (or whatever got through its smog) and came to USNA for his college education. From the beginning it was obvious that he had to go through the biggest change of his life. After all, nobody leaves all them California girls and the joy of body-surfing for the altruistic rewards found at Annapolis. He got along great ... alone. After a while, with Chemister up to his ears, he decided that East Coast girls deserved a try. So he started from the bottom (or should I say, 'the cradel'). The eternal dissatisfied ... nothing lasted onlong (eh, Hank Bo" stereo, girl, car ... or just money ...) Oh well, 'California Dreamin' and "it never rains in Southern California" will keep him going for awhile. We'll never forget Pearl Harbor.

As 12th Company's resident alien, Fernando has carved his own little niche in the fast-paced life style of "The Uncollege." Ferd has also worn his own path from "Mother B" to the confusers in Ward Hall, where he plies his trade as a Systems Engineer. After a rough first set (with Johnny Clacks and Uncle Tommy) Ferd settled down to a life that was at least tolerable. He soon established a reputation for being a Latin lady-killer, although this was later surpassed by his reputation as a nighttime carkiller. The lady is high on the list of future priorities, in France Ferd plans to be a Steamer when he returns to Peru with his knowledge of computers and systems. Ferd really hasn't had it that rough here in the States. After all, what can you say about a guy who hasn't been home in a year, but his own Mother tells him to go to Paris for Christmas?



Ricky Lowell Carper

Our dear Ricky was born in the thriving metropolis of Enterprise, Oregon. Electing to validate a normal childhood, dear Ricky soon characterized himself a beer drinking, heart breaking stud — all by the grand old age of seven. During the next ten years of his life he endeavored to fulfill his lifelong dream of becoming a truck driver. But realizing this wasn't really his bag (too much work)?, he searched for an easier alternative. And so, he soon found himself in that strange and distant place known at "USNA". Academically, Rick has done quite well. Literature has been a particular interest, even though he is a Mechanical Engineer. Rick finds himself well prepared to become a nuke-puke ensign in charge of a coke machine on board some carrier. Somehow, maybe in a few years, he will have wished he had been a truck driver.



Robert Stephen Chapman



Michael John Cregge

Steve, or "Choppers," our resident red neck came to us from the hills of Morristown, Tenn. via NAPS. Bringing a bit of salt and his gold clubs, he quickly assumed and developed his personality early plebe year by introducing himself to one upperclass with a peanut butter willy. Second class year found Steve aspiring to his greatest heights as a member of the four bandits and a Redskin fan (?) only to give the "Lugg" his daily ration of grief about the cowgirls. Since plebe year it has been his desire to be a member of the elite group of bubbleheads in the nuc power program. After two months on patrol in a boomer you'd think that it would have cramped his style, but instead it only intensified his ambitions to serve the "Atomic God of Nuclear Reactors."

Mike, "The Bead", Cregge is from Rahway, New Jersey, the town known throughout America as "The Jewel of the Turnpike." He traded in his NROTC scholarship at Georgia Tech after his freshman year for a spot in the Academy class of '76. Mike has spent most of his time since then working on his Mechanical Engineering major, avoiding the harmful effects of contact sport and Maryland weather, and sweating-out one thing or the other.

Mike's last name has given him fits — coming back to him mispronounced in every conceivable way. "Just remember that it rhymes with neg!" he always says — and it does.

Come June he will graduate and marry his nurse from Bowie and begin a new period in his life, one in which he sets out to live as God's man in his role of husband and naval officer.



Steven Floyd Daughety

Steve could have passed his time feeding the squirrels, but instead he decided to come to the Greater Annapolis Area. Fortunately for 12th Company, he called Portsmouth home (which might as well be Norfolk). We're all in debt to Mom, Dad, Wayne, and loudmouth Jeff. "If you're ever in Norfolk, drop by!" There were many loves in his life although no one could replace Shirley until that sweet young thing with the Southern voice came along. He struggled through his Aerospace major, took pictures of anything, listened to Jim Croce, the Carpenters, Gilbert O'Sullivan, and the Carpenters, found surprises in his awol bag, sweated everyday, and listened to the Carpenters. Navy Air or nothing else, and possibly someday the dream of being an astronaut if he can get away from Beth long enough for she makes him truly happy! He rates it.



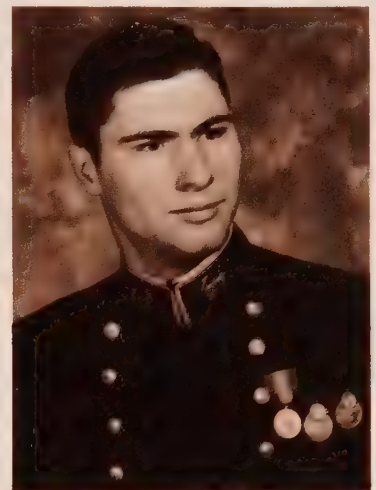
William Sylvester Davison

William Sylvester Davison, commonly known to his friends as Billy D., came to USNA from beautiful Butterfield Farms in Hokah, Minnesota. After a relaxing first two years of tube and listening to his stereo, Billy's life style drastically changed. He sold his stereo, and decided to give second class year a try ... for Billy was in love! Now in his list of priorities, Dianne and his fleet of expensive European sports car, there appears academics. After being surprised his first class year by three of his classmates, Billy D. became a member of the elite society of the black N. After a quick stop at Main O. for restriction muster, Bill plans on a June Wedding in Philly and then is off to Pensacola for Navy Air. And as he bids a fond farewell to USNA, Billy will be heard muttering the Seventh Law of the Navy. "Pray for leave for the good of the service ..."

Born on the bayous of Slidell, Louisiana, the Earl of Quantico, has won the hearts of various females at the Navy yard and improved inter-service relationships with the Coast Guard through his studly superman imitations. Buddy does have an occasional flair for the international scene with past interests in Germany, Hawaii, and Washington, D.C., but he pushed that all aside for a certain Severna Park lovely who he seems to have settled down with.

Since Buddy never wanted a rose garden anyway, he'll be one of the Marine Corps "few good men" upon graduation and can no doubt be seen grunting along the sands of Iwo Jima of the late-late show in years to come.

Actually Buddy is a dedicated and sincere person who will undoubtedly do well in all of his endeavors and can only be considered an excellent addition to a proud tradition.



Alden Earl Hingle, Jr.



Charles Kurt Hoffman, II

Rook came to what he thought was the racquet club of the Severn from Birmingham, Michigan and quickly mastered those graceful arts of sleazin, and of course squash. One of the original members of the Hoffman, Davison, Chapman Detective Agency he became known as one of the more fun loving members of the company. After bagging plebe year on varsity squash Rook quickly mastered youngster year and promptly change his major to General Engineering after deciding the entropy of the Mechanical Engineering Department was too random. Along with second class came the TD, the two thousand dollar jaw and an all America billet for squash. First class year found our hero enjoying the good life in Europe, the TD finally running and occasional indulgence in those weekend extracurriculars. A nautical man to his very roots, Kurt's choice for service selection was surface line. His presence will be an asset to any command.



Fred Bowen Horne

Fred Bowen Honre, "The Bristol Pistol" hails from Bristol, Virginia. It was from these humble origins that Fred rose to the high honor of twelfth company's "Grand Pubah." As a boy, he was a naive young rebel and was told by his mother that he came from a TV game show after his parents said the magic word "Armadillo", and a cigar smoking duck dropped from the ceiling. Second class year brought more landmarks: the Academy's first six man suite, christening Tecumseh ... not once, but twice, and of course the new Vette, er ... Volkswagon, uh ... MGB. And, finally, first class year with donut runs at two in the morning and excursions into space travel. It was work, it was serious, and it was fun, but best of all it's over. And so I end with that question so often ringing in Fred's ears: "Do you want to go ice skating?"



Reginald Lawrence Howard

Reginald (alias "Larry") Howard hails out of Grand Prairie, Texas, but few classmates in twelfth company have held that against him.

In his four years here at Annapolis he has distinguished himself as a fine sailor.

Larry made an astounding recovery from a three year bout with Annapolis sleeping-sickness the fall of first class year, and has spent his increased number of waking hours either reading Sail Magazine, visiting his fiancée, Senorita Juanita Patterson, or sometimes even studying.

Larry plans to fly P-3 Orions after graduation, which, incidentally, are the only Navy aircraft that sport both racks and a galley.

Larry's easygoing manner and friendliness will serve him well in his time in the fleet, and his classmates will long remember his often - repeated words of, "Well, what can I say?"



Doyle Ray Kitchin

Kitch or "Drifty", as he was dubbed plebe summer, came to the Academy with a bible in his hand, a smile on his face and an OU sticker on his back. Plebe year he was quite active in intraroom wrestling, turning in guitar playing youngster year and second class year. First class year Kitch became president of the academy chapter of BSU. Kitch could always be found making important decisions like what major should he choose, or where to go to nuke power school, with the same care and discretion "What's happening Catp'n" used to fry him for an excellent room. Being an ME major, he showed the JOOR that he could do just as poorly on it as his four year roommate did, who bagged it in managment. Upon graduation, we'll see Doyle driving off in his Fart to become a nuke. Best wishes Okie!



David Paul Luhta

David Paul Luhta, No Gravy Davey, the happy-go-lucky man from Tolono, Illinois. He just happens to be one of those few, typically excellent Cousteau protege's with a truly sincere love for the sea. Nothing typifies this love more than his desire for the big boats, specifically, that law ridin, 24 mpg, heavy gun ship under his present command. We know him openly as the pack rat, king of the rack. Buckeye fanatic, and top rack sky diver. But secretly, as only a few know, this man is one of the infamous four of the notorious cribbage fry. Some say that points were equally matched across the board that night, with the Academy winning a hand of its own. Now, with all this copious acedote and frivolity put aside, we wish Dave great success in his career, and smooth sailing at all times.



Mark Rexford Moore

Midshipman Mark R. Moore, born in Berlin, Germany and raised all over the world, came to the Academy 5 July 1972. Mark made it through with the help of his high school friend now his wife, Sally Morris. While at the Academy Mark worked and played hard, He took a very active interest in the Hop Committee and sports. While Mark was here he always looked forward to seeing the breathtaking view of the wonderful Academy through the rear view mirror of his MG. Mark's entire life revolved around the future. At most times the place was unable to get Mark down. First class year Mark learned what true "classmates" can do for and to a guy so Mark spent some important time stopping at Main O to satisfy three people he will never forget. If Mark could do anything different he would have just "five minutes more".

Stan also known as "Oak" came to Canoe U. from the sunny West Coast, extolling the virtues of surfer girls, warm weather, and riding the waves. During his tenure in Bancroft Hall Stan demonstrated his boxing prowess by winning the 175 lb. Brigade boxing championships in 1974 and 1975. Stan is usually a mild mannered fellow. But during his youngster year "The Oak" and his pet "Gator" would be seen lurking the halls ambushing any passers-by, especially the dastardly duo from next door. Best of luck to you Stan flying in the clouds and munching on your Oreo cookies.



Stanley Robert O'Conner

David Wayne Porter, alias the Lugg, alias the Barrel, alias the Big Fig, has been one of the reasons which has made life in Bancroft Hall one of those unique, once in a lifetime experiences. His frequent altercations with those antagonists Chopper and Kook has been a real source of cheer for us all. On occasion a real treat may result when a "Lugg Shake" is delivered to some poor, unsuspecting soul. A dedicated West Coast steamer, Dave will fit in well on those California beaches. All the girls will surely fall in love with him, if not his amazing T-shirt collection. Being an accomplished athlete, Dave proudly wears an N star which he earned in the 35 pound weight and hammer throws with the varsity track team. With Dave's disposition and personality, those long voyages of the near future will seem as short to his shipmates as these four years have been for us.



David Wayne Porter

In July of 1972, a "cool breeze" blew out of New York and into the Academy. He came to us fortified with the tools necessary to wage a successful war with the academic departments. And he did. We all thought he spent 7 days a week in the library, but by 2nd class year we found out about his excursions home and the girl next door. First class year found him engaged to the same girl and sporting around town in his new "Pimp-mobile".

The possession of an outgoing personality, his quick smile and sincerity have made Mark many friends throughout the brigade. His competitive spirit was evident in every sport he attempted, as he excelled in company basketball and softball. Whatever medical school he graces with his presence, we all know he will be a great success.



Mark Kenneth Stevens

Mike came to the Academy from Kewanee, Illinois. He received numerous nicknames while here but "Slick" seemed to fit and stick with him. Remember sitting on the porch youngster year and listening to that Gator? Then there was that suite of rooms we had second class year. Never before have there been two better stable elements. Agree? Then there was first class year.

Mike never lost that ability to think. I do not mean that canned program type thinking that was so common at the Academy, but the ability to see situations from every angle, inside and out. He could always express himself, a trait which I always admired.

I could go on but if you are reading this you are either a friend or a relative and you know what kind of exceptional individual he is. So I will stop now. See you in the Isles of Langerhans Bubba.



Michael Lawrence Thurwanger



Charles Joseph Vargo

The Wop came to USNA from Yorkville, Ohio. A city known for its warmth and open hearth furnaces. As an almost grad of Jeff Tech he came not knowing anything and after 4 years left in the same condition. The Wop had an easy plebe year as he spent the whole time on the soccer T-table. He had a running battle going with the phantom toilet paper slinger who to this day lives in the head on 3-2. After 2 years he finally came to his senses and moved in with the three stooges. They quickly changed their name to the four bandits.

Joe seemed to divide his time just about evenly between the TV and the rack when we talked him out of moving his rack into the Wardroom. He got mad and moved out of company and into Batt Ops, which he quickly made into his horizontal office. Navy Air has captured the heart of Joey. And he will be a valuable asset to its future.



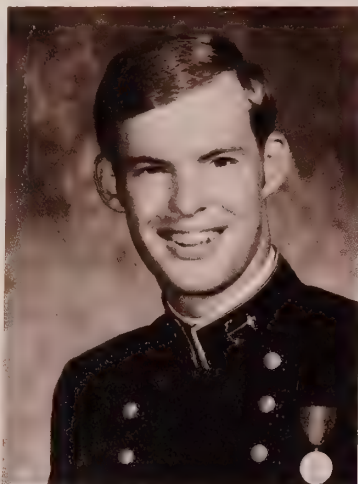
John Scott Webb

John came to the Academy as an exchange jock from Rice University where he specialized in panty raids and sweet talking 101. Seeing how he had broken many a heart, he fled to this center of conservatism, double-breasted coats and couth. Hell bent on being an airdale, John is presently employed as a part-time crop duster at Baltimore-Washington Airport. But alas, there is always the summer of '73 which marked the end of John's amorous activities. While on a burger run through the Rotunda, John's eagle eyes chanced upon the Duran cover girl for the Masland Dural Leather Company and pierced her heart with his Errol Flynn advances and bathroom wall smile. Their plans for post June Week include opening an interior decorating or rubber glove company in Pensacola, Florida.

Wheels, who hails from San Antonio, Texas, came here as a young, naive seventeen year old graduate of Holmes High School and has transformed through the years into a Corvette owner, a three-striper, a worshipper of the weight room, and a true and loyal fan of the Texas Longhorns. He is well-liked by his classmates and does appreciate "a good time," as the student body of Goucher College will testify. Wheels is probably best known for a certain Saturday night during second class year in which he and Fred Horne decided to "christen" Tecumseh! On the other hand he knows when to be serious and always does his job to the best of his ability, whether it be as Battalion Sub-Commander or in a company soccer game. Wheels plans on becoming a Wearer of the Dolphins following graduation. Wheels has been a friend to all and we certainly wish him the best of luck.



William Terry Wheeler, Jr.



John Frederick Bauman

John came to the Academy from the streets of Needham, Massachusetts. Quickly becoming a favorite of the first class in general, he especially endeared himself to his first squad leader. However, John somehow made it through that first year, spending as much time as possible out of the company area with the D&B. John picked an English major (one of those wierd-ohs) and soon learned what all those stuffed-shirt engineers had missed out on – liberal arts is the only way to go. Over his term of office at Southern Maryland Small Boat and Barge School he became known for feelies, New York Times magazine, silk stockings, kahs, that goofy grin, those hippie puka shells, that melon crate full of records that anyone could borrow, teaching plebes their P's and Q's, those stories for the Log that always had that quirk in the end, and as anything but Boman.



Don came to us here at USNA from of all places England, you know London, fog, tea, and all that. Plebe year found Don catching some flak for some famous relative of his and he was afixed with the unpleasant nickname of "Bush." Football took a lot of his time, but Don still found time for his studies, and the rack. Fond of wrestling (?) and those black N's Bush is soft spoken, but a natural leader. Believing in the old adage about the apple and the Doctor, Don has taken care of himself these four years by popping pills, vitamins mind you! A company jock in basketball and football, Don is always one to toss something or run with anybody who is game and can keep up. A Company Commander, friend and mediator to all, (and even a good witness, thanks) Don has proven himself at USNA. Sure to be an outstanding officer, a confirmed aviator – still following that relative of his – the fleet is getting a great guy.



Donald Godwin Bringle



Carlton Alan Brown



William Stone Burns

Burnsey was aroused from a deep sleep one peaceful day in the middle of June and was informed that he had received an appointment to the Academy. So he had to leave the peaceful hammock he was ensconced in, and made the long, Fourth of July trip down to Crabtown from South Hamilton, Massachusetts. He picked a Math major and braved the horrors of Analysis. Youngster cruise saw Burnsey always having a family to stay with, no matter which port, and each family always had a comely daughter to act as his own personal tour guide. Some of his trademarks at school were his quilt, obbish, the finger always at the forehead, a seemingly endless supply of polo shirts and sweaters, and those red pants. And it's rumored that at least three men had a good time in the hall before second class Xmas leave. Burnsey's quick sense of humor ought to get him through the upcoming interview with Admiral Rickover.



Joseph Celano

This June, when Cat Celynko leaves to join the black shoe Navy, the demand in Maryland for Martin guitar strings is expected to dry up. Since his arrival from Glendora, New Jersey via NAPS, things haven't been the same. Switching concentration from batt lax to scuba during youngster year resulted in his appointment as trip coordinator. It also convinced him forever that "if you want anything done right, do it yourself," and its corollary, "Let's get finished so we can party!"

The biggest surprise came after Joe had been a color company platoon leader plebe summer. He became the second set company commander, which wasn't bad, especially since three striper libs put him in range of Krazy Karen's house. Also it meant that he didn't have to celebrate Christmas leave with Griff and Burnsie in the Hall.

Good luck to a guy with a great future!



Phillip James Exner

Phil was known as the "Phantom" because he never seemed to be around USNA. Eight Glee Club tours, a month in France and numerous other trips, left him little time for academics, so he usually spent the academic reserve periods pulling all-nighters to catch up. Even then when he was around he would often evict his roommate, Joe, to provide a place for one of many foreign guests. Phil has an aggressive stick-to-itiveness attitude that makes him a great competitor and, hopefully, in the future, a good Marine. Unfortunately, he sometimes goes overboard. While at USNA Phil never had to buy any new laundry because he would simply find a civilian-bound mid and have the guy fill his laundry bag full of clothes to him. Providing Phil meets a girl whose name is neither Linda nor Lynn, he will get married and maybe even buy his own clothes.



David Wesley Griffith, Jr.

Coming from Monroeville, Ohio, (Population 28), Griff attended NAPS prior to coming to Canoe U. People back home said he'd never make it but Griff proved them wrong, graduating tops in the company.

Plebe summer, Griff started by putting his best foot forward (he had to - he broke the other). Plebe year found Griff intimidating company commanders with ice tea. He finally settled down to his math major, as well as everyone else's, youngster year. Battalion Commander duties 2/c and 1/c years didn't slow this industrious Corvette fan down.

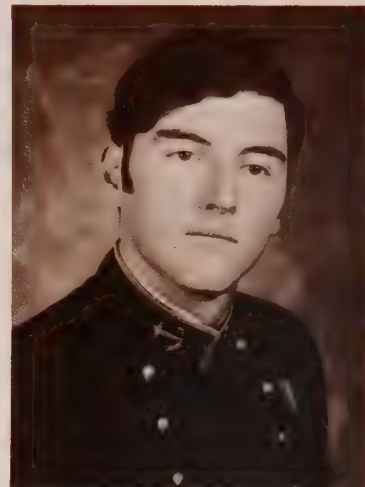
FUTURE NOTES: Most famous for being the "Dearest John" to ever attend USNA (receiving six in all), Griff plans to be a "nuke" bachelor; but everyone knows he'll wind up married and minus one "Admiral" some day.

In all sincerity, we all know Griff will succeed in whatever he does ... Good Luck, Dave.

Arriving in Annapolis after a well spent year at the University of Maryland, Munich campus, Joe (initially a confirmed Army brat) found himself minus a lot of hair, tie-dye t-shirts and old jeans. Plebe year found "Hags" an ambitious fledgling oarsman after a seat in that first boat. He made it and tacked on a second place at the nationals.

Never knowing where home would be, Joe stepped onto the landing back in Annapolis in early August 1973, phoned his grandmother and discovered his parents were residing in Ft. Hood (when he left on cruise home was someplace in New Jersey). With \$33 to his name Joe miraculously made it "home" 3 days later with \$20 still in his hand.

Joe, not one to be without a female companion, could be found in the oddest places at the oddest of times... Richmond has seen a lot of Joe lately as will Pensacola late next year. "The only way to go!"



Joseph Patrick Haggerty, III



Herman Michael Heise



John Earl Kruse, Jr.



Andrew West Leboeuf

Ahh to be in Florida, Vero Beach — warm days, even in the winter, good looking chicks and there I was Mr. Vero Beach High School... These thoughts often coursed through Mike's mind plebe summer. An EE major, Mike always seemed to pull what might have been a dismal semester up to a very respectable one. A plebe squasher, Mike played a pretty good game and has transferred those skills to racquetball; trouncing various and asundry company officers in the process. Mike also has the reputation for being the only plebe to total his car on semester break because snow is a lot different than Florida sand, and get the same car stolen from St. John's; and all the time it remained that same funny shade of blue. Peanut butter is his first love, the Dolphins his second, and nuke surface his... well anyway those nuke types are gaining a fine colleague and a good friend.

John Earl Kruse, better known as J youngster Kruse, hails from Dana Pt., California. Since John has been here, he has fallen into that cult that wants to exchange their Navy blue for the Marine green. Never one to take a strain, John majored in Bull and always made it to the pad by 2200. However, he did put forth an honest effort, each year working with the Brigade Boxing Program, and getting his face beat in. Also in the spring, he would lead the batt. lacrosse team in penalties and time on the sideline. Much of John's time as USNA has also been spent in the music field. He wrote the hit — single, "We are Hopkins Heroes;" has led early morning sing alongs which made him a favorite with the plebe's. But through all this John is still a pretty good guy though, I mean at least he doesn't have the face of a man who would steal your air conditioner.

Andy came to USNA from the Gem state — Idaho. Naturally, the nickname Spud followed. During plebe boxing he picked up the title "Rock" which stayed with him during his four years at USNA. Boxing lost its appeal and he started playing a more peace loving game, rugby.

The greatest mistake Rock made here was listening to advisors. They told him he could make it in Engineering. Every A he received here was in a bull course.

Spud was renowned for the lived in look of his room. The room inspectors had a field day checking every box on the inspection chit. Then Andy had a field day — a formal one.

He met the love of his life during second class summer and he headed for Groton every chance after that.

On service selection night an oiler out of Bremerton, Washington won out over the TNT of the combat engineers.

Andy is a hard worker and success will always be a fair wind in his sails.

Big Tex hails from the goose hunting capital of the world, Eagle Lake, Texas. He never stopped talking about the rice fields back home.

With a C.B. in his car he was a terror with the Maryland Smokey Bears.

Tex decided to go Nuke Power, but he was a little worried about the interview with Adm. Rickover since he was an Operations Analysis major. He made it into the program. It is a shame he cannot use his C.B. on a submarine. He would drive every other submarine crazy. With Tex's ability few put it past him not to come up with a way.

Tex was always on the search for the loudest alarm clock in the world. Tex could sleep through anything. If he ever had to be up early in the morning, he would pull an "all nighter" at least he was where he was supposed to be.

Mules came to Annapolis from Levittown, New York. Academically, plebe year was kind of rough, however, the Schnoz has developed the ability to extract a pound of knowledge from that ounce of gouge since then; in fact, when Billy reaches his next stop at Pensacola, he'll probably be the only NFO in the Training Command to have that big fat gouge folder waiting for him. Having played behind an excellent goalie his youngster year, Mules was the starting goalie for the lacrosse team in his second and first class years, receiving All-American honorable mention his first starting season, and as a co-captain in his last season at Navy he can only go up from there. Mules hung on to that high school honey, and although for a while there it looked like Lynda would be washing fatigues instead of starching whites, it looks like HAPPY DAYS from here on in.

Mike came to the Boat School out of the wilds and dangers of the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania (Lake who?) We're not sure, but we think Neums was snatched from some trap lines and he has never forgiven USNA. "Smooch", a name stuck on him plebe year for reasons known only to a few had to make a few adjustments to his roommate habits (push-ups and coffee-pots) but he managed. Plebe soccer occupied some time, but not for long and Mike became a company intramural star. Academics posed no problem and Neums settled down for his four years by taking weekends to Long Island to visit a friend of his, driving that MG, and generally having a good time.

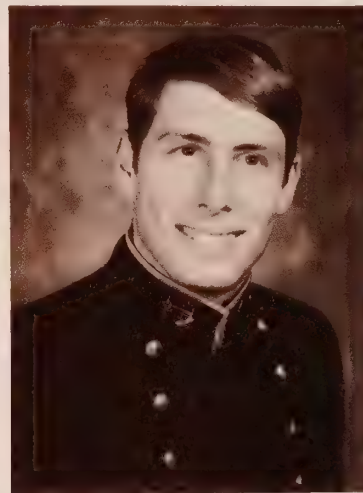
Either Navy Air or Nuke Power will gain a fine officer in Mike, with his cheerful disposition and ready willingness to work.



John Stephen Moore



William Henry Mueller, Jr.



Michael James Neumeyer



Gregory Allan Queen

Mr. Queen has done a fine job this set ... The "Baltimore Kid" came to town and soon found his place in life: usually in the back left corner of the company during P-rades. The Kid kept a "low" profile during his first year, and made it safely to Youngster Kruse. It was during his Youngster year that he was saddled with the distasteful name, Queenie. He seldom slept that year spending his evenings at the Mahan Library. During his second class year, Mahan was decommissioned and he transferred his operations on board the Nimitz. His quest for academic excellence was finally rewarded that year when he received his 3.0 Now it looks as if he will soon be joining his Majesty's High Seas Fleet. The Navy's gain is the Academy's loss as a man of Greg's perseverance and dedication is not to be found anywhere else in the Brigade.

I rank Mr. Queen 1 of 22.



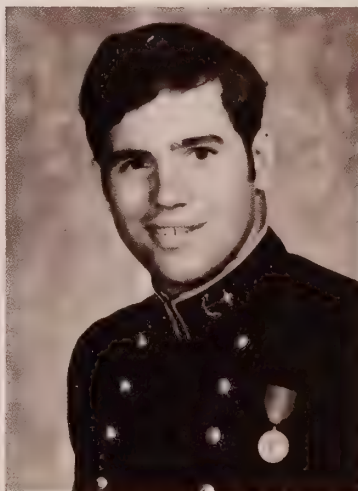
Ralph Otto Scherini

Ralph brought his tan and swimming ability to U.S.N.A. from Fort Lauderdale. Plebe year Ralph was swimming for Navy and earned the recognition of being the only plebe with a girl (the Chaplain's daughter) living in the yard.

Youngster year he settled down to his Ana. Mana. major, joined the rest of us intramuralers, and proved his polka ability by getting physically swept off his feet at Army.

Losing his voice during Plebe Detail didn't curtail Ralph's nightly trips to D.C. The long awaited, hard earned first class year arrived with him getting fried on day one. Academics were no problem with Ralph achieving 3.5's and weekends were great with his OAO living in D.C.

Future Notes: Ralph is plannin on entering the surface community and has afterthoughts of marriage and losing an "Admiral." We sincerely wish him the success of '32. Good luck, Ralph.



Leland Hart Sebring, Jr.

Hart was one of those peculiar animals known as a Navy Junior. He was from all over, but he hadn't stayed anywhere long enough to really be from anywhere. Plebe summer wore into plebe year and after what was an eternity that wore into youngster cruise ("You sure I'm drunk?"). His next year was pretty uneventful, except for a minor mistake made by the Academic Department. After that Hart sometimes got change back from his dollar with his grades but he managed to keep his head above water. Sebs was always one for a good time, but he was sort of shy with the opposite sex, but he overcame this minor drawback and usually had his eyes open for a date ("Hey you wanna go to the Ring Dance, it's the social event of the year."). Always a friend to all and willing to help anybody he could, Hart will take these fine assets into the fleet and the surface line will be gaining a fine officer.



Carlton Eugene Soderholm, Jr.

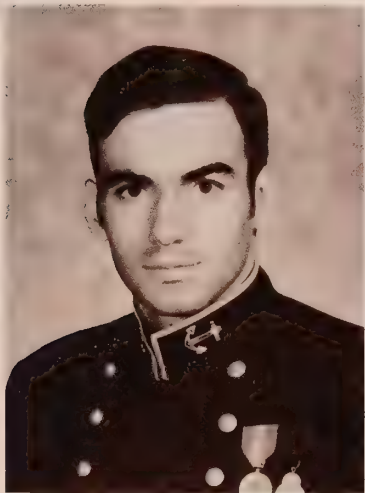
Coming from a Navy family and living in Coronado, California for several years have developed Carl's love of the seas. During his tenure at the Naval Academy he was active in the Scuba Club as both an instructor and administrative leader. Sods has often expressed his interest in opening a scuba shop should his naval career reach an untimely conclusion. It should be noted that a major reason for his lack of academic luster is his insistence on studying underwater. This hurts his homework grade as the ink runs together on the paper. Carl has always been a supporter of company spirit. Carl's professional knowledge and bearing make him a credit to the service. His ability to handle people and his frankness will give him a promising career in whichever career branch of the service he selects.



David Harold Thieman

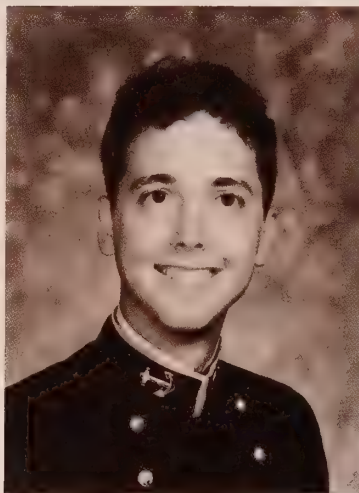
Dave Thieman, being from the Midwest, has always been a pretty easy-going guy – enough TV to stay proficient and enough studying to stay close to the top. He is a good man to have on your side if you are playing volleyball, doing a lab, or trying to navigate foggy mountain roads. Dave learned how to be quite a politician during his reign as “watch coordinator” in the early days.

Relative to the future, Dave kept his options open as far as service selection was concerned until he placed himself at the mercy of the head nuclear reactor. It looks like the undersea world has its clutches in him for awhile but one can be certain that whatever path he chooses it will be the right one.



Charles Ralph Turpen

Having never seen the ocean (its hard to see the ocean from Indiana, even with a strong wind behind you) or a ship and having no particular interest in either, Chuck amazed his friends and confirmed the suspicions of others by deciding to continue his education at Boat School. His first days here were rather traumatic. First, he found out that midshipmen aren't really paid \$300 a month like the catalog said. The final blow came when he had to send home his coveralls. Despite this rocky start Turp soon proved himself to be an able midshipman, although he had the bad habit of allowing animals to follow him back to the room. Adm. Rickover will be missing a good bet if he doesn't allow Turp to irradiate himself. But as Chuck says “if dog, rabbit.” Whatever service selection brings the Navy has a good man in Chuck Turpen.



Garry Alden Wolfrom

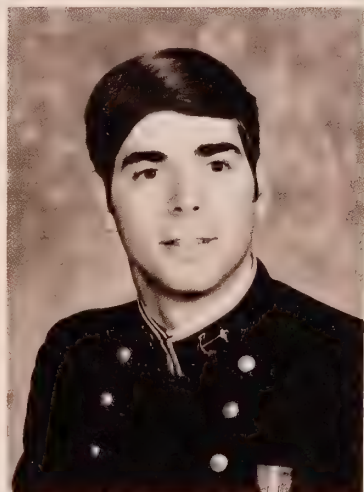
This baby face Ohio Buck through a stroke of luck (?) entered the canoe school with lots of anticipation. After surviving plebe summer he figured he'd show them his stuff at academics. Well? They're still waiting!

On one fateful day in his youngster year he asked a pretty gal for a dance at a mixer. Little did he know that she would accept his marriage proposal less than seventeen months later.

The future? He was accepted for an interview with “The Admiral”, but looks like he is sticking to his original selection of NFO with the at-sea option. This way he can experience shipboard life before committing himself to the sea or air. The success of his career will stem from the turning point of his life, becoming a Christian in April of his youngster year.

A lot has happened in the last years and he anxiously awaits the fruitful years to come.

Tom Wood, a boy from the southern part of northern Florida came to the Academy thinking this would be a school where he could become a Navy Oceanographer. Never completely acclimated to the place, the disparity between here and F.S.U. really hit him during the dark ages youngster year. It took him half a semester to decide to leave only to stay when his bags would not pack. After decimating his QPR that semester things have been on the general upswing with only occasional swollen knees and courses called Fluids and Thermo. Fish play a big role in Woody's life. His favorites are sharks, sting rays and tursiops truncatus. One of these fellas was unlucky enough to get too close and wound up without a pair of jaws. He looks forward to being in the sky rather than the water flying in a Navy jet.



Thomas Purser Wood, Jr.



Mark E. Alfors

Every once in a while Mark Alfors would drop in from the fieldhouse to say "hello" and check his mailbox. A four-year basketball star, Mark wound up as co-captain and a two set MIR. From an Ohio farm and a large family, Mark came east with some unique ideas about the Naval Academy. From the outset, Mark considered regulations an accumulation of suggestions and it was this spirit which carried him through a prolonged coma. Mark loved the Academy, though, and soon his plebe despondency gave way to severe upper-class depression. He even had to be watched when near open windows on the fourth deck. When speaking of great scholars of the Naval Service, Mark's name will never come up. Mark chose the Corps for service mainly because he preferred to be in hell with a broken back than on a ship.



Malvin Brubaker

Given a warning to be out of town by sundown, Brian left Chicago to visit his older brother in Annapolis. Only a tourist on Induction Day, Brian was caught in the confusion and ended up reciting the oath of office. Using the excuse that he didn't say the words, he attempted to leave but to no avail. The next 4 years convinced Brian that the academy existed solely for the purpose of harassing him and only him. Brian's principle achievement while at USNA was the invention of the anger rod to relieve the ever present frustrations of classes, grades, tests, mile run, conduct, company officers, calories, dips, yp's, aptitude, watch, other midshipment, waking up . . . Brian always believed in upholding Naval Academy tradition, yet he refused to stand in line at the Ring Dance and received his ring in front of the Dempsey Dumpster outside Dahlgren Hall. Convinced he would be a fighter pilot and secretly wanting to be a Marine, Brian went surface line.



Brian B. Devane

Some blue and gold officer trying to reach a quota snatched Frank from the Georgia granite mines and tossed him in the "joint". Frank had to make some big adjustments plebe summer, like wearing shoes. As enthusiastic as the Sphinx, Frank could fall asleep at E.I. and never be noticed. For Frank things were not the way they should have been. This was realized at the Ring Dance when he said, "What am I doing, this isn't any fun." Frank's greatest enjoyment of USNA was sleepless nights on an empty stomach behind books which contained no words. Once Frank got away in his already-rusting, depreciating new car he found that there was little in store for him. For Frank, Annapolis was as rewarding as an intestinal ailment. Only Frank knows what prompted him to join the Nuclear Navy. If he enjoys it as much as the Academy, we will see him working in a car wash in ten years.

Ray Eckenrode's story is one from rags to ragman. From the first, as a tall, lean Texan, Ray shorted out, just as his attempt at the Wires Major did. Ray spent most of his leave time at home, tooling around Maryland and seeing the sights (the only sweet thing about Sugar Ray was the girl back home). He was the only mid with a revolving door for roommates and a persuader for malcontents. Ray almost became a Marine, but then he almost became an EE major too. It took Admiral Rickover to convince him to go Navy Air where he could be anyone's accomplished wing man. Buffy introduced him to candied apples and he likes them so much he decided to do his room in them. After attempting the plebe 'vator and instead becoming airborne, he drank a case of Metracal and finally just made the lightweight team. Ray will always thank his lucky stars, both the ones from second class year and the one from his lone star state.

With a moan and a grunt, "Lumpy" Fischer moped into Annapolis. After four years of intensive professional development, "Lumpy" moped away. With a healthy sick humor and amazing ability to remain unaffected by even the most catastrophic Navy deals, Dave Fischer is not at all excited about nuclear power. His only memories of Navy will be mile runs, Budah-head, and raids on his weekly chow packages. Amusing himself by sabotaging other rooms, "Lumpy" departs with a "de-engineering" degree, a wife, and a promise never to put on gym shoes again. The only hard charging Dave ever did was out to Riviera Beach and down to the mess hall. Built for comfort not for speed, "Lumpy" displayed a remarkable talent for sleeping when he wasn't tired, eating when he wasn't hungry, and not speaking when he had something to say.



Frank M. Drennan



Raymond L. Eckenrode



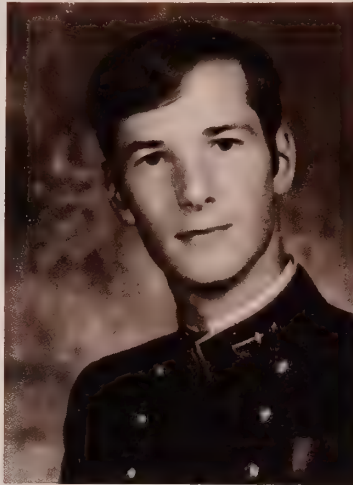
David L. Fischer



Coming from the party land of Mich. State, Dick was rudely awakened by the "Realistic Military Environment" of USNA. He was harassed from the start when on I-Day the Mid store lady tried to fit a size 11 to his massive foot. One evening youngster year the plebes chased him barefoot across the seventh wing field and the following morning several prominent anthropologists announced the amazing discovery of a Local version of Big Foot.

As the company's father image, Dick naturally took up the role as honor rep and paid his dues in lost leave as a result of the great navigation fiasco.

Never one to turn down a Black Russian or a Friday night at the O'Club his search for female companionship led him through trying times until he finally struck bottom on a date with Gonzo's babysitter.



Richard Keith Gallagher

Gary has his "Roots" in soccer and his money in an old Austin but he takes an occasional rest from these two time consuming pasttimes to indulge in some refreshing Bud. Gary uses his feet well and has even adapted them to the pedals of his Healey, his only steady sweetheart for the time being, even though he has tried to reconcile the problem. With his enthusiastic determination for enjoying life and beer, Big Time is bound to come up with a solution in Pensacola (if a Gab from "Balmer" can actually find contentment in Florida). All Gary need do is rely on his vast background in systems analysis given by J. Omega, and he is bound to have problems in the engineering field.



Gary Theodore Hentz

It was said that Herby had a lot of potential and if he even takes a break from partying we might just find out what it is. Herby kept himself amused during duty weekends, masquerading as Frank Zappa and looking for rats in the attic.

On his twenty-second B-Day at Myrtle those 22 shots of Tequila would have killed a bull, but when you have beer running thru your veins...

Due to recurring injuries he was often a spectator at Rugby games, but always led the scrum around the keg at the parties. His unending quest for a "Low Profile" backfired when he got the job as Top's CAO. That set Gonzo was amazed with class unaccountability, non-formations and non existent meal lists.



Michael Curtis Hearb



Robert D. Holland

Having turned down a shot at MIT, "the Babs" bulled his way into the ranks of the Navy sporting an astromical set of board scores and a Massachusetts accent that bordered on incoherency. After a near-terminal bout with three stripes and Bioscience youngster year, Bob settled into a low profile and found his calling in the Math major. Consistency then became his Hallmark: Bob could always be found relaxing or sleeping, only occasionally breaking the routine to crack the books. First class year saw a big change in Bob's life in the form of one Pennsylvania lovely named Joan. Between Joan, the rack, a set as company Sub-Commander, and academics, Bob knew something had to go: academics. Never one to worry, Bob has continued to breeze through and even pulled the wool over Adm. Rickover's eyes. The submarine service is sure to benefit from Bob's presence, if only they can keep him out of the rack.



Evert I. Holmes

Ev gave up the lures of Davenport, Iowa to come to the Academy after turning down some scholarships to other schools. He came equipped with a chess board in one hand, and a tennis racket in the other, but soon replaced them with a Math book and boxing gloves. Among Ev's accomplishments was holding the office of CAO for the shortest time in history. While some found comfort in the Wardroom watching the tube, Ev could be found in a remote corner of Bancroft, pouring over some topological monstrosity which eventually led to Nuke Power School where he will no doubt be bored stiff.

Nick came to the academy aspiring to be a six striper and the 1976 NCAA fencing champ. Instead he fell on his sword and about three stripes short.

Procrastination is his hallmark except when it comes to Saturday nights in D.C. As editor, he could often be heard putting off another yearbook deadline and we sometimes wonder if there even will be a 1976 *Lucky Bag*.

In his unending quest for knowledge, Nick stumbled upon the secret of the Bermuda Triangle and harnessed it's mystery beneath his blotter. Earlier this year he dumbfounded the Trident Scholar Board by impressing upon them the strategic importance of a Sherwin-Williams paint shaker and went on to win the Trident prize.

Nick will soon be boogeying down to Florida to display his head at Disneyworld, as the once commissioned Zeppelin in the Navy.

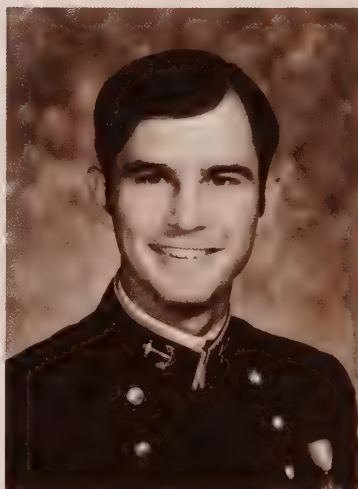


Nicholas Evstratios Karangelen



Donald W. Keene

Don is a man dedicated to the proposition that cleanliness is a virtue and all records are static free. Don amazed the Math Department by wearing stars for four years. The stars were in his eyes. Sleeping giants are okay for fairy tales but you've got to make quarters. What's the sitch? Remember there are 2 sides to a sheet of paper. They say that youngster cruise makes or breaks a man. Hey coach more pushups? Why walk when you can crawl? Don got his dream car and a parking ticket – it wasn't in the Rickets Hall lot. They say that behind every good man there is a good woman, but a good woman got behind Don anyhow. A great philosopher once said, "Marriage is like a drinking man who after finding the perfect brew, quits all that he does and goes to work in that brewing factory. Dino found his brew. Sam and twinkle toes are the key to logic. Is that okay? The only thing Dino mastered was slow motion dining. But the voids of his mind are waiting to fill the voids of his ship.



Gordon Paul Kish

"Mr. Kish is a fine midshipman," so it stated on his 54-alphas. Yet there were those of us who were convinced that the guy was a lemon. Well I guess Candidate Guidance can't screen everybody. Paul got sent up the Severn on a four year sentence and it was with the brigade of inmates where he found his home. The happiest moment of his career was when he watched a mouse taped to a cherry-bomb fly out of a 7-4 window. Most of the time Paul was on the excused squad for bed sores or radiation burns from television exposure. After several semesters of less than earth-shaking grades, Paul decided that the medium was the message. Paul went Navy Air because he didn't read enough to make his eyes go bad. Paul should enjoy his service because there are no fees on Navy golf courses. He departs USNA with a receding hair line, a gypsy flag, and a partnership in the thrift dorm.



William Harold Kneller

Birdman came to Annapolis via NAPS Band and was destined from the start to take the E.E. Department by storm. After many lonely nights in feverish preparation, from the depths of the Michelson Lab Deck emerged his Brain Child – A portable computer terminal. Staying true to his one and only love, wires, has amassed the largest, most Powerful Stereo System on earth, and was reputed to have periodically disrupted communications on the East coast.

Bill spent much of second class year trying to get on third class rates, and while he didn't march in a single parade, he managed to log in quite a few hours with the Dawn Patrol on the fifth wing terrace, keeping Bancroft Hall safe for democracy.

While other mids wasted their time on wild flirtations, Bill stayed true to the girl back home and set several land speed records in getting to and from his sweethearts side.



Samuel Harding Nichols III

Sammy transferred to USNA from sunny Auburn University, and has been pondering that decision ever since. Majoring in Oceanography, his love for the sea is matched only by his affection for Jacques Cousteau. Making monthly pilgrimages to the Wardroom to view the undersea world specials, he was recently nominated *Fan Of The Year* by the Cousteau Society for single handedly holding off an entire wardroom of second class from changing stations to Mary Hartman.

A lover of the Fine Arts Sammy took to loud music and Schiltz on the weekends, and spent periods back home in the Heart of Dixie playing tennis and soaking in the sun.

Sam had the distinction of being the only youngster in the company to have his very own famous Navy saying recorded indelibly on the minds of his classmates on a sleepy morning at breakfast.



Walter Pfandl



John W. Stahura

After his roommate unties him, John Stahura is free to drift about his daily activities. Between poses in the mirror and trips to the red beach, the Jewish Santa Claus has given John true insight into the elusive variable Z. With a yawn and a flex a hungry John struts off to gymnastics practice where he is diligently in search of the double. While the double escapes him now, seeing double doesn't. This is usually after a tough workout with twelve ounce curls and the bar bells. The only thing John looks forward to more than liberty is puberty, with the hope of sprouting hair upon his mighty chest. Leaving USNA John looks forward to Navy Air, long hair, a dozen kids, and a flexible wife.

Walt came to us from sunny California uninhibited and free and left uninhibited and a Marine. First class year he successfully disguised a 747 as a 240-Z' and could be seen each weekend lifting off from the seventh wing parking lot. Walt did four years on the track team throwing the discus and still managed to survive the onslaught of academics, which almost spelled his doom.





Jeffrey J. Tomlin

Young and innocent, Jeff Tomlin entered the Naval Academy from the great State of Washington. It took a whole year at Annapolis for him to figure out that beer was for drinking, and Saturday nights, for partying. He soon after became proficient at both and still found time to study and quarter-back a brigade champion light-weight football team.

Convinced he wanted to be a doctor, and with a driving ambition to fly jets, Jeff chose Marine Corps and no one yet has been able to figure out why.



The TOPS man came to us as the high school hero of Johnstown, PA., a title which was not undeserved. Being the scholar-athlete TOPS had to have his bout with Forzanos Football, but soon found that "to many quarterbacks spoil the backfield." Having to channel his energy to other interests, Steve's Q.P.R. seemed to grow exponentially until he obtained the first and probably last 4.0 for the penthouse crew. Not one to let the books get the better of him TOPS has also been known to do more than his share of partying. As soon as "Lips" left us TOPS became the fastest man with a can logging in with a sub 5 second Pabst. It was around this time that a certain young lady entered his life which only seemed to mean another face was always seen at the party. She hasn't been able to settle him down and I doubt if Adm. Rickover will be able to either, since there is just too much partying left to do.



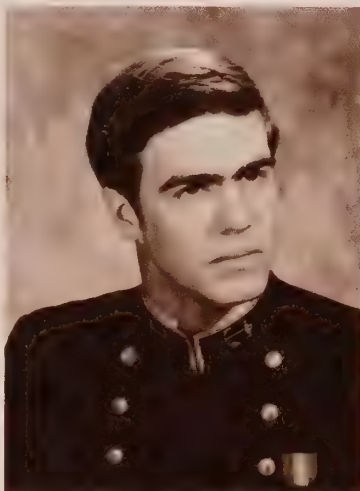
Stephen James Topscher

Mike is a less than typical sweet southern guy. His red neck is hidden only by his red face. It took him 2 years to figure out that yawl is a boat. He came to the academy to escape the rigid restrictions of home. He and his best friend, SR50, soon discovered the wonderful world of shes. His image changed from hospital corners to dream boy. This entailed golden sleeves and buying a car that says G.T. on the outside. You would have made it Mike if you had had a little more size. His only compensation is his sex appeal. It was "Have pity on me, I'm starving." Mike is a real knight - he did battle with the jar heads! Mike's own head is a scientific specimen, for doctors are bidding for rights to his chin. Air is his selection. He made one mistake by not heeding his brothers advice and entering the academy. Did he do it again?

"Life is too short to enjoy it." That is why John came to the academy. As a great philosopher, he amazed us with his wisdom - "Our reward is not in this academy" John found his in a bottom of a mug - either crusted Joe or silky suds. Pablo peeking out once or twice he is still anonymous, but he is bound to be discovered sooner or later. John and secret vows don't mesh. So the whole man survives to solid burp again. Speaking of the solid burp, John staged an international crisis in the turtles affair. John's athletic ability is evident to all from his baby blue tennis shorts to his plaid boxers. He majored in Bio Sci. with a minor in silence. "I only dread one day at a time." John's future is still hanging - Doc or Dock? We will always remember the wilk as the blue star in the orange streak - easy!



Michael Ballintine West



John H. Wilckens



Eric D. Youngborg





Richard Arnold Badsgard

Bags is believed to have blown in from the Tortilla Flat region of the "land of the sand." His biggest challenge during plebe year had to be his roommate — old "deadly from the hip, validated 35 hours, super athlete, haven't done it for two weeks, LAPD" Cajé. After graciously giving of his free time each semester to be the sub squad mile run pace man, he would temporarily hang up his running shoes in order to work with the fencing team. Not only did Bags manage the varsity team, but he also coached the third battalion championship. The squash courts were one of his favorite haunts, and he soon acquired the coordination necessary to strike a moving opponent in the face. It didn't take long for Rich's sexy legs to get him in trouble — as the ring in his nose will attest. Bags has hopes of being the first nuclear qualified P-3 NFO to be home based out of Albuquerque.



Robert Hughes Bauman

Robert Hughes "Rugrat" Bauman, left the frozen plains of North Dakota to do a three year tour at the Marine Military Academy before he finally decided to hang his utilities in the fifteenth company area. A four year letterman on the varsity rack team, Bob could always be found resting up for a big match. A crack shot with a rifle one need only ask to see his pet fly to attest to his ability. During his first class year Bob was selected as Captain of the Rifle Team. Always one to voice his opinion, Bob's favorite subject was the "preferential" treatment that the rifle team received over all other team sports. Bob's great interest for guns almost made him an excellent argument for anti-gun legislation the night he almost blew his head off with his own .45. Will Bob win his bet with Mark?



Anthony Louis Blanco

Anthony Louis Blanco comes to us from San Leandro, California. After spending his high school years with hippies and radicals, Blanx (as he is called by his friends) decided to tone down his life style some and attend USNA.

During his time here at the Academy, Tony has been very active. Youngster year he selected International Security Affairs as his major and since that time he has desperately been trying for anchor man.

Tony is known as an aggressive basketball player (to say the least). He has also been a member of the Karate Club where he learned all there is to know about being a "Samura: Warrior."

Blanx has selected Navy Air as his service selection. Anyone ought to be able to recognize Tony at Pensacola. He'll be the one with the full beard, wearing the overalls, driving a Jenson Healey, with a boda bag in one hand, and a pretty girl in the other.



Martin Willis Brittingham

It wasn't long before we realized that nobody else from Hochessin could pronounce words with 'l's in them, and despite all appearances, "Tooter," was a normal wires major.

The Navy has done a lot to expand the travel horizons of a man who (before youngster cruise) had ventured to far-away Philadelphia and Norfolk. So far, everywhere it has taken him there was room for WA3NME, and with any luck WA3NME / MM will be around on surface nucs for years to come.

Martin will probably never be able to convince us that Delaware is big enough to deserve to be a state, that 'one way' doesn't mean what we think it does, nor will Coach Lawrence ever believe that Martin can jump off the platform the right way the first time.



Kevin Newell Curley

Kevin Curley came to the Academy from Hillcrest Heights, Maryland. Even with this strike against him however he managed to succeed and in the end hated Annapolis as much as any one.

Curley was the second of his lineage to pass through these hallowed halls, his father having graduated with the Class of '50.

Kevin, since youngster year has proved himself a high achiever. As one of a handful of survivors of the Naval Architecture major, he has easily earned for himself the coveted "Golden Bead" award. As a sailor, Lobster has earned a yawl command and done very well with the exception of a collision now and then. Kevin's great motivation and ability will undoubtedly see him through nuclear power school and on to an outstanding career in the fleet.



Lee Ellsworth Erdman

Lee came to quaint old Annapolis from the heartland of God's country, Wisconsin.

Lee's biggest challenge while at the Academy has been to make his stay at USNA livable. As a youngster Lee found a toy in the form of a big, brand new, shiny, blue home on wheels. Even though he had this new comfort, Lee could usually be found riding his bicycle on weekends. It's funny how his destination was always about 7.1 miles away.

Lee began his academic endeavors in Aerospace Engineering but decided to change to a more General major to give himself extra time for other pleasures. As a first class class on plebe detail, he held the position of Regimental Intramural and Cartoon Officer.

Lee has withstood the four years at the Academy and is all set to "take off" in the Navy if only the rest of the world could make up its mind.

All-American, apple pie, and Mom is the only way to describe Michael P. Golden. Known to many as na-noock of the north, for his awesome stamina of going to bed night after night without a sheet or blanket for a cover.

Mike was a three time letter winner in Navy baseball. He was one of the leading hitters on the team and was also named as a player of the week in the East.

In academics Mike must have found his own Tecumseh god of the 3.0. Luckily Mike never knew what it was like to get anything less than a B. Mike was a combination jock and pencilneck, what a combination! Don't get him wrong he broke many a reg, in four years, he totaled an unbelievable 20 demos. Mike's best quality is his friendliness. He could often be heard saying "Hugh that Negat." Adm. Rickover will be lucky to get him, that is if he's willing to take a second to Deborah.



Michael Peter Golden



Michael Douglas Halloran

Michael has spent a leisurley four years at Navy. As fifteenth company's only commuting student he even managed to fit an ocean engineering curriculum into his busy schedule. His academic achievements include, being a member of the infamous three musketeers.

As a member of the plebe basketball team his athletic prowess "gunning" was made known. His favorite sport however was handball. Defeating nearly every opponent, he lead the battalion to three straight championships. Mike has the distinction of going out with the same girl all four years.

Mike has been a success at the Academy and will surely continue to do well in the Corps. He knows his capabilities and will be glad to let anyone else know. if they will only sit and listen. For all this and the two words "Hey, Mate" Michael will be remembered.



Craig Ireland Hanson

A native of Fortuna, a small town in northern California, Craig Hanson came to the Academy with a strong desire for success. He elected to take the hard path, taking up studies in Systems Engineering for his degree.

One of Craig's more notable qualities is his appetite. It is as gigantic as the Redwood trees found near his hometown. Craig is a strong competitor in intramural sports that include handball, lacrosse, and football.

Craig's engineering background puts him in good standing for his future career in the submarine service which requires a qualification in nuclear engineering. Probably a major influence in his decision is the fact that the submarine service rightfully brags about the best food in the Navy.



Gary Douglas Harrell

You can never say enough about Gary. He showed tremendous courage when he alone, as "Cowboy Jack Lanza", took on the Blimp Brothers for the world wrestling championship of Bancroft Hall.

Gary naturally had a liking for stroking with the boys, so he joined Lt. Wt. Crew Plebe Year, and stayed a member until graduation, except for one leave of absence when he became 'Stud' of the Batt football team.

Yes, he is a leader of men, and he doesn't do a bad job with the women either. He was elected president of the antique car club, and took his 'classic' to Connecticut on many a long weekend.

He was very close to the plebes in his squad plebe summer. Uncle Gary, as they affectionately called him, always tucked them in at night, and then took off to the D.C. 'O' Club, where he said good night to many young "Ladies?"



Russell Glenn Lett

Russ came to the Academy from Oak Harbor, Wash. Although he is not a regular on the Dean's list, he did make the "Dants" list a record four times. He showed his leadership ability when he led the third batt squad onto the red beach many mornings before the sun. He has contributed much to the company with his noted quotes: "You're cool," "Dee,". Russ did excel in academics, after he finally decided what major he wanted. Yes, Russ is a born leader. Every Friday, he would lead the company to the "O" Club to start the weekend off on the right foot. Always the athletic type, Russ became a member of the Rugby Club his senior year. Even though he sustained many bumps and bruises, he soon became a valuable part of the team. His future plans lie in the field of naval aviation.



Brent Alan Leytem

Brent A. Leytem, while obtaining a dubious degree in Ocean Engineering, managed to maintain his NFO status as left wing for the three musketeers. Of course, his efforts did not go unrewarded as he was allowed to escape to Rosemont each (and every!) weekend. This escape often cost certain underclassmen \$4.00 roundtrip.

Known as the "night owl" B.A. burnt the midnight oil quite frequently . . . sometimes even till eleven o'clock.

In defense of Brent it should be said that he swam on the plebe team and he and another musketeer could frequently be "kicking-butt" in water-polo. He also maintained an almost 3.0 scholastic average and yet still found time to play around in the hall.

In conclusion, it must be said that although Brent and I have had our differences, he still has a lot going for him in "Babes" and I wish them both the best.

Alias "Mac". After two and one half years as a member of the football team he hung up his cleats after his favorite coach uttered the immortal words, "you're lousy." Then in his first class year he showed his coaching ability as his Batt football team finished with a 2-2-1 record and minus 17 players. Mac highlighted the second class pick-nik by doing a strip tease with the aid of a tree branch and a few "bulls". He has had several flames over the past four years ranging from "big Red" to Gail, but his heart still lies with the little lady back home in Texas. Mac's service interests lie in the aviation field whether it be Navy or Marine Corps. On the weekends Mac can usually be found out with the boys somewhere having a couple cool ones at Rudy's or D.T.'s, while on the week days he can be found in the wardroom with chaw of beech-nut under cheek.



Gary Mike McConnell

Ernie, "Yumpin' Yo", Joe Medina left the badlands of the Mojave Desert to come to the badlands of Anne Arundel County. He received many compliments as being the best d - in 15th Company. Not one to sit back and rest on his laurels, Joe again reached the limelight by twice winning the coveted "Black N" awarded to midshipmen personally by the Commandant for high achievement in the field of misconduct.

Youngster and second class year blended together and Joe impressed many people with his cleverness in the field of physics. Many times he could be heard saying, "I flunked the test, but he gave partial credit and I got a 95%." As Company Commander first set of our last year Joe learned many tricks that good Marines have to know and this will keep him in good stead as one of the best grunts to hit Quantic.



Joseph Valentino Medina



Daniel Faribanks Mitchell

Dangerous Dan Mitchell, from Tallahassee, Florida, graduated first in his class from Leon High School and then promptly reported aboard the USS Bancroft.

When we acquired stereos, we all learned of his refined taste for country and gospel music (like it or not!) and by this time we were saturated with his wily wit. His Yankee friends could almost recite verbatim his "true account of the War of Northern Aggression."

And then who could forget his staunch stand for the CIA, (Celibacy In Action) of which he was President charter member? But on first class cruise a young lady caught his eye and bachelorhood may be losing supporter!

But most important of all, many will remember his firm stand for the Lord Jesus Christ, the only One who makes life worth living.

We'll miss you, Dangerous!



Phillip Leslie Newman

Phillip (Nil) Leslie Newman left his home in Halls, Tennessee in the summer of '72 and came east to the U.S. Naval Academy.

Phil, being one of the Bro, quickly assimilated all those characteristics which make a good midshipman - or barroom brawler. Doing this has forced him to do a "180" every time he went home.

Phil decided to skate with analytical management and ever since has proven very adept at doing almost nothing for a good grade. Guess it's management skill!

Boxing until he had his mouth wired for sound, Phil was a football manager in the spring and fall. He was chosen as senior manager by the team and became "the man" in the spring of '75.

Phil chose the Corps for his service selection. One can only say the Corps lucked out for they are getting a very good man. So ends the saga of Nil Phewman.



Mark Stephen O'Hare

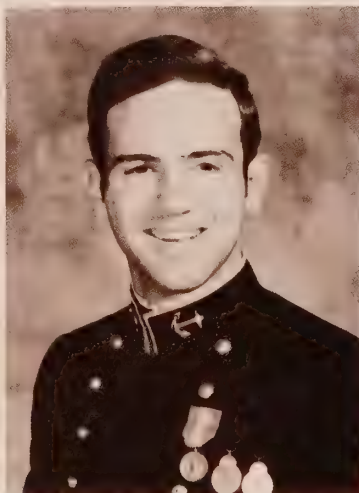
Coming from the football fields of Chicago, the "Chief" brought his big frame and equally large sense of humor to challenge all. Always a hard worker, he proved to be a reliable and valuable friend to all. Injuries cut short his gridiron career, but he came right back to become the Vince Lombardi of Third Batt football. As truly a man with a plan, he performed for himself and never compromised his standards. Part of this plan, his beloved red 'Vette, was the result of several frugal semesters. However as time changes so do plans, and a certain young lady from across the river, soon replaced the 'Vette as the receiver of his affection. A great first class cruise convinced Mark that "surface line is mighty fine." Chief will be a welcomed addition to any wardroom, as long as enough food is served. "... intensity, Chief."



Thomas Franklin Pumphrey



William Monroe Parker



Jeffrey Edward Pettit

With the beginning of plebe year, came one of the finest young men to enter the Academy. From the word go, Bill is a real hard worker. He demands from others the same demands he makes on himself. He is always around if you need someone to talk to or even work out with. Bill came to the Academy from Springfield, Virginia, where he excelled in football and track. He carried these sports over with him as he has won numerals in Battalion football and twice in Battalion track. Affectionately called "Wild Bill" by the underclass, his performance in working with all classes is outstanding. Bill is an excellent decision maker. What's the pro topic? That's what I'll choose for service selection. Whichever service he chooses, Bill will be a real asset to his country and that service. His continued hard work will make Bill an outstanding officer.

Jeff is a very conscientious man with a schedule to keep. He'll do anything for you as long as it's not after 2300. At this time he practices ancient Chinese ritual and is not heard of until 0725. By the way, where is Arkansas?

He is not particularly slow at making decisions, he just makes the wrong ones. Only Jeff, a man who doesn't drink and hates seafood would choose to go FOREX to the Norwegian Navy where they subsist on beer and whatever they can catch.

After a brief career in Naval Architecture, during which Jeff gave E.I. to many but couldn't pass himself, he succeeded in pulling up his ailing eum with general engineering, and generally "bagging".

Jeff likes what he's seen of the Navy and looks forward to a successful career in the surface fleet.

I rank him 1 of 6.

Ole 'Pump is a good old country boy from Doswell, Virginia. He graduated from Patrick Henry High School in 1971 and went into the Naval Reserve as a seaman the following October. He currently ranks number two on the list of all-time gunges, second only to Admiral Chester Nimitz. He aspires to come back to our beloved "Canoe U." twenty-five or thirty years from now as an Admiral to be at the dedication of the Russian Complex, "Pumphrey Hall." The hall will be dedicated to him in gratitude for his finally graduating.

He has actively participated in the Officers Christian Fellowship and has supported them all four of his years here. If there is anything he ought to be remembered for, it is for his concern for others and genuine conscientiousness, sans par.



Curtis James Shaffer

Curt took his academics seriously during his tour at Navy, but the only honor he ever received was being on the Rickett's Hall "get list". His talents also included being MVP on most all of his intramural sports teams. Known to tip an occasional brew or scotch, he could usually be found doing a few with the "bros" when not with the little lady. He was considered for the job of rewriting the reg book because he had much dealing with it. Always ready to help a friend, the corps will be proud to have this man. He would give you his last dime, but expected you to do the same since he probably bought the last round. He spent all of first class year trying to figure out a way to buy stock in the Steerage since he was keeping them in business. Curt's smile will be remembered by all that knew him here.



After one year at Bay de Noc Community College, the "white works kid" appeared on the Naval Academy scene in the summer of 1972. A Bio Science and Chemistry double-major, "Smitty" made short work of all academic courses. Although graduating with a 3.5+ CQPR, Smitty managed to have enough "fun" to elude making the Superintendent's list once in four years. A future nuclear-power "jock", Smitty promises to make our country safe from enemy attacks but will probably send ADM. RICKOVER to his grave in the process. Though he seemed to always get an A or a B in physical education, his famous line was "I never said I was an athlete." Graduation will break up "the bro.," but our lives will be different after having lived with the agnostic from Michigan.



Michael Loye Smith

There hasn't been a dull moment in 15th Co. since "input" left the leisurely beer busting college days at Wisconsin and set sail for the Academy. The academic wizard validated so many hours of college during the summer that his only military obligations during plebe year were come-arounds.

An E.E. major and a Trident Scholar at that, Jon acquired his 3.6 cum. by doing everybody else's homework assignments. Ever since it was discovered that he was the "Man with the Gouge," Mids have traveled from all corners of Bancroft to seek his profound and mystical responses. Unfortunately, gouge hounds must patiently wait until "Input" has finished spouting off quotes from fireside theatre.

Jon's future plans include the building of an interface connecting him directly with the PDP8 computer, a "one way?" trip to Grad School (John 14:6) and Nuc. Power.



Jon Sitton Tandy



Charles Edward Tower, Jr.

Who is the Hunter? Mild-mannered Charles Tower, quiet in speech but quick with the wit, was commonly known as Chick. As a plebe his favorite words were "Oh, I don't know." An alternate form of expression was blinking his eyes. During his first year, he could be heard at 5 a.m. scrubbing his face, in front of the sink with grade XX supercoarse sandpaper.

Third class year he was thrown among the wolves and spent the whole year requesting roommates who would not write "adees" on his socks, jocks, and boondocks. Second class year he got his new roommates and a new image.

Pride is just one of the factors influencing him into the Marines. Nobody has told him that USMC does not stand for U.S. Marine Computers. As Company Subcommander Chick could again be heard muttering those immortal words "Oh, I don't know, pass him up for discharge."



Steven Carl Von Dollen



Mark Lee West

Mark came to Navy from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Being from the wide open spaces of the mid-west Mark could usually not be found at USNA on the weekends. For three years Mark enjoyed working on his father's car, carpentry, and making the best use of area liberty whenever he didn't have a weekend. But, yes, even Mark had to study. Being a devout ME major he found that time was at a premium at USNA and spent many weekends in the hall with his books. Of course, if he was going to spend time in the hall "... why not make it livable?" Known to have one of the messiest, nick-nackiest rooms in the company Mark received many comments on how homey his room really looked. Well, to Mark there was no way that USNA could be homey except for one addition and that didn't come until June 12, 1976 back in Sioux Falls.



James Michael Yeager

When Steve arrived for plebe summer, he had his most valuable possessions with him - his girls and his toothbrush. Steve spent youngster year in academic pursuits, both at the Academy and the College of Notre Dame Campus. Second class year found Steve ready to accept the responsibilities of leadership. During the summer he was getting down at the Rathskeller, leading the gang in a spirited songfest and in "musical beers." Later, he introduced New York society to the intricacies of character assassination, and then won the title of "Quantico buzz champion." During the academic year, his snappy little car of the future made the weekend attraction that much more accessible. First-class year finds Steve missing the joys of marching and weekend duty, forced to accept three stripes and libs, no wonder no one sees him any more.

Mike came to Navy from Henderson, Texas which we heard tell "had it all." He promptly joined the football team, first filling the quarterback slot and eventually as wide receiver for the last two years. Mike did an outstanding job every Saturday afternoon during the season while at the same time launching an all-out campaign for Johnson & Johnson in the spatting business.

Mike was also very dedicated to his academic major of business management. Many times he could be seen applying his study of expenditures and revenues to the real business world of Saturday night.

Everyone Mike knew while he was here became a friend including one back home who was somewhat bazaar.

Always confident and respected by all Mike heads for the Corps in June. A good man in every sense of the word.



Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme
— John Fletcher — Queen of *Corinth*.

"Berks", one of the most gifted athletes on the 16th Company jock roster, was found on the varsity basketball court every afternoon for his first two years at Navy, in addition to leading the second class to an upset victory in the company tournament. His studies were permanent to John, leading as they did to a coveted goal of Navy wings. It was said that the only things that could lure John from his lair were an NBA game or a date with Karen. Be that as it may, we'll remember Berks as the strong, silent type, knowing full well that if they ever cast a Blue Angles flick they'll grab John for the lead — it'll only be type casting.

All in all, John will undoubtedly take Pensacola by storm.



John William Berkley

The laughter never ceases, the smile
never fades . . . Rimbaud

Bigs, the only true sophisticate in the company, hailed from the Big Apple in general and Long Island in particular — until his folks made the big move to the sticks and hicks of Lancaster, to Bill's everlasting dismay. Bill majored in Bioscience / PreMed, primarily in case he overdosed on beer, as he was wont to do. He always had the treatment handy, even if it was only four more cans of brew. Naturally everyone in the 16th Company is making plans for Bill to deliver their first set of brats, not for sentimental reason, but for financial ones. With any luck, Bill can be remembered for his desire to party, his talents with a book, and his tendency to laugh at anything "Mac" decided to say. Hopefully he'll be cruising thru' Med School in the Georgetown vicinity for at least three years to come.



William John Bigham



David Bryan Chiquelin

One who has both feet firmly planted in the air. — Anonymous.

Dave arrived early on the scene, or late on the scene, depending on how you view the situation. He arrived with '75, took a quick (one year) break, and came roaring back to graduate with '76. Little did we know that we had a rifle All-American in our midst, until he shot the locks off his door. His radio station was the hit of several nights, especially with "Gorgo" as the senior DJ, and himself as program director and senior engineer. They could have put WRNV out of business, but the FM capability just wasn't there. Surface line seems to be the way for the future for Dave, and his Mechanical Engineering background should stand him in good stead. The only thing he needs to avoid in the future are snowbound camping trips with "Bad Jer," at least until he makes himself a new down jacket.



Larry Arnold Davis



Richard Thomas Holloway



Bruce Martin Jackson

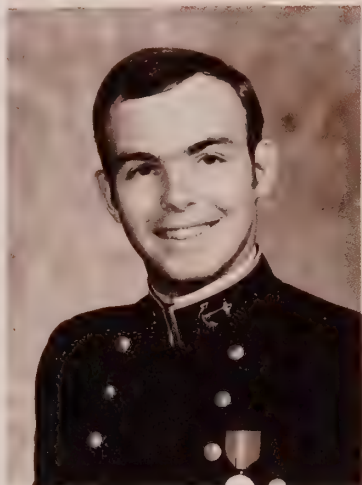
And whatsoever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. COL 3:23.

From the heights of icy Gray, Maine, came Larry Davis, and he soon established himself as the neatest, cleanest plebe in the company, and also the coldest. In the space of a single semester he managed to freeze the toes off his southern roomies, Hawk and Sill, by leaving the windows wide open to the Maryland winter. Hitting the books, cleaning the room and ushering in the Chapel on Sundays soon became the routine for L.D., who also established himself as a leader in the Bible study groups here at USNA. Due to the suspect findings of the quack Medical Department, Larry will be entering the Civil Engineering Corps come June. Indeed, it's hard to find an individual more respected all-around by a notable collection of derelicts, hoodlums and bums such as the 16th Company.

The earth is the root of countless good men." — Pearl S. Buck

Arriving the plebe summer fresh from Holloway Hog Farms, Inc., in the heart of central Indiana, Dick has become famous as one of the company Casanovs. From the mountains of Colorado Springs, to the tourist traps of Williamsburg, to the veritable ivy-covered walls of Hood, this lad has always met the brightest and the best among the fairer sex. It has produced a definite case of the cools, several late night conferences over the telephone, and a couple of earth-shaking letters. Dick will be remembered for his gifts on the company basketball, football and baseball fields, and also for his rib-breaking session on varsity football. A History major, Dick is bound for the trip south into the kingdom of Navy Air. Gold wings, golden hair — all he needs is a few bridge lessons for deployment time and he'll be all set.

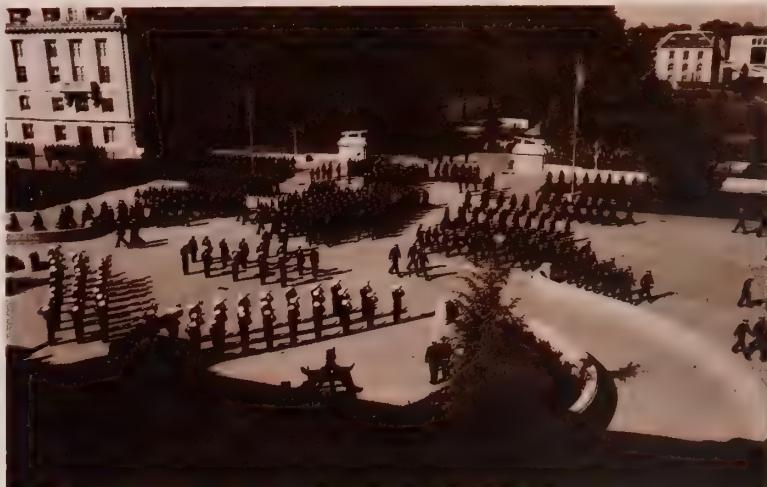
Bruce Jackson, better known as "Action" or "Paperback" to classmates, came to USNA from the shores of the San Francisco Bay. "Action" is well known for his interest in pro material, too well known according to some members of the Class of '78 who think his favorite book is *Jane's Fighting Ships*. He picked up the nickname "Paperback" for his habit of constantly having his nose buried in the latest sci-fi thriller. It is rumored that the bookstore will go out of business for lack of support when he graduates. Bruce opted for surface line picking the *USS BREWTON* (FF-1086) out of Pearl Harbor. The next few years will find him stretched out soaking up the rays around San Diego or Hawaii when not playing MPA. Who knows, surface line might just be mighty fine, at least when your headed for Hawaii.



David Walter Jourdan

He that would pun would pick a pocket.
— Jonathan Swift.

Long to be remembered for his devastating drivel, which occasionally passed as wit, or even as a bad pun, Dave arrived on the scene plebe summer with a penchant for Oriole baseball and a mind like a steel trap. He proceeded to become one of the top basketball guards yet developed on 7-1, vice-president of the Physics Club and the resident gouge-man for every math course offered since the beginning of time at USNA. While he has not at this writing fallen into the striper game, rumor has it that he is being considered for either Company Commander or sixth wing MAA. Good luck, Dave. Nonetheless, Dave was a ranking member of the Florida-or-die-Bunch that trekked down second class year. The call to Nuke school seems to have Dave dancing at the end of a string, and it looks like lucky Florida is in for a return engagement shortly.



The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigations. — Gibbon — Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Steve arrived on the scene with a Navy background that quickly made him the envy of the company — until he revealed that he didn't know whether the quarterback was on the offensive or the defensive team in football. At least it wasn't hard remembering where he was from — Taipai, Taiwan. Steve will be remembered for his hard-hitting approach to rugby, his ability with sports cars and his fluency in French. Being president of the French Club and cruising with the French Navy 1/c summer helped develop his gifts, but alas, there just aren't too many embassy billets on the '76 ship list. So its off to surface line for Kels, and its easy to see that he'll do well, whatever the ship, wherever the port. Fair Sailing, Steve.



Steven Michael Kelly

K-man arrived at Canoe U. via the City (D.C., not Bowie). He breezed through academia with his Albert Michelson chemistry gouge which dated back to the turn of the century. His roomos yearned for those generous Chem profs who promised and delivered a C in spite of a 23.5 average.

Not to be branded a pencil-neck he carved his own little niche in the athletic Hero Hall of Fame. His stellar football career quickly plummeted two days into practice with a serious knee injury (abrasion). Overcoming this traumatic experience he promptly went out for 16th Co. soccer and set a new Naval Academy intramural record for goals allowed. Also, Kenny still claims that he was recruited for swimming.

Though some say his table was cut in the wardroom of life, we know different. The K-man always has a seat on our table.



Kenneth Edwin Leonard

Let us leave every man at liberty to seek into himself and to lose himself in his ideas. — Voltaire.

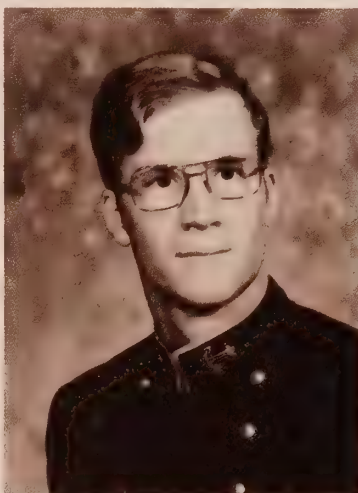
David arrived from Massachusetts with credentials as a soccer star and swimmer, and hit each sport for a set or two until knee ops sidelined him. Anyone who can get through plebe year in the same room with "Beans and Sutes" deserves some sort of recognition, and Dave was finally made second class Batt Commander. His grades were always good, despite the fact that he forgot how to open or even work a book halfway through youngster year. German foreign exchange cruise sharpened his fluency in that language, and women sharpened his skills in other languages as well. All in all, we'll remember Dave as one of the unique and good ones that appear in life on an infrequent and selective basis — Pensacola and Navy Air had better be ready for the arrival of a "main man."



David Johnston Manners

He knew what is what. — Skelton.

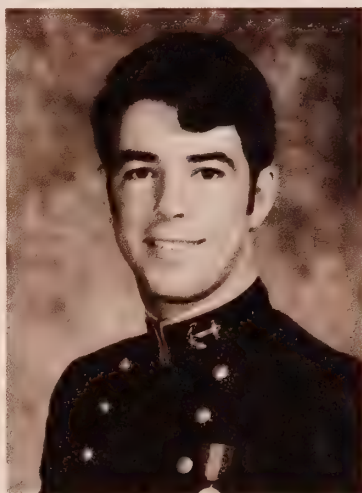
This larger than life rancher came riding east plebe summer with a taste for suds, a head for Math and a nose for the nearest party. He quickly established a reputation as a no-nonsense character, and soon found a cozy weekend haven for his car, his civvies and his body. He's thrown the football for the company heavies, the javelin for Navy track and the bull to anyone who can stand to listen for more than 10 minutes running. Since coming east he's learned to ski, solve CA problems and run a campaign for class President. Picking up on the women and downing the Coors had always come naturally. And come next year one can only suspect that he'll just keep on doing what comes naturally, in the land of the golden fly-boy. Say Hello to a big one, Pensacola, 'cause here he comes!



Craig Owen McDonald

Questions are for children; men learn the answers seen enough. — Machiavelli, *The Prince Of Foxes*.

Larry descended upon us from Housgon, by way of NAPS, and soon earned the respect of all with his kicking toe, his baseball hitting gifts, and his drinking feats. Who else quit baseball to sit on the bench in football — until George Welsh finally saw the light and put the man into the limelight senior year? The only thing you can be sure of is that Larry's favorite sport requires neither a football gridiron nor a football field. He'll be remembered for his losing bout with a bottle of the demon rum during the first hayride. Not everyone has two cars during three years as a midshipman, improves their grade point average every semester or smiles quite as freely as Larry. That's the picture we'll always keep: the wide smile, the quick laugh; knowing that Navy Air lucked out on him.



Lawrence Michael Muczynski



The love of money is the root of all evil.
— Timothy. VI. 10.

The "Rag," as he is known to friends and fans alike, is the proud possessor of an ancient Ford Truck, the smallest bicycle in the world, and the ability to work Aero problems in his sleep. The only man in the company to publically admit that he was going Marine Corps during the first days of plebe summer, it appears as though Art might in reality follow through on that one. Besides dating a plebe's sister, Art shall no doubt go down in history as the creator of the Army project that ended the world during our senior year at a cost of \$1.00 a head. Above all, however, remains his amazing efforts to secure a cap to the Chapel dome — it might have come true if the Jimmylegs hadn't broken his secret code. Nice try, Art, and don't try to put a hat on the Chapel in your Tomcat — you'll be going too fast.



Arthur L. Nalls

Speech is silver: silence is golden. —
Golden German Proverb.

"Jest a country boy" and from Heidelberg, Mississippi, Jerry quickly established himself as the math wizard without comparison in the 16th Company and indeed within the Brigade. Making the good grades, playing good, hack football for the company lights and heavies, camping in the snow were the delights of "Bad Jer." The sight of his heavily taped forarms and the sound of a good 'ol rebel yell were enough to plow down many an opposing lineman or receiver. Submarine cruise was the way he went, and the call to Nuke school penetrated through his mind, and he's off for a year of grad work in Disneyland South. But we all know that its the sound of falling leaves in a Southern forest, and the quiet of the Mississippi nights that he's really looking for, not the hum of turbines or the spinning of dials.



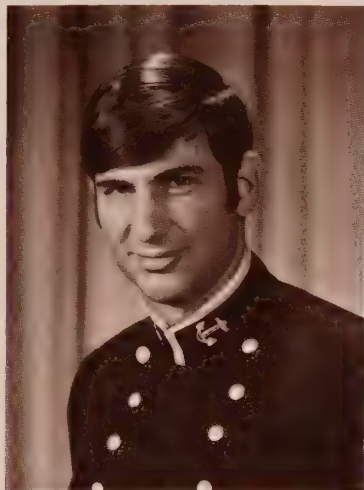
Jerry Louis Parker

Why should the devil play all the good
tunes? — Rowland Hill — *Sermons*.

Rick, a southern horn player, came our way from the deepest of the deep south — El Dorado, Arkansas. Rick managed to play for nearly every jazz / rock combo at the Naval Academy. He truly outdid himself when he and a few friends put together the best sousing band this side of the Mississippi. He wrote a few record reviews for the *Log*, assembled the best stereo system going, and sat back and listened while he solved the universe in Thermo and Heat Transfer. He will be remembered for breaking his hand on Randy's head, his rough-and-ready style on the fieldball turf and the good times in California youngster summer. All we hope is that surface line knows the luck it has when they latch onto the smooth-playin', sweet-talking southern boy.



George Richard Parks, Jr.



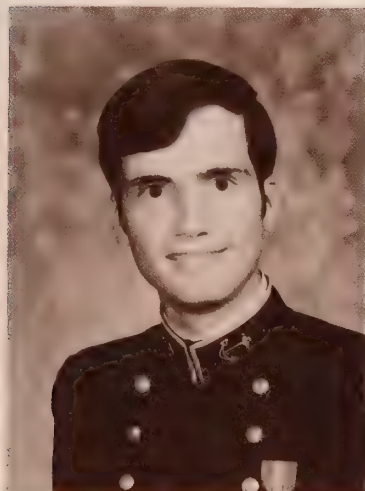
Phillip Lincoln Poirier, Jr.

You know the mind can only hold so much. Some choose to fill it with numbers, but I choose to fill with ideas. — P.L. Poirier, 1975.

"PO" labored for four years at Navy, earning a double-major, football and International Political Systems. As the fearless Navy QB, "Sidney Hollywood" (alias "Dancing Bear", alias "Sonny") frequently punished opposing linebackers' helmets with his chest. His ever-sympathetic roommates never tired, though of hoisting him into his favorite top rack.

"The Nose" realized the country's dire economic straits and actively strove to keep both Maryland and California's telephone companies in the profits by calling his lovely young miss as often as possible.

One would be tempted to say there is something special about Po-yah but then again what do we know? At least he finally made a winning football team.



James Robert Pottle, Jr.

Doubt whom you will, but never yourself. — Bovee.

The Kansas City Bomber arrived on the scene plebe summer, just in time to be late for every formation, chow call and event of that blessed time. He gained our respect quickly though, with his abilities in the field of scholarship, validating his way swiftly into courses that destroyed him. After the long struggle however, he is still high enough in the class that the Nukes can hound him tooth and nail for their committment. He was, of course, the original Heartbreak Kid at times, being hit for car violations, speeding tickets, navigation games, automobile accidents, and every other imaginable crime during second class year. Seriously though, whether he ends up surface line or Nuke, it's apparent that Rob will handle the load. After all, after his second class year, the rest of his life can only get better!

A handful of patience is worth more than a bushel of brains. — Dutch Proverb.

Perhaps the only living being from Nokesville, Virginia, George made quite an impression during the first days of plebe summer with his singing, his high school yearbook and his neatly shaven head. Fortunately, he changed: He stopped singing, he threw away the yearbook and he finally grew his hair back. He went on from these humble beginnings to win five N"s as a triple jumper on the Navy track squad, made friends with every company officer that ever was, and even commanded the company plebe summer. Of note were the inaccuracy of his grade predictions, the time he got an H. Ross Perot haircut and his warmth and friendship toward everyone in the company. Graduation was a typical mid-event for George: in one fell swoop he got a car and got taken to that Shang-ri-la of the East coast, Quantico.



George Evans Rector, Jr.



James Frank Rubino

Jim came to us from San Juan Capistrano, leaving behind frozen bananas to begin taking in the good life. It soon became apparent that Jim would make a name for himself. He first distinguished himself on the parade field, where he showed that he could do anything, except march. Plebe year academics never posed any problems for Jim; his plebe year roommates saw to it that he was not totally without headaches. They encouraged him to take showers and once, he even took off his black socks. Youngster year saw the advent of a new Rubino trademark, bare feet. He wandered through the halls in the showless state for two years. Then Jim became company commander and started following the rules. When we really think of it, Jim underwent quite a transformation in his first class year. Three stripes made him spunky and he'd tangle with anyone who could keep from laughing. After graduation Jim will head for Nuclear Power School where he will surely continue to excel. He will be remembered as a true friend, the type of person who everyone hopes to meet.



Randall Keith Schmitt

Eags came to the Boat School via Hawaii, a state we all came to "love." Quickly adapting to the climate of Annapolis, he grew to love it here on the banks of the Severn. He could be heard daily giving choice comments on both the weather and the school. Plebe year was his best. He quickly made friends, especially with the company officer, who thought so much of him to rank him just above the barbers and the mokes. (Sir, the call from the company phone was only to Hawaii and only for an hour.) Eagle also proved his academic excellence as a Three Musketeer.

While his friends lingered in obscurity, Eags went out on the town with the everfaithful Linda. We can't wait until Eagle reaches the Fleet because he is a man of authority — by the way, Linda, can Eagle use his car this weekend?



James George Stavridis

Dance Zorba, dance — Kazantzakis, *Zorba the Greek*.

A man for all seasons is the Stav. With that rare total love of life, Jim tore through those brief four years, constantly seeking experience. A literary wizard, his sharp pen did much to enliven the numerous columns he wrote, as well as the *Log*, where he served as editor-in-chief. He did everything with class and flair, including varsity squash, tennis, and those four stripes. Armed with the Stavmobile, and never one to shirk from hoisting more than a few, he quickly established himself as the life of the company as well as any party. An English major and Rhodes Scholar candidate he was equally at home spinning yarns, telling the tall tale or quoting Shakespeare. That he will excel at all he does, is a certainty. Laughing, loving, living, he was our own Zorba the Greek.



John Robert Suter

All the things I really like to do are either immoral, illegal or fattening. – Alexander Woolcott.

Never a man to refuse a cold brew, a wrestling match or a race in the cycle or 'Vet, Jack came to us from New Jersey, by way of NAPS. This shaped his character: he naturally learned to wrestle and box at the tender age, and soon put these skills to use in Macdonough Hall's varsity rings and mats. Renown for his beautiful girlfriend, his Thursday night wrestling matches with Cleveland Cooper and his ability to hang a nickname on anyone, Jack was indeed 16th's resident "Badass." Who else pulled a 2.0, four semesters in a row, and was twice as tough as the "Fonze?" Put it all together and you know he's really "come aboard" – for Marine Air. It's well known that Jack is more than ready for Pensacola. The question is, can Pensacola be ready for him?



Stephen Arthur Wynne

The world belongs to the Enthusiast who keeps cool." – William McFee – *Casuals of the Sea.*

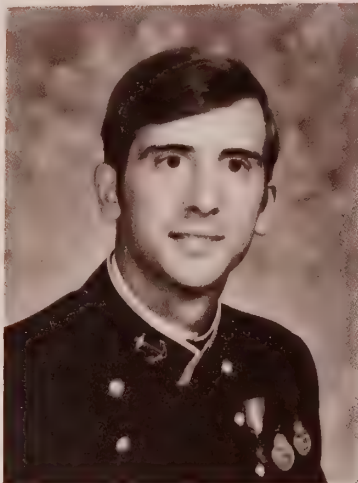
It's hard indeed to find a man more excited about *everything* than the Jazzman. Steve puts all of his tremendous energy into the world, be it on the track where he notched two N*'s as a frosh, at the parties where he downed the icy cool ones, or in Nimitz Library where he burned the mid night oil. A Physics major who can explain the mechanics of the universe at a single sitting, Steve picked up another nickname – "Magic" – when he built a solar car, presided as president of the Physics Club and dated one girl; all in the same semester. Where else can you send him but off to Nuke power school, with the ever present "Jours" to make sure he doesn't get lost on the way. All that can be said is "Don't let the neutrons bite!"

Silence is the unbearable, the Unanswerable repartee. – Chesterton.

Liston floated up to plebe summer from the Bayous of Louisiana, and brought with him a quiet, strong approach to the new world of USNA. His gifts on the basketball court soon brought him to the attention of all, and his spirited play in all company intramurals helped establish him as one of the 16th Company's top jocks. His talent with a bass led him into the famous June Week Kegger Combo, under the careful instruction of his then-roommate, Dale. Besides the "Swingin' 16th's" Jazz combo, Liston has played for most of the USNA groups and been a Platoon Commander in the Drum and Bugle Corps. Despite the fact that "Bigs" claims he almost drifted out the windows plebe year, we know that the fleet is going to get a leader *and* a hell-raiser, especially if Rick keeps up with the lessons in brewing!



Cecil Liston Young



Christopher Ames

Arriving at USNA from Stamford, Conn., Chris quickly established himself as a leader among men by utilizing the moral and mental aspects of the mission of the Naval Academy which ultimately led him to the position of Brigade Commander for his First Class year. Chris lettered in varsity sailing and became an accomplished squash player, and his three day per month" weightlifting program earned him the title of "Atlas Ames." Chris didn't need to physically exert himself and sweat like other mids, because sweating came naturally to him. In fact, a warm breeze seemed to linger in the air whenever Chris was present. Although a sailor by nature, Chris has spoken often of abandoning the surface fleet for a career in naval aviation. In any event, with the number of fine qualities he possesses, Chris is destined to become one of the top naval officers in the service.



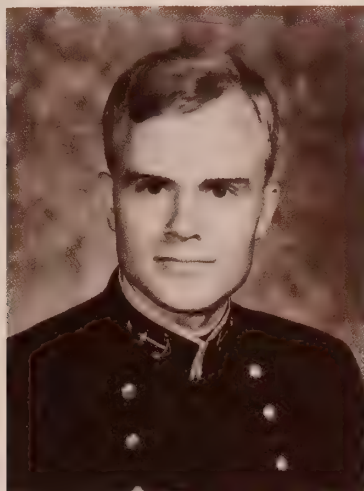
Mark William Bircher

Mark, alias "The Birch" decided to take it easy at NAPS for a year before making his appearance at Navy. A product of Alexandria, Virginia, he managed to survive the rigors of plebe summer and got ready for academic year. Mark got off to a good start and has stayed above a 3.0 by pulling his share of all-nighters. Keeping with his philosophy, "put out when it counts and don't when it doesn't" Mark put out Jump school 3/c summer, earning the coveted "Iron Mike" award for being the honor graduate of his class. "he Birch" spent much of his time on the water plebe and second class years with the Navy crew team. His first class summer on an SSBN deterrent patrol confirmed his earlier intentions of pursuing a career in aviation. Mark will undoubtedly succeed in his future endeavors and one could not find a better friend.



Paul Michael Brown

From the rolling hills of the Sacramento Valley came this unpretentious scholar, all smiles and golden tann. From Plebe year bulletin board artistry to the great strides in his first love, Physics, Bill has gained the respect and friendship of everyone who knows him. Channeling his competitive instincts onto the USNA squash and tennis courts, "Brownie" was frequently seen "womping" on his opponents in many furiously-played intramural matches. Many afternoons saw our young hero battling with the pad monster and dreaming of chocolate chip cookie chow packages from home and girls with "amazing" dimples. In a quiet moment, Paul could often be found playing the piano in Mitscher Hall, the echoing strains of the "Moonlight Sonata" filling the auditorium. In his unassuming manner, he always proved to be an unflagging companion, a sympathetic listener, and a true friend.



Kent Robert Bolin

Kent Roberts Bolin, more often known as "Boline Species" is the fiery-eyes Sicilian of 17th Company. Kent came to USNA with the intention and determination to be the best engineer ever. During 3rd class year "Species" found that he wasn't a book person. His opinion being that the most important lessons to be learned were from every day living. Kent will always be known for being well organized, thoughtful of others and, strong in his convictions. Kent would probably be classified as an easygoing individual. Sitting down and shooting the breeze came natural to Kent. I can distinctly remember times when individuals had personal problems and would come to him for advice. Kent Bolin has the guts and desire to accomplish whatever he sets out to do. For those who underestimated Kent due to his academic performance at USNA, I say, "keep your eyes open," because the real game of life is about to start.



Bryan Joseph Dolan

B came striking to Annapolis from Dumont, New Jersey. A sure star on the cross country team plebe year, Bryan gave up the track for the rack. Never one to sweat the system (he left that to his poor roommate) Dole's managed to coast through four years of hard work as a M.E. and still maintain a 3.4. A genius at problem solving and organization, he never seemed to find the solution for the opposite sex (girl's don't fit on green engineering forms). He kept all his love letters in a shoe box labeled "turnover file." As a big brother he was always ready to brighten the weekends for Matt and Will. On Sundays (after repenting for the previous night) he actively served his church. Bryan's service selection is nuclear surface with a civilian option. His skates are already oiled for nuc power school. With his steam tables and gouge formulas nothing will stop him.



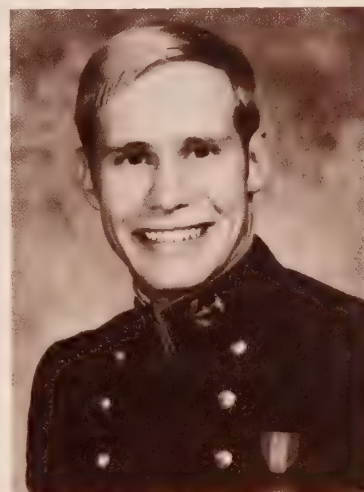
Michael Louis Drennan

Mike came to the Naval Academy from the little Marine town of Camp Lejune, North Carolina. His many assets which enabled him to be valedictorian in high school were quickly noted and tested plebe summer of '72. Unfortunately some of the "firsties" thought Mr. Drennan already had navigation as he was occasionally asked to "take a fix" at the table. Neither Mike, the Naval Academy laundry, nor his uniform was impressed.

On the serious side, Mike Drennan is destined to be a successful officer. His academic and professional performance, along with his most important attribute "A gung-ho", dedicated attitude, attest to this fact. Currently Mike is divided in choosing a service selection - 90% Marine Corps and 10% nuclear power. But, unfortunately for "the young lovelies" he'll be 100% married after graduation.

Good luck and well wishes Mike!

Douglas went down to the sea in ships from the proud state of Virginia destined to accomplish great things at "Mother B." Lean and tall, our star had changed from the paragon of American boyhood into the beloved "Duker." The Academic Department struggled in vain for four years to find a professor with the courage to give "4.0 Duker" a "B." Many a classmate was yanked through the brimstone of academic assault by the shirtails of our star. More powerful than a weekend, Doug's athletic prowess was surpassed only by his biting wit. Academic accolades being insufficient, Doug has chosen a life of salty sardines, boastful barking, and flipper-flapping as a Navy Seal. Per chance there was something at which Doug did not excel, but alas, we never discovered it.



Douglas Brian Duke

Gary Hessenauer, better known as "Half-an-Hour", was one guy that did alright at "getting to know" every girl that ever played tennis in the yard. One recalls his airmail letter to the French girl in the courts below – it worked! Then second class year began with that good-lookin' blonde at the neighborhood cleaners. Kathy didn't only clean a shirt or two, she tamed him for life.

Everyone in the company will remember two things about Gair: he's the easiest guy to make friends with, but stay away from him after those four N mornings.

Being a country boy from Baltimore, he joined the Navy and saw NAPS. That Mechanical Engineering major taught his how to spend four years in the USNA library – but for a happy ending, the Admiral said "Yes," and he'll glow forevermore with the surface nukes, and Kathy. Good Lucky, Gair!



Gary John Hessenauer

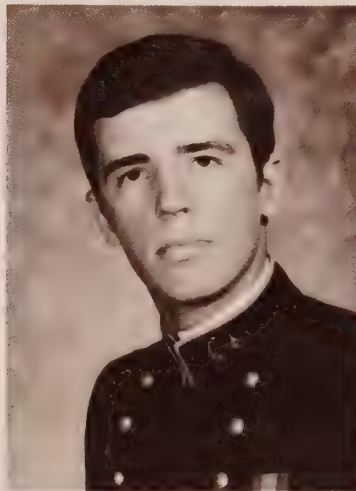


Ronald Leon Ellis

Hailing from Canton, Mississippi, Ron was well acquainted with the role of playing midshipman, for during his high school years Ron was the Battalion Commander of the local NJROTC Unit. During plebe summer Ron was told to "take a brace – indefinitely!" The brace-ups must have worked, for Ron has successfully struggled through a maze of courses, designed to give him a rudimentary knowledge of Mechanical Engineering.

On the sports scene, Ron was very active in all levels of competition. Primarily a football player, Ron played three years of varsity ball on the 150 lb. football team. He also played fieldball, and helped the third battalion track team to two Brigade Championships as a long jumper.

Upon graduation, Ron intends to fly for the Marine Corps. Let's hope the Marines only want a fine officer, because that's all they're getting.



Desmond William Fretz

Arriving four years ago from that hub of the Eastern Seaboard, Souderton, Pennsylvania, Dez was determined to make the world safe for Oceanography. Affectionately known as "the nut in 17 who knows all about stereo," he pursued that elusive goal of the ultimate sound system relentlessly. In a valiant effort to educate the Brigade in the ways of true high fidelity, he wrote the "Sound Investments" column in the Log, and did "Audio Answers" on WRNV. Among other notable achievements, he spread culture to the Brigade by singlehandedly increasing Mid membership in the Annapolis Opera Society from 1 to 3.

Dez is not only in hock with the government for the next five years, but also with various banks from purchase of his most recent stereo system. He's bound for the friendly skies via Pensacola.



Craig Taylor Harvey

Craig T. Harvey, known to all as Harv, is a Navy junior who came to USNA after giving up his long locks and beard, and a year of the free and easy life at Johns Hopkins University. Carrying over his major from J.H.U., Harv was a Poly. Sci. major from day one. Not very athletically inclined, Harv could often be found amusing his mind in a paperback novel, while still keeping his "QPR" high. Harv was always ready to discuss anything with anybody, especially if politics were involved. Although he wasn't an athlete, Harv could be found with the varsity lacrosse team, keeping them well stocked with towels and tape. First class year Harv's love life expanded with a brand new car, turning him into a dashing young lover. If you look hard enough you mat still see him dashing between Annapolis and D.C. Surface line is might fine, right on Harv.

Iowa? Where's Iowa? Let alone Marengo Falls? After determining in fact that Stu was from the U.S. his classmates of 17th company quickly made him one of their favorites. Stu, dubbed "the rate" by a classmate, was never one to be shy about "carry-on" plebe year.

His leadership capability and "never say quit" drive has been outlined by: (1) selection as 150 lb. football captain and All-American; (2) selection as 17th Company Honor Rep for 4 years; (3) excellent academic performance and (4) excellent aptitude.

As someone in 17 remarked Stu's the All-American boy: Blonde hair, blue eyes and from the midwest. However, he intends to marry the "girl next door". There is not one reason to doubt Stu will continue his winning ways upon graduation.

Good luck and happy flying Stu!

Doug came to the Academy after an illustrious four years at Boyd County High School in Ashland, Kentucky. In high school he was "Mr. Everything," including "Most Handsome Boy" and "Valentine King." Plebe year found "Humper" playing on the varsity 150 lb. football team. Second class year he captured the Brigade 140 lb. weightlifting title. Strenuous daily workouts never interfered with the rigorous academic requirements of his Marine Engineering major. Considerable burning of the midnight oil enabled "Home Fries" to keep his grades around the 3.0 mark. While at the Academy, Doug strengthened an already meaningful relationship with Jesus Christ through his activities with the Officer's Christian Fellowship. June graduation will find Doug off to pursue a career in aviation, with wedding bells in the not too distant future.

Arriving at USNA, Bud realized that perhaps Pittsburgh was not the cultural and intellectual center of the modern world. He has exhibited his versatility by excelling in such diversified sports as squash, softball, and especially as the quarterback of the heavyweight football team. His consistent leadership throughout all of the four years culminated in his being selected Company Commander, and he has had the distinction of constantly appearing on the Superintendent's List. The summit of his deceptive genius occurred when he had two dates for June Week, each ignorant of the others existence. Bud doesn't stop partying until he drops from fatigue, which is rumored to have occurred more than once. It can be assured that nuclear power school will not alter the successful balance which he has achieved between business and pleasure.



Stuart Christian Hinrichs



John Douglas Humphrey

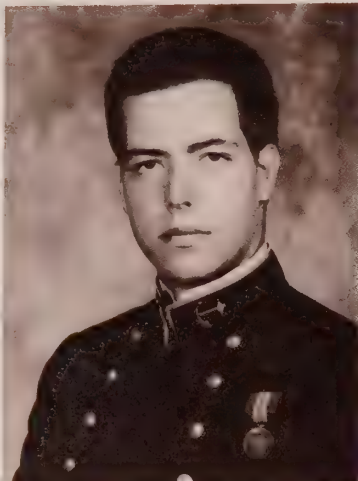


Carlton Boyd Jewett



John Benedict Kolbeck

Leaving his family, "Fuzzy," and Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin behind, John answered the Navy's challenge and accepted an appointment to the Boat School. As a Plebe, John quickly established himself as the Form 3 King of Seventeen, dazzling the upperclass with his extraordinary facial contortions. The Physics Department had trouble handling this hot-shot electron-chaser as he rapidly mastered the secrets of the atom and became an academian par excellence. It was no rumor that he had the appetite of two, the strength of three, the heart of five, and the mouth of, well ... one-and-a-half. However, standing taller than his high-spirited character, John will be remembered most for his willingness to give more than what he asked, his unfailing cheerfulness, and above all, his true friendship.



Chester Hillman McFarland

Chester Hillman McFarland, known as Chip or Mac, came to Navy straight out of high school. Originally from Montvale, New Jersey, Chip terms himself an international playboy and, judging from the picture of his Italian girl, he may just be right. How he can keep up the pace he sets is surprising because, as a General Engineering major, Chip often studies into the wee hours of the morning in order to keep the gravy on his grades. However, he is often seen making up for lost sleep during the day, whenever he has five free minutes. Some of his minutes in class must be free as well, huh Chip?

A dyed-in-the-wool (Marine green) gyrene, Chip tries to show he still has the basic social instincts as Hop Rep for the company. But AIP and TBS are calling as graduation approaches. 500 knots at treetop level in the Marine Air, eh, Chip?



Jumpin' Jack came to the Academy from West Hazleton, Pennsylvania. Jack "the bead" was the only plebe in the company that sounded-off when his classmates came in the room. Jack was never seen without a cup of coffee or a Coke in his hand, a trait that earned him the title "The Caffeine Kid." As a member of the select group of wires majors, Jack spent many a night burning the midnight oil. As a squad leader in his second plebe summer, Jack proved that he too could instill fear in the hearts of men and still maintain a high level of respect. As Third Batt Sub, Jack earned the title "hammer man" and defended his Batt Office to the end. Sportswise, Jack starred on both the company b-ball team and on the Brigade Champs Third Batt track team. With his outstanding personality and eagerness to excel, Jack will make an outstanding naval officer.



John Joseph Moro

Paul Mueller, product of Mt. Prospect, Illinois, came to USNA with a "which way to my foxhole," attitude. Though he knew his rates better than any other plebe and shined his shoes 76 times a day, a certain prof. had to beg him to write just one of five compositions so that he could even consider passing him. Since then Paul has turned 180°. Though still the sweat he was (and always will be), his 3.8 QPR in Physics major and consistently excellent performances in professionalism earned him much respect. Having a file for everything and everything in its file, it's only natural that he was filed away with the Brigade Staff. His future plans include nuclear power and a berth in the Guinness Book of World Records for the shortest book "My Love Life at USNA." Seriously, Paul, it's been a pleasure. See you at N.P.S. and the sunny beaches of Florida.



Paul Edward Mueller



Daniel Edward O'Brien

Daniel E. O'Brien, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, being of sound mind and body, came to the Academy to begin his career in the Naval Service.

Dan was a manager of the varsity 150 lb. football team for four years, spending the last two years as Head Manager (a position usually held by a first class). Dan has built a reputation as a fierce competitor and a diluter of Gatorade.

O.B., a name Dan received plebe year, is an international security affairs major. In three years of developing his bilingual talents, O.B. has reached the accomplished level of a French illiterate. Dan has been able to overcome such minor setbacks and take Academy life in full stride. He is well liked by his classmates, because of his ability to work hard and play hard. After four productive athletic and academic years, Dan has decided to fly with the best, Navy Air. Good luck, Dan!

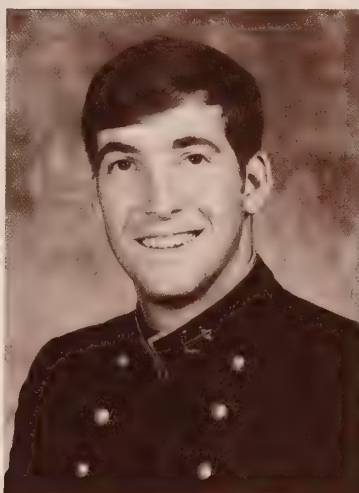


Craig Eric Opel

On July 6, 1972, Craig Eric Opel, "Lepo," came to us from the Sunny State of California. To list Craig's credits in terms scholastic and athletic achievement would be a waste of time. Everyone is aware of his football and boxing deeds. Not to many, however, are aware of the strong inner character Craig possesses, a character very rare. He has one of the best attitudes toward life I have ever seen - he attacks it. He can always be seen smiling, very little upsets him. He is a competitor, proud never to come up short. If the measure of success here were not in abstract things and more towards material and beneficial things, Craig would have been a 3 set 6 striper.

With graduation brings the Corps, a wife Peggy, and a set of wings to wear on the uniform of the greatest service the world has ever known.

Good luck, Craig. God Bless You.



Morgan Blaine Pearsall

As an elite graduate of NAPS, Blaine came to Navy from Buffalo, New York, living proof that "cool" exists. Considering his great relationship with the first class, it is no wonder that he left sardines as gifts to each to them on 100th night. Third class year found him thrown in with two other derelicts, with the three always in the limelight (commonly called trouble). Such episodes as hamster raising, parties in the hall (he will always be remembered as one of the trio that went to Tulane that night before the plane left), and the illustrious "count". Becoming class president, Blaine held that office until his graduation, no thanks to a few "concerned classmates." A great friend and happy-go-lucky buy. Blaine will be remembered by everyone. True to form (and style), Blaine went with the "glamour" and has chosen Navy Air.



Henry John Rowland, Jr.

Often seen in the weight rooms, John (alias "Stump" or "Meatball") set many weightlifting records and was Brigade Champ while at USNA. Softspoken in nature, this 5 foot 6 inch wonder is as wide as he is thick (mentally) and as strong as an ox to boot. He calls Savannah, Georgia his home, Cindy his girl, and wedding bells will chime for the two in June '76.

John's main concern in life is finding clothes that fit his 48 - 34 - 36 body and putting his Mechanical Engineering schooling into practice. 150 lb. football fulfilled neither of these desires but was an outlet for his active mind. The nights before weigh-in he was often heard saying "Hey, Roomie, it's 0430. I bet we are the only Mids awake ... Did you hear me?"

If this perky rascal can stay away from peanut butter, than he is in for smooth sailing with both the Navy and Cindy. Yee-Doggies!

George came to USNA with his sights set on the sky. However, with the help of the Class of '73, this was changed. Having a rugged plebe year, he transcended into the status of upperclassdom as if he had been through it all before. His distinguished cries of "Go 'Bama" resounded through the halls many times. A member of the "Three Muskateers," George was known for his great affection of Lil' Martha, his hamster. He was also one of the elite that left for the Navy-Tulane game the night before the plane left. A lady killer who has a gun with 13 notches on it, George was the winner of "The Count." Vice President second class year and Brigade Honor Chairman first class year, George again has his sights set on the sky, this time at Pensacola with Navy Air.



George Robert Standridge



Roger William Seedorf

Having finally arrived at USNA, Roger suddenly realized that he had chosen to give up his loved spaghetti and lasagna which was so prevalent in a New York City diet, for a basket of Annapolis crabs. Toughened by the street wars of New York, Roger was seasoned for the Brigade Boxing Championships which he won during plebe summer. Roger's innate athletic ability served him well. It was this ability on the B-ball court that earned him the title of "Dr. P." Roger's versatility was again realized in the weight room where it was apparent that he derived great pleasure from "pumping."

Roger has always been sincere in the execution of his duties as exhibited in his performance as Platoon Commander during first class year. His obvious desire for both personal challenge and excitement will most probably lead "The Doctor" to a career in aviation.



Dan Simons

Dan "Simons", 17th Company's very down steely Dan, worked his way through a year of college at the University of Utah until he decided he needed a rest... So he came to the Naval Academy. He chose to major in Aerospace Engineering, the Naval Academy's hardest accredited major. Poor "SI!" he was warned by his college counselors and discouraged by his plebe summer firsties, but, to spite everyone, this wiry guy fought the whole way and look what he's got to show for it: his very own B.S. degree in Aerospace Engineering and 6460 hours of study time logged in at the Naval Academy library.

Now Dan! - all that time spent here on the weekends wasn't that bad... after all wasn't it during a Saturday night mixer that you met your wife, Pee Wee. By the way, Dan, you really should tell her parents that you married Pee Wee during Christmas leave first class year.



Jordan B. Smith, Jr.

Arriving at the hallowed halls of naval tradition in Annapolis, J.B., fresh off the corner of the St. Louis arch.

With the red and gold blood of a Marine coursing through his veins, his heart steered him straight to the Corps as his goal. While running track and surviving periodic ambushes by the Academy "Nuke Patrol," J.B. has finally reached that fantastic world of rifles, and grenades and bombs and things. Never one to shirk his duty, "The Red Curse" is certain to lead the men in green as well as he forced everyone here at USNA to follow him. Despite his love for the joys of the mud and the blood, and the beer, a certain incompatibility with his personal transportation through water and over ground has J.B. convinced to fight for a soft seat in the clouds as an R.I.O. of the United States Marines.



Roy Edward Weisert

W eeze came to Sailboat Seminary from New Jersey and quickly became well known to everyone for his great heroics. Roy was the first to have a motorcycle wreck in the well deck of an LPD. Other episodes include his uniform races in the back seat of a VW, the stroll across the 7th wing parking lot without trousers, and flying to Tulane with his roommates before the plane left. Being the type of person he was, Roy was rarely bothered by the routine of Navy. Of course, the occasional nights out while still in the hall helped quite a bit. A member of the famous (infamous) "count", he was always under the bad influence of his derelict roommates. An avid "snipe hunter," Roy fought many a bobcat during his hunts. A great partier and an all around great boy, Roy hopes to go to NPS to study nuclear management.



David Alexander Swingle



John Dwight Virden

D ave comes from Santa Ana, Calif. He was a four year varsity letter winner in pistol and was awarded a berth on the first team All-American pistol squad his junior year. As a senior Dave continued this excellence by serving as the Captain of Navy's pistol team.

A History major, Dave also speaks fluent French. At last count, he was corresponding with two young mesdamoiselles, whom he refers to as his "pen pals".

At home in the water Dave envisions some sort of career as a Navy diver. He's foot-loose and fancy-free.

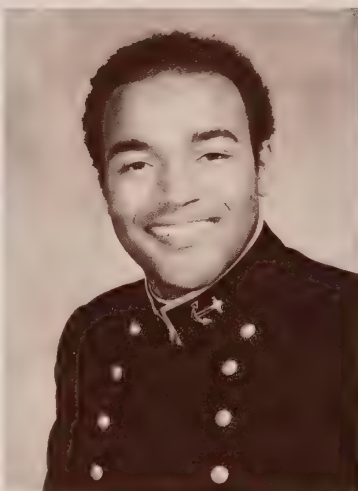
Dave "Savage" (that's as in silly) Swingle is a lean, lanky 6'2" with eyes of blue and distinctive physical characteristics, somewhat akin to a galloping gazelle - or was that a hairless orangutan? Oh, well, Good Luck, Dave.

J ohn came to USNA from the corn capital of the world, the hub of the universe, Leper Falls, Iowa. John quickly distinguished himself as a person possessing a tenacious attitude who refused to accept anything less than the best. These particularities were realized during plebe summer when John slugged his way to victory in the Brigade Boxing Championships. He then set aside his golden gloves to set his sights on the illusive "muscle beach." Although food was important to John, it took a back seat to "moonshine." Although this evil liquid has often times swayed John from his goal of professionalism it did not deter his performance as the Company Sub-Commander. The techniques developed by John during his four years at the Academy as a "Wing Man," would cause most to believe that he would be best suited for naval aviation. In any event, John Virden will be a success in whatever he pursues.

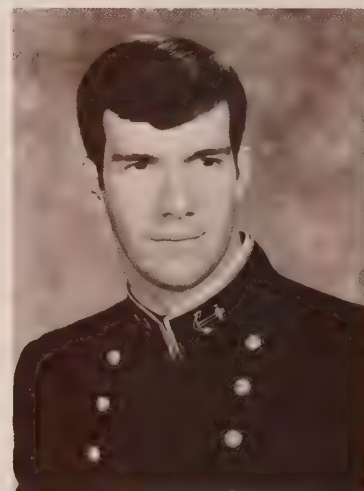


Richard Lee Anders

Richard Lee Anders came north from a small town in Southwest Mississippi. Determined not to be tarnished by the sudden association with Yankees, "Arch" remained the true southerner. Monday through Friday it was the nose to grindstone to keep well out of the reach of "2.0 and below." But come the weekend Arch clicked his heels and was off like a flash in his gold tank he swore was the fastest machine in the Yard. Come time for summer cruise Rich was like a tiger out of his cage. Truly a sailor with a girl in every port and a string of broken hearts longer than a firstie's hair before Christmas leave. Arch finally released his charms on the "locals" first class year. Rich tried his hand at almost all the sports and finally settled into tennis. Rich was truly a friend to count on, always true to himself and others. Only Navy Air is fast enough for Rich.



Ralph Garner Bass



John Christian Bickings

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
On being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:
If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by Knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools:

Continued on R. Salazar

John Chrain Bickings didn't have far to travel, coming to the Academy from South Jersey. "Bix" spent most of his time studying Russian in the deep, dark crevices of Bancroft Hall. He crawled out occasionally and on one such occasion wound up in Texas where he met the girl of his dreams. As time progressed so did their relationship and it became apparent to all who knew Bix that wedding bells were ringing. John didn't get lured in on the sports car craze but instead toured around the Annapolis area in a Cougar. John proved to be a true friend to all and he helped to keep the morale and spirit of 18th Company flying high. As graduation approaches the Navy stands to lose a good officer and John stands to lose his hair, while the Corps stands to gain a hard charging addition to its ranks.



Michael Lane Bosworth

Boz came to the Academy after spending a year at Santa Barbara Community College and promptly set aside a love for history (he read *Sea Power* at Community College and was a subscriber to *Proceedings*) to become of all things a Naval Architect. Plebe year Mike will best be remembered for his talented art work; a valuable asset for bulletin boards, spirit posters, and the Ring and Crest Committee. He'll probably never forget youngster year and rooming with berserk Boom Boom Black. His love for history led to much involvement in wargaming and eventually being elected as president of the Military Studies Association. First class year led to the appearance of his beloved van and cycle after a successful summer cruise on which he won a shiphandling award. The future looks bright for Boz who is headed for the Surface Navy with an eye on Surface Effect Vehicles.



Eric Scott Gardner

Eric rolled in from Medina, Ohio in July 1972 with two things on his mind. The first was to graduate from the Naval Academy and the second was to get himself a Corvette. Well, his blue '75 Vette now graces the yard and he's got his plebe summer combo cap ready for the second of June. An avid athletic supporter, Eric has enjoyed a rather painless four years at Navy. Except for memories of 6:28 mile runs and decades on the rock guard, he will no doubt, look back with content, on his time here. Being one of the Lucky Bag editors; he has devoted much time to this book, but not without reward. A look in his room any night between 2100 and 0100 will reveal a line of fellow mids waiting to use his "Lucky Bag" telephone. A historian by nature and by major, Eric exhibits knowledge of the past that is without bound. Soon after graduation he will be seen vectoring in on some unsuspecting target from the NFO slot in a Navy jet.



Charles Clifford Gorum, Jr.

Chuck is the company electrical engineering major and very serious about his studies. So serious is he that he has traveled widely all over the northeastern United States with a myriad of women, looking for that perfect match.

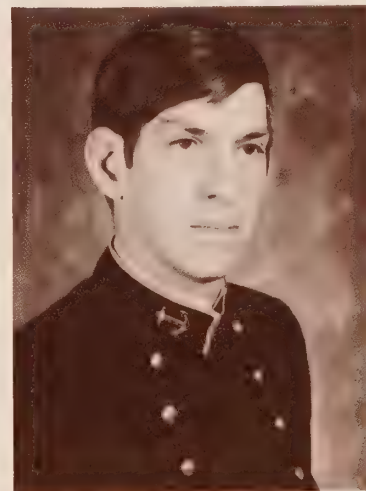
In another field of research, Chuck has purchased untold quantities of electrical gear and put it into unbelievable combinations hoping to find those elusive effects that please and tantalize the ear.

Early second class year the streets of Annapolis and Walter Reed reverberated with the sounds of a yellow bomb covered with antennas, aerials, stereo 8 tracks, speakers and Ham radio gear.

Stuck with a bad issue of optical equipment, Chuck was denied the freedom of choice for service selection. Chuck has been spared the unemployment lines by a kind offer of the Civil Engineer Corps.

You want a little fire scarecrow? is a phrase that was often heard around the hall when John Greene from Morristown, Tennessee (just south of Bull's Gap) walked by. He started his clowning plebe summer with his "Tennessee Windage" on the rifle range where he proceeded to qualify as expert ridge-runner.

No matter how hard he tried to stay away, John kept having periodic meetings as a member of the Sunrise Squad. While trying to experience everything at least once at Navy, the academic department finally caught up with him second semester second class year and he got to see what the famous Academic Board is really like. Stereos and fast cars were his major fields of interest. So, after looking at Porsche and Lotus, he got a Jensen-Healey. So, if you are ever blown off the road by a little blue bomb driven by a tall Turkey with his hair blowing in the wind, you can be sure it is John.



John Edward Greene

David left his home in Kentucky, after a successful senior year, to join the Brigade of Midshipmen. He is better known in the company as "Kick-ass" or "hickass" depending upon whether he is relating to his homestate. He drives a TR6 which fits his aggressive attitude. I don't really know if it is his hot car or his good looks that gets him all of his dates, but the fact remains that he has some good looking girls on the line. As roommates we've shared a lot of good times since second class year. One example was the unbelievable cruise on the Suribachi first class summer. I am sure he will never forget that great ship. Classmates may think he is crazy because of the way he plays fieldball or the way he pushed the basketball team along to take brigades, but in reality he is working to uphold the pride of 18th company. He is just one hard-charging guy.



David Thomas Kerrick

With a name like Sidney Theodore Hodge, Jr., you can't be all bad. A typical "Navy brat," Ted spent his younger days roaming from Kansas to Rhode Island, to Florida to Hawaii, although he claims California as his home state (but does it claim him?) Known plebe and youngster year as a very neat and studious person, Ted has since come around to the normality of Academy life. First class year saw him as a "dark horse" when he was picked 1st set Company Commander. Ted could often be found on the tennis courts, where he fancied himself a good player (although some people still disagree). During any weekend, Ted would be out in A-town, tooling around in his Mustang; a car which he bought because he couldn't make up his mind between a sports car or a family car. Well, Linda, we've had him for four years, now he's yours.



John Andrew Hutchison



Frederick Grove Johnson



Sidney Theodore Hodge, Jr.

When Hutch wound up his impressive high school career in Annandale, Va., and launched a new one at Navy, it didn't take long for him to realize that the Academy fit him like a glove. After a season of plebe football he returned to his specialty, heaving a 16-lb. ball around for the duration. Throwing the shot and adding stars to his sweater until it rivaled the milky way wasn't good enough for our resident "jarhead", so he expanded his conquests to include the striper organization. Hutch made the grade as a firstie, serving as Regimental Commander during both plebe summer and AcYear. Maintaining a 3.0 average, Hutch still found time for "The Monster," airborne, "Recon Raids", and Susy. Especially Susy, The ring, phone calls, and trips to Florida added up to quite a tab, but were worth every penny. A Marine from the start, there was never any doubt about Hutch's service choice. The only question is whether he will be pounding the ground or jockeying a jet.

Fred left the sunny climes of Florida well prepared for military life, having been an Air Force brat. After kissing his '62 Corvair goodbye, he entered this august institution intent upon becoming an aerospace engineer and eventually a Navy pilot. As a self proclaimed pyromaniac Fred fit right in as a cannoneer. Always a hot one with the women, Fred came back from second class summer with a smile on his face and a ring in his nose. In between humming snatches of the wedding march, and crying out in the night for Sharron, Fred still managed to ace out most of his classes. His academic diligence paid off in terms of a Trident Project and a Guggenheim scholarship virtually guarantying him immediate post - graduate school. And in light of the Navy's three for one graduate studies deal, our "Freddy" is looking forward to a long, long illustrious career.



Joseph Gerard Kleefisch

Out of that distant north land known as Wisconsin came Kohler's own candidate for the six million dollar repair job. A natural athlete, Joe both loved, and excelled in many sports. One of his favorites, basketball, proved to be a wolf in sheep's clothing when during youngster year it gave our local hatchet men their chance to give him a new ankle. Klee was not one to abandon all hope and through a great show of determination was back on his feet in no time. Segundo year was the payoff for his hard work. That was the year which found him leaping over Army in a single bound and capturing the coveted N★. It also found him living in fear that some conscientious type would spy him wheeling around Crabtown in his sapphire blue TR6. Whatever possessed Fisch to play company basketball first class year was certainly appreciated by the team, as he led 18 to the Brigade Championship.



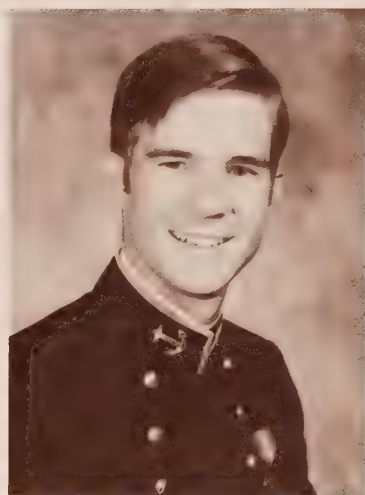
Jeffrey Scott Lambert

After growing up in such exotic places, as Albuquerque, Cuba, Oklahoma, and Ethiopia, Jeff Lambert has just finished a seven year tour of Crabtown. What a Drag! Although he has had bouts with the hospital, upperclass, academics and conduct, he always came out with his head high and pressed on harder each time. As a person, he is a concerned individual, not just for himself, but for everyone. Whenever there was a problem, he was there willing to listen and help in any way that he could. He was a member of our Brigade Champion Basketball team and co-coach of our titanic heavyweight company football team. Outside of the humdrum of Mother B., Jeff has been an officer of both the Bridge Club and Judo Club. Along with these, he helped coach the Navy Junior's swim club and instruct swimming during the summer. Best of luck in the fleet Jeff.



John Taylor Locks

The son of a Bos'n mate and D.I., "Foxy" came to the Academy from the tobacco and cottonfields of South Hill, Virginia. Distinctive in his patched "pickle-pants" and curious blue cap, he is an enigma to many. His Scottish blood runs strong but his backwoods Southern heritage must be greater: he's strictly a bourbon-drinker. It doesn't take long to figure out where he's from; one of his favorite pastimes is reliving the "War of Northern Aggression". Foxy is a marine engineering major, and is preparing for entry into nuke and sub schools in order to realize his lifelong goal of being a bubblehead. He is known and loved for "setting up" the whole company with his Plebe sponsors; there's always a party or place for our girls to stay at P.R.'s. John is a hard worker and knows where he's going - two years from now the Russkies had better stand by!



Kenneth George Lombart

Ken graduated from Irondequoit High in Rochester, New York, where he was the local "stud". That is until he met his two "large" academy roommates. However, Lombo soon realized that sometimes, especially plebe summer, it pays to be small in stature; it's easier to hide. A gymnast during Plebe summer, Ken soon decided to get into a really physical sport, the varsity choir, where he found many things to do during the weekends (remember Hood College in '72?). With the coming of youngster year, Lombo asserted himself as the company flamer. However, second class year arrived and Lombo soon mellowed out. Now he channels his energy into juggling several girlfriends and occasionally driving around in his expensive (and expensive) automobile. And somehow between all this and his numerous weekend parties, he manages to do well as a math major. Some people just have all the luck.

Bruce came to USNA from Oakton High School in Vienna, Virginia, but his southern identity wasn't fully revealed until youngster year. Once "Bucky" tuned in the local country - western stations on his stereo, he was a marked man. Surviving plebe year, Bucky embarked on an Engineering Physics major, with thoughts of nuke power. But somewhere between Tanya Tucker and Engine Math things went awry; a couple of semesters in the red found him slaving away at his desk most nights until the wee hours. Despite a strong Navy influence in his childhood, Bucky developed a strange affinity for "the Corps." He should enjoy being a "motor-head," after he survives TBS. Though Bucky has never been a big outdoorsman, he does get excited about a "rabbit in the ditch" and about camping in North Carolina. Bruce will be well remembered by all of us - how can you forget those cut-off utilities with no seat, or Merle Haggard at 2 a.m., or a slice of Char's cake?



Bruce Kain Petit



Joseph Peyton McAliley

Joe "Gimpy the Dwarf" McAliley left his Georgia home and his lucrative position as a ramblin' wreck R.O.T.C., and headed north to begin his term as midshipman. With a gift for lending an ear, and a remarkable ability to manipulate the English tongue, he has a ready solution to any problem, be it a weekend date or differentiation.

His command of language enables him to convince anyone of anything. It was this ability that allowed him to keep nine steady girlfriends during youngster year. An amazing change in his social life occurred when a southern belle captured his heart.

He has the honor of being the first in the company to become a captain. His command, an armored yawl, was the scourge of the Chesapeake for two years.

Joe hopes someday to leave his couch in the wardroom, and become a P-3 pilot.



Gary Lewis Moe

After life in North Dakota had lost its excitement for Gary, he decided to move East and seek new challenges at the Severn school for boys. He amazed everyone at this institution. Always able to tell exactly who had instituted adverse policy changes, he astounded his classmates by bursting into their rooms, shouting the name name of the one who had initiated the change, and in many cases describing him, just from the changes that were made.

Gary was able to maintain a high Q.P.R. while at the same time maintaining his sanity. His golden voice enabled him to be a valuable asset to the Chapel Choir and Glee Club.

In spite of heavy academic loads, he kept smiling and could cheer up all but the most depressed of his fellow midshipman. Gary hopes to go to Nuclear Power School, providing he doesn't sleep through Admiral Rickover's interview.



Jeffrey Lawrence Mulliner

Jeff skied in from Grand Rapids, Michigan, complete with guitar, faded blue jeans and a fresh homemade haircut. He discovered Navy was truly where he belonged when he found Murphy's law.

Jeff has the uncanny ability to run as late as humanly possible and still be on time as evidenced by his specially reserved parking space in front of Buzzy's second class year.

The fun loving type, Jeff could often be found hiding in someone's locker patiently waiting to scare them into a state of cardiac arrest.

Jeff loved the Academy so much that he often guarded the fifth wing terrace during the dangerous pre-dawn hours when a sneak attack from St. John's was most imminent.

His desire to be a civilian was surpassed only by the desire to fly, so if you want to see Jeff around just listen for the chop, chop, chop of an eggbeater and look skyward.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and
senew
To serve you long after they are gone, And
so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with kings – nor lose the common
touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
you
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute With
sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a man my
son!

RUDYARD KIPLING

Kissing his favorite cactus goodbye, Joel left the sands of sunny Arizona and made his way to the polluted east, intent upon mastering the mysteries of chemistry and someday outranking his father, the Chief. Besides practicing Black Magic, which gained him the nickname "wizard", he devoted many of his spare moments to music. He is a virtuoso of the guitar and the recorder, and he was an active member of the Glee Club and Chapel Choir, being president of the latter First Class year. Second class year saw Joel's low opinion of eastern women change radically, the cause of which is a cute little brunette from Baltimore. Even under violent persecution his loyalty for Arizona proved undaunted. Like the time Norbert ripped off the State Flag he had hung defiantly over his rack. Summing up his past four years he solemnly states "Excuse me wicked walrus for stamping on your chest!"

Originally from Highland Park, Ill., Mark immediately found a home in Annapolis; unfortunately, it wasn't the Naval Academy. Most of his time during the first two years was spent underwater where he managed two varsity letters in swimming. But after taking a serious look at reality and applying his dogma: "What's in it for me?" Mark gave up the pool for a guitar and a rock band.

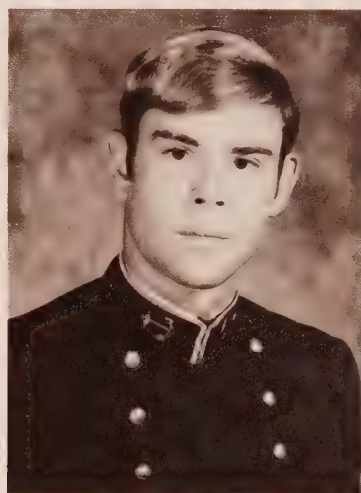
Despite efforts made by various officials to stifle his social life Mark usually found his way to the outside world on weekends, one way or another. There is a brick with his name on it in the Field House wall. And sometime during those periods of liberty and leave he developed an affinity to a pair of people who helped him retain his sanity while caged at the Academy. He'd like to thank Marty and Ann.



Richard Joseph Salazar



Joel Clyde Swanson



Mark Matthew Trenor

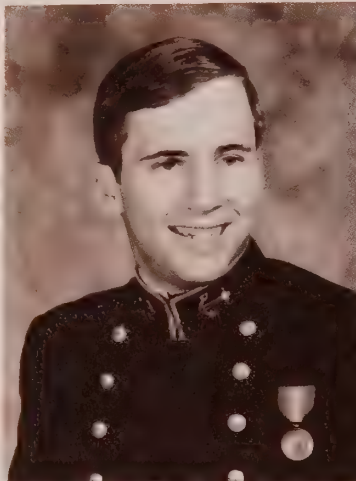


Jonathan Rowell Wade

Hoot, coming up from that pearl of the southland, "Grainvull," found it hard to breathe in the thin, northern air of Annapolis, he also found it hard to talk and be understood. Hoot had a burning desire to hobnob with senior officers and managed to fulfill this craving with a visit to the AcBoard after sleeping through a semester. Never one to ignore his body's need for sleep, Hoot could be found at all hours of the night and day in the horizontal position.

He and the bottom of the pool seemed to have a natural attraction for each other as evidenced by his natural ability to sink. An expert on the finer details of the natural beauty of the sun rising over the Chesapeake, he spent many hours contemplating this phenomena.

As long as the fleet is kept well supplied with Southern Comfort Hoot is a potential career officer.



Rex Alan Bent

gang way, fighter pilot – when you hear that you know Rex is here – and you can bet he's got a beer in one hand and a girl in the other. Grades were never any problem for ol' Rex – he just ignored them and pursued his primary diversions of wine, women, and hangovers. Rex was often motivated to study during his stay at Navy, but he usually lay down until the urge went away.

Following in his father's footsteps, Rex is headed for fame and fortune in the wild blue yonder of Navy Air. Throughout these long four years he has shown himself, to be a hard partier, a hard worker, and a true friend. His ideals, courage, and devotion to the Navy have been an inspiration to us all. We will miss his smiling, handsome (?), and sometimes even sober face, and we know wherever he may go, he will take with him the best tradition of the Navy and a lot of good times. Good luck and good tail winds.



Rod, who hails from Dumont, N.J., a suburb of Hoboken, is one of the 19 quiet types. Silence must be golden for him, as Rod came out high in the class standings. Rod spent most of his time running varsity x-country and playing guitar. Becoming a youngster, revolted against all youngster trends and chose studying oceanography over running and guitar. It seems Rod entered courses at U. of Delaware firstie year, as he was seen headed that way at every chance; even to the detriment of his military obligations. We understand it had something to do with a nursing student and EI. Being a "non-screamer," it was quite a surprise when Rod was the only firstie to run a plebe off to Canada; yet he always got along well with his classmates. Rod has come a long way since plebe summer and is a sure bet to go further in the future. Vaya con dios, Mi Amigo.



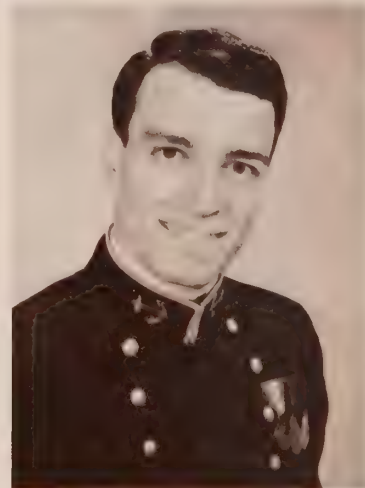
Rodrie Frank Brunngraber

This salty lad came to us from suburban Los Angeles. He quickly earned our love with his fiery tongue and talents which ranged from building rockets to earning fleet recognition in "All Hands" and the "Navy Times" for his scrimshaw work.

Dave was at his best socially when he took a gal on the grand tour of the underground tunnel complex during June Week.

Dave is a very popular and nice guy, and still managed to be 2nd Regimental Cdr. Along with this he still had time to be a Trident Scholar. He was a Bio-Sci major with the talents and grades to be a doctor, but decided during his stay at Navy that he wanted to be a fighting man. He has chosen Surface Line as his calling card.

All of us who know him know that he will perform his duties in such a manner as to always reflect credit on the nation he loves and our way of life. Good luck and fair winds.



David Emanuel Crisalli



John Alvin Davis, III

John Alvin Davis was a notorious member of the "B-C-D" gang that kept the firsties guessing during our whole year. His four years at Navy were spent pushing himself to maximum output. Sometimes his way of getting the job done got him in trouble, particularly as a third baseman for the "Duffer," but he is still the champ of the perimeter. His famous last statement will be, "Only one last mile . . ."

John upheld a fine tradition, and at least one ring knocker can be proud when the caps fly in '76.

His favorite drag is "Terry Textbook" and their meeting place is among the stacks at Nimitz.

The performance he expects of others is no more than what he has forced on himself, even if his notoriety with the underclass may attempt to discount this. Effort and example have coupled to produce an outstanding product.



Theodore David Fredrick

Theodore D. Fredrick, alternately known as The Fred, The Ted, or Tedricks, came to these hallowed halls from Charlottesville, Virginia. Tedricks is a man of many talents, and has spent his time here doing almost anything but studying. However, when you're a Physics major with a 3.5 cum, why study? A self made astronomer, Ted has spent a lot of time studying heavenly bodies - but most of them wore skirts and were walking around the yard. In addition to his many other pastimes, he has pursued successful careers in both the Glee Club and Masqueraders. Displaying his periodic intelligence and avoiding the Nuclear Power Program, Ted is headed for San Diego and the salt spray of Surface Line. Ted has been a good friend and has added a lot of good times to the last four years. We may even miss him, but at least we wish him all the best in the years to come.



Robert George Hast

Buffalo Bob, as he is affectionately known by his classmates, hails from Duquesne, Pennsylvania. Before coming to USNA Bob spent a year at the University of Pennsylvania where he doubled as a baseball jock and a NROTC stud. He left that rugged military environment and stumbled into the waiting arms of mother Bancroft.

Each day of the four years that Bob spent at this institution consisted of thoughts of four necessities; women, future mixers, the rack and upcoming weekends. He was not a man that was known to hit the books with a great amount of vigor.

Bob has a great ambition to fly. This ambition is only exceeded by his desire to graduate. Bob is the type of man that can be successful at anything and everything. He made life in the hall bearable. He will always be remembered as a great individual and a good friend. Good luck Bob.



Albert Sung Nam Hee

He left his heart in San Francisco, but he brought with him to USNA enough determination and fire for many men. It showed in everything he undertook; wrestling, boxing or writing for the Log. As "Le Chef Patrice" he had his own boisterous way he made up for it. A true sailor at heart, he made a valuable contribution to the sailing squadron although his great skill still could not prevent the Great Pensacola capsizing. He belongs to the sea, and the surface line will soon have him. It's back to California and the ocean but when he leaves there will be a void. For unlike most, Pat cared about things and was not afraid to show it. His caring was infectious, and some of us caught it. We thank him for this.



Patrick Robert McKim

He came to USNA hoping to further his education and become a member in good standing of the NucSub Club. But after spending sleepless nights in the "commune," Mitch decided that Walden puddles were more to his liking. Ever since then he has concentrated his efforts on the Corps. Deciding on Management as a major early in his life here, Mitch has put forth his efforts to excel. His steady improvements have come to light — Mitch counts people now rather than fingers. When not studying Mitch can be found enjoying a good cigar, some good music on his more than adequate system or perhaps even his Playboy Club key. Including the Gerbels Mitch was found with, one could say that his lovelife was definitely varied. After Quantico, Mitch will probably be found warding off the rays with his non-reg photography lenses in Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii.



Alfred Anthony Manzi



Bradley James Mason



Mitchell Stanley Hoffman

Al, alternately known as Alfredo, Facia Brute, and ... The Manz, came to us from scenic Huntington Station, Long Island, New York. Since coming to Navy he has endeared himself to one and all with his wit, humor, and many talents. A fencer by trade, this fledgling Zorro could oftentimes be seen dashing about the halls with sabre and bayonet in hand. Yes, Al has had a wild and varied career from running a 7 lap indoor mile to filling and sanding his nut in Santa's Workshop to burning himself and Isherwood Hall up with 90% hydrogen peroxide in a crazy midnight rocket experiment. The Manz has done it all. He has been a million laughs and a good friend, and it's with great sadness that we bid him farewell. But our loss is the Navy's gain, and if you hear a wave of laughter coming your way, you can bet Alfred isn't far behind. Good luck, Al, and fair winds.

Dear Uncle Sam, This memo is to inform you of the graduation of one Bradley J. Mason from the hallowed halls of the Chesapeake Univ. of Naval Technology.

Potentially, Brad's interests (spanning the broad spectrum from academics to crew and back again) seemed to dictate a fine midn. reputation in the making, as of the end of second class year. Bradman turned in an outstanding job as a plebe detail squad leader, and his subsequent surface cruise into the Black Sea enabled him to earn the coveted "magic carpet" honor. But then suddenly, without warning, it happened — first class year hit. Wheels and weekends were the prelim signs of freedom and then finally there was no turning back.

So with all due respect Uncle Sam, I urge you to keep alert for this up-and-charging Bull.



Gary Ralph McKinney

Gary Ralph McKinney comes our way from San Jose, California via NAPS. To those of us who are close to him he is known as the Snowman.

After a plebe year that found Ralph busy with football and lacrosse, and seemingly never around the company area, Skinney suddenly jumped into the limelight and let his true self be known. Throwing all his athletic training behind him Ralph became a frequenter of Reggie's and Pete's.

Some of Ralph's brighter moments at the Academy were as Vice President of the Ski Club and as Company Commander on the plebe detail where he put all those "Management Techniques" into practice and ate a few plebes in the process.

By no means a sluff, Ralph will long remember those long nights of last minute study and the sore muscles from a hard game of fieldball or slow pitch.

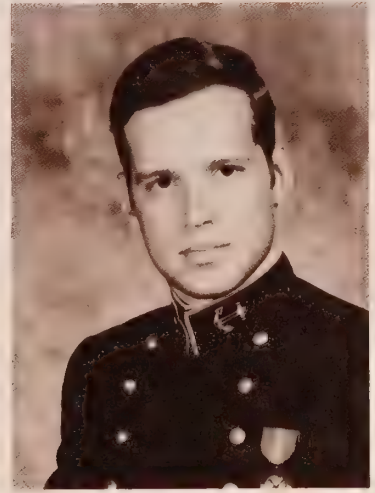


Roger Allen Mitiska

Although small in size, Roger was large in stature. Rarely could he be found ill-tempered. He was more likely to be found in the company of soft music and good friends. Carrying his mellowness to the end, Roge' could always be located at 1300 holding off the stewards as the rear guard for the burgers for lunch bunch. He didn't eat that much, he just didn't see a need to light off the sweat pumps be it leisuress or meticulousness. Rog was never known to rush his works. Though he enjoyed his nickname RAM, the ladies thought more of him as a cute lamb. But don't let that sheepish grin fool you; take off the fleece and leave on the horns and viola - Rog was a typical wolf. An Ohio grown boy by nature, Rog can be caught California dreamin' and soon will be found baggin' rags in the muscle beach section of a LAMPS pad on his DD bound for Pearl.



Robert Joseph Moll



George Edward Mueller, Jr.



Without regard for life or limb, Ned valiantly flung himself from his position as shotgun on a pie wagon and into the realm of shadows. He immediately dedicated himself to stars, stripes, and nuke power. Returning from his first class cruise and maximum leave he shifted his priorities to his Spitfire, a few cool ones, and the Corps.

After a brilliant tour as Batt Cdr. and regular at Taber's, Ned saw the light and opted for crows. Wherever his career as a Marine aviator takes him, the one armed bandit can be content with the knowledge that the Bite thought he knew but could never comprehend that life is really a half-filled rugby hall. Ned could!

With more of roses

If it could be – if I had the choice of arranging life – by which my heart rejoices – there would be, within it, more of starting and going along together and less of good friends parting.

There would be work, but it would all be beauty.

There would be a less grudging word for duty.

(It might be benevolence or kindness)

Distance would not separate, but find us drawn nearer, clearer, dearer through reflection.

The elusive would not mean rejection of an association, but a new direction.

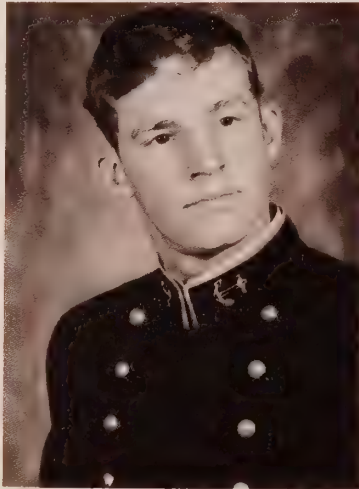
No surfeit there would be in satisfaction not boredom in just being, in lack of action – not guilt and not inertia, no abnegation.

Helen Harrington

Christian Science Monitor, 10 Nov 75 (Torkel Lloyd Paterson, Seal Beach, California)



Torkel Lloyd Patterson



Gordon Charles O'Neill



Randall Dean Parman



Paul Brian Paskey

With a liking for bars that rivals that of a big Gordo, Chucker was one of the few people to achieve the full lotus position sitting on the luggage rack of a spitfire going 50 miles per hour. Nothing beat Taber's Thursday night happy hour. From moon-man Plebe year to gordo youngster year. Baby grunt decided to cut it out at service selection and skip the air option. Who knows what's in the future for him. If he doesn't worry, why should anyone else? What's a hazelcrest anyway? Only the shadow knows, but Gordo know more.

Randy came to us from beautiful downtown Excelsior Springs, Mo. on that fateful day in July '72.

Randy has also been known for his conscientious and diligent study habits during finals. He is also the only midshipman known to change majors and service selection as often as underwear. They finally settled out to be history and the Marine Corps, respectively. Some say that his head is on sideways as exhibited by his stellar technique of reading microfilm. We don't know what the Marines will do with him, but the Navy had a good idea – he spent his entire first class cruise in the brig of the U.S.S. California.

All kidding aside, Randy is 'quiet, reserved, and the best of friends. He has brought much laughter and many good times, and is always there to lend a helping hand. We wish him all the best in the years to come.

Pablo; as he is affectionately known by his classmates, has survived the trials and tribulations of the many years within these hallowed halls by faithfully adhering to the motto of a colorful plebe summer squad leader: "Sleeping at Navy is like being on leave; sleeping on leave is like being at Navy."

Pablo is one of those misguided few who believe in literally becoming a denizen of the deep. After a first class cruise on an SSBN, he has picked up the jargon and jaunty attitude of the Silent Service crowd, and can be seen daily ping-ponging about the Hall in his form-fitting, double-knit poopysuit. All joking aside, he has been a good midshipman and a good friend. No matter where he goes or what he does, he will always be one of the best. Good Luck, Pablo. May you have a fair wind and a following sea – or whatever the submerged equivalent may be.

Known to all as the "Schnaz", Larry has taken all the insults concerning his most prominent feature in stride, and indeed has used it to his advantage. All seriousness aside, Larry has been a standout in more ways than one. For example, his hard-hitting style on the squash courts, and his not quite as hard hitting of the Naval Architecture books, have served him in accomplishing a well-balanced record here at USNA. Maybe his nomadic childhood has something to do with his recent trans-continental romance, supported in part by United Airlines. Finally reasoning that they "had to stop meeting like this," Larry chose an NFO billet to improve his mobility, and almost simultaneously caught the hook. Larry will be remembered by all, as a hard-charging, level-headed, son of a . . . naval aviator, and (if you will pardon the expression) a decent guy.

Ralph, hailing from Midland, Michigan, is fondly known by his plebes as the "Mauler". All his friends call him "Stein" and I won't say what his enemies call him.

But to know Stein is to know his stellar record in intramurals. He was on the 1974 unbeaten, untied Brigade Championship B-Ball team. He was on two runner-up B-Ball teams and a runner-up fieldball team. The softball team didn't do too bad either.

Another side of the Stein is his partying, and the memories it brings. How about some Lemon-Lime, Stein? And then there was the 'vator door that just wouldn't listen when he told it to open. Remember gettin buzzed at Buzzy's and playing games with the Sup's pride and joy on a bench in front of his house?

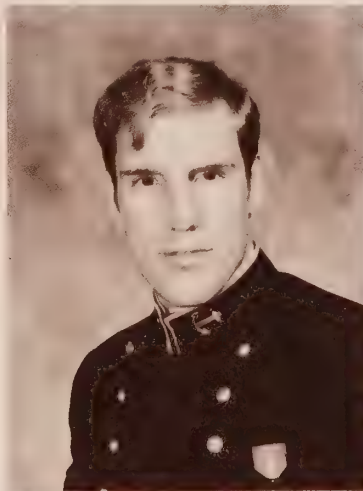
Americans admire the cowboy leading the caravan alone astride his horse, the cowboy entering a village or city alone on his horse. Without even a pistol, maybe, because he doesn't go in for shooting. He acts, that's all: aiming at the right spot at the right time. A wild west tale, if you like.

. . . This cowboy doesn't need courage. It's enough that he be alone, that he show others his own. This romantic, surprising character suits me, because being alone has always been part of my style, or of my technique if you prefer. Independence, too. Yes, that's very important to me and in me. And, finally conviction. I am always convinced of the necessity of whatever I'm doing, and people feel that, believe in it. And I attach great importance to being believed: when one persuades or conquers someone, one mustn't deceive them.

— Henry Kissinger, The New Republic
December 16, 1972



Albert Lawrence Raitchel



Ralph Eric Steinauer

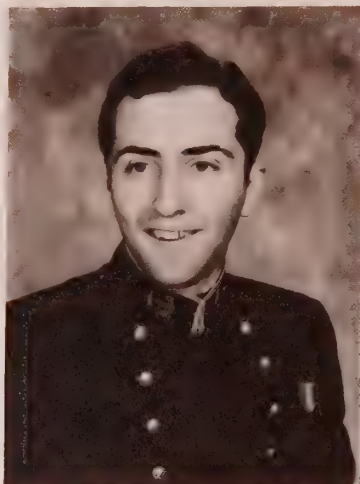


Felix Stanley Swierski, III



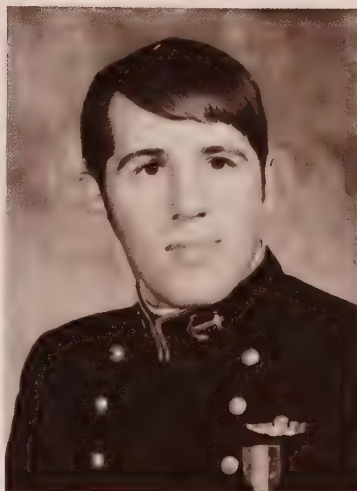
John Daniel Whitaker

Who in the world would give up a spot on the Navy pistol team to be a Navy cheerleader? John D. Whitaker, that's who. It was only because he could lead the We Don't Mess Around Cheer and that infamous Pitt cheer N.G.C. When he wasn't cheering you could find him up on 204 in one of those classic battles with Albie and Maggie. It's funny how Whit always wound up with a polka dot chest the next day. Hopefully the Marines will teach him how to defend himself. Maybe then you won't find him riding up and down an elevator strapped to a chair. Hawaii was better than a T-flight anyway. As long as the Marines keep plenty of sheets and a shower in the room Whit will be able to handle the parties.



Stephen Allen Bedard

Steve joined the Class of '76 as a result of being bored with his freshman year at a party school. After a year at the University of Missouri, Steve decided to try the Academy. When "The Buck" wasn't racking it, one could find him on the squash courts or in the arms of his O.A.O., Anni "B". Buck never had any major problems at the Boat School except for being thrown out of Chauvenet Hall for his excellence in the field of mathematics. One could always expect a big smile from Steve, especially at quarters. His favorite part of the day was getting up. "The Buck" was actually going to go into the Corps, but his love for O-Courses and thoughts of Okinawa persuaded him to go surface line. Steve will be a success in the fleet and in the Husband Corps.



Charles Granville Brown

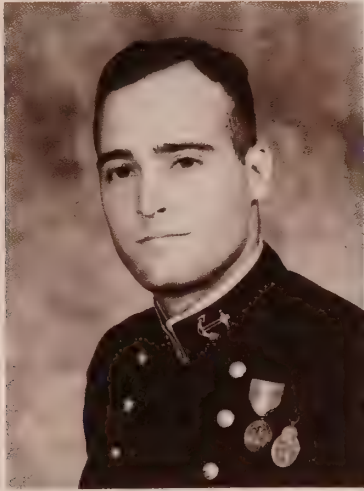
Alias Charlie Brown, came to Canoe U. from the ski land of Denver, Colo. As a Physics major he attempted to find the true meaning of $F=ma$. Once through plebe year, Charlie became known for his great disappearing act whenever a weekend came around. With so much free time, Charlie decided on a sport. Charlie's chosen sport soon became jumping out of airplanes (better known as sky diving) for which his sanity has often been questioned. After about twenty-five free falls, Charlie became one of the members of the Naval Academy Parachute Team in both 1975 and 1976. Other good times were associated with scuba diving and of course his little nurse from D.C. A Marine Corps reject (he did the rejecting) Charlie decided he would like to have his own personal Admiral Rickover sea story. Charlie is now looking forward to those many long tours under the sea (Sub-marines do it deeper).



Emory Leigh Chenoweth

The Naval Academy knew it was in for trouble when Li'l Emo arrived from Baltimore, Md. with his car, lacrosse stick and drinking hat and asked, where's the party? Things have gone downhill ever since, especially first class year as a member of the Baltimore 500 Racing and Drinking Team. Fortunately, Emory has a great sense of priorities, as he never lets such things as studying and professionalism interfere with wardrobe workouts and elastic warfare with the water balloon brigade. Pep rallies and duty weekends will never be the same when the inventor of two stripe libs leaves us in June to fly the friendly skies at Pensacola.

It hasn't been all work and no play, though. His outside interest include academics, in which he excelled as a German major the hard way - no books. He also received his N ★ in lax, and is president of the Thanksgiving Comes Early foundation.



Thomas Colella

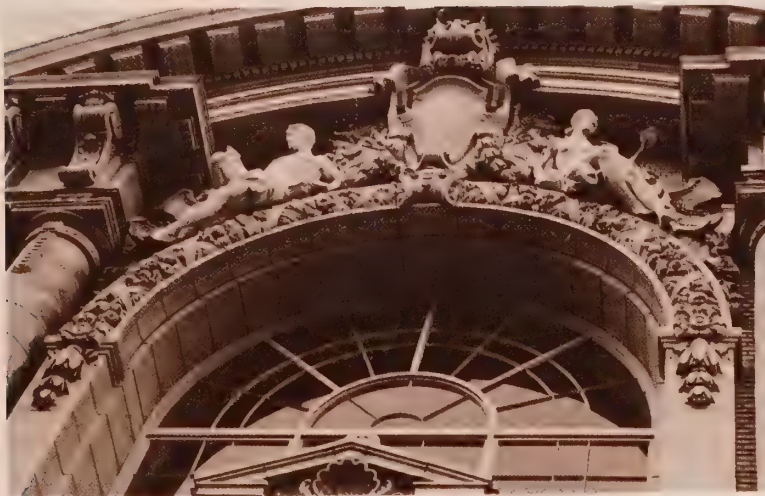
Tom came to the Academy from Auburn, N.Y. via Bainbridge, MD. where he went to NAPS. As plebe year moved along he emerged as a "leader of men." But then along came youngster year carrying with it organic chemistry, sleeping sickness, and other vices. Somehow he managed to survive all that and he cruised through second class year. Tom was finally a "Firstie" and ready for the party to start. With first class year filled with Big Brothers Club business, various members of the opposite sex, his car, "Green Alerts," thoughts of becoming an uncle, and even a little studying the day went by quickly. On June 2, 1976 after one thousand four hundred and twenty-six days as a midshipman, Tom became one of those "Few good men ..." and despite his mother's disbelief he even graduated!!



Donald Gene Croom

Donald G. Croom hails from a small town in the Piedmont area of North Carolina called DEEP RUN. DEEP RUN is not likely to be found on a road map, so take our word for it, it's there ... somewhere. Don goes by "Dandy Don," "Croom D'Doom," "Big Don," "Ducky" and "Nurd". "Dandy Don's" hobbies have been known to include most sports, girl watching, academics, girl chasing, the wardroom, exquisite cuisine (i.e., SuperBurgers, Big N's) and last but not least ... girls. Big Don attempted many things while at Canoe U. No, that is not one of them. Neither is that. He tried playing varsity football, lacrosse, fieldball and several other sports. Don also tried working for the *Log* and *Lucky Bag* as a photographer, but that didn't pan out either. Big Don wanted to major in Aero or Math but after a rough plebe year, History became his field. Don's final major is Marine Air.

Mike, also known as "Ned" or "Mayor", hails from Downey, California. After four years of rigorous academic study, Mike still would be more at home on a certain Colorado ranch than he will be in the Marine Corps. Plebe year, Mike decided to major in Political Science, after unsuccessful bouts with Chemistry and Calculus. However, he soon changed his major to wardroom rat where he has remained, happily, his last three years. Mike's sports career at Navy has run the gamut from yawl sailing to wrestling manager, but he will be best remembered for his impersonation of a punching bag in his encounter with brigade boxing. The only award that Mike received that season was for the most broken noses (five). Perhaps Mike's tenure as a midshipman is best summed up by the words of his father. "If this is a sample of what's guarding our country, I think I will surrender."



Michael Ned Daily



Glen Barry Davis



An all-state performer in football and basketball at Central High in Louisville, Kentucky Gene turned down all offers from major colleges to display his talents at Navy. Playing safety for two years, he turned out many fine performances which netted him spots on the weekly ECAC team. In the off-season, Gene could be found on the basketball courts razzing and dazzling opponents with his outside shot and inside play. Gene preferred to let the grades take care of themselves and opted for a seat in the wardroom keeping the company constantly in stitches with his antics and jokes. Gene was definitely the party person of the company. His interest in a good time was equally matched by his keen eye for the ladies. Upon graduation, Gene plans to go Navy Air soaking up the sun and night life at Pensacola. In between these activities he will be aiming for the LAMPS program.



Eugene Ford, Jr.

George Robert Johnson had his beginning in beautiful Mount Dora, Florida, where they pick oranges as big as basketballs. Finding out that U. of F. was no challenge he accepted an appointment to the Academy. His real joy in life has been playing football, but at Navy one could also find him playing soccer, fieldball, sailing, boxing, and rugby. Bob's Physics major finally got the best of him, and you could find him either with his nose buried in quantum or catching Z's on the side. Halfway through youngster year George met the first real love of his life. Every weekend since, Bob has been falling head over heels over this new gem. Parachuting has captured Bob's whole life, and he is vice-president of the "Aero Rock" Club here at the Academy. Rumor has it that before tackling nuclear power school, Bob's going to pop the question and ask that "chute little thing" to spend the rest of her life with him.



George Robert Johnson

Mike Lefever, who is commonly known as "Bridlegs", is one of the brigade's few finer points. He is a well liked, kind and giving person who has warmed the hearts of those around him. His first year he did well in wrestling while trying to gain a berth on the varsity. His second and third years his attitude in the Hall changed for the better and he only went to the Mayor's office half as much. While using fewer knee pads. By the way, the two "buddies" are corresponding understandingly. Wrestling at the Academy has ended in frustration for Mike because the opportunity did not arise and USNA's demotivator took effect. Its now understood he hasn't gotten away from the sport though. He now uses his moves at a nearby girl's school on an unsuspecting sweet girl. Much to Mike's surprise, she's tied one on him and he'll never get loose.

When Rand "Mo" McNally graduates, the Brigade will lose a unique individual. Twentieth Company's unstriper started off slowly as a diligent Bio-Science major. However, Rand readjusted his priorities. Varsity track, good times, the blue trampoline, TV and assassins' school in Coronado have come to the head of the list. Our illustrious plebe summer Company Commander has endeared himself to the upholders of freeway justice, the Maryland State Police. Mo's automotive exploits have earned him numerous written commendations and the undisputed captaincy of the Baltimore 500 Racing team. Rand's most cherished award, the Water Balloon Marksman merit badge with oak leaf cluster, was bestowed for pep rally action above and beyond the call of spirit. We wish Mo the best of luck with the Seals and we hope that all his Thanksgivings are early ones.



Michael Angelo Lefever



Rand Aken McNally



William Leland Meeks



Lee came to us from Fairfax, Virginia. Being a Navy Junior, he was hard core surface line, that is, until he met a certain economics professor who wore the Marine green. After two short classes "Cheers" made plans to become one of the "few good men." His two biggest assets were his uncanny ability to organize and his dedication to academics. Without these abilities he would have never become what he is today. Lee's athletic ability was limited only by his sprained ankles, thumbs, fingers, arms, etc. and by his eyesight. Lee will make a fine officer and if his body can continue to function on a bottle of hot sauce a day the Marine Corps will have found another "Good Man."

Paul came from down on the farm four years ago to try to bring civilization to the East Coast. After years of effort he has condescended. USNA refused to accept Silver City, Iowa as the cultural mecca of the world.

Youngster year, he found his true niche at the Academy. He has gained a reputation as the popcorn king and senior hard core wardroom rat. He could always be relied upon to have at least 10 pounds of popcorn (imported from Iowa, of course) in the ready service magazines.

Although he is one of Rickover's boys, he believed studying should be kept in its proper perspective. After all how could an Engineering final hold up against a "Duke" movie, the call of the rack, or working on the li'l green TD.

Overcoming the odds, he will graduate with a 2.8 and go on to be Iowa's first nuclear-trained tractor driver.



Dennis Paul Messenger

Coming to Navy from Nashville, Tennessee, Mark soon lost himself in the world of ECA's. Always worried that we would have to tell his grandchildren that all he did in college was study, he set out to have a good time. A hard core wardroom rat and rackhound, he spent his weekends jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and trucking up to Hood College. Seeing little action in the Supply Corps, our color blind hero has opted for the green machine upon graduation.

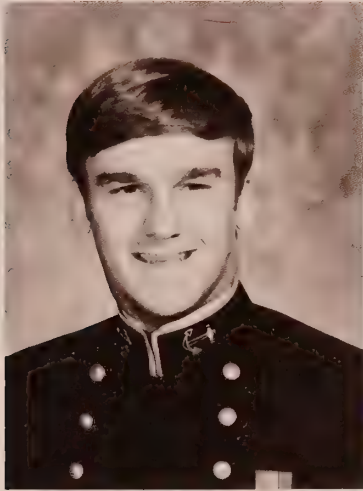


Mark Cartwright Miller

Dan reported to the Academy after two years of education at the University of Houston as an Army ROTC. The pride of Dumas, Texas, overcame his ROTC shortcoming for more scholarly pursuits. At Navy he majored in Physics and EE, eventually giving up the latter for a Trident project. Dan's curiosity brought him academic excellence and a multitude of projects. Outside the academic community Dan participated in company and battalion intramurals. He was an avid skiing enthusiast and tried his hand at parachuting and scuba diving. Dan's Christian outlook on life established many last friendships though Officer's Christian Fellowship and other organizations. Dan set his sights on graduate education and the nuclear power program after graduation. There is no doubt that he will be a great asset to the submarine force.



Danny Hilton Mills



Chester Charles Moeller, II

Chester C. Moeller, II is a name that most people would associate with a book room and that is just the way the top football schools in the country felt also. This is why Chet came to USNA to play in the big leagues against ball clubs that told him he was too small. His life here was centered around football and every once in a while he would try to figure out Systems Engineering. Chet is a good Christian on and off the field. In fact, on the gridiron you can always see him beating the devil out of people! Chet's tremendous desire has gained him All-American recognition in football. However, his distinction does not stop in the stadium. It follows him in academics and especially in the hearts of all who know him. Now he is doing more than just playing football on the field. You know how those All-Americans have got it made!!

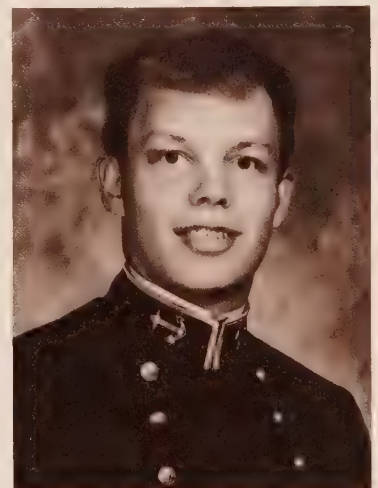


James Michael O'Connell

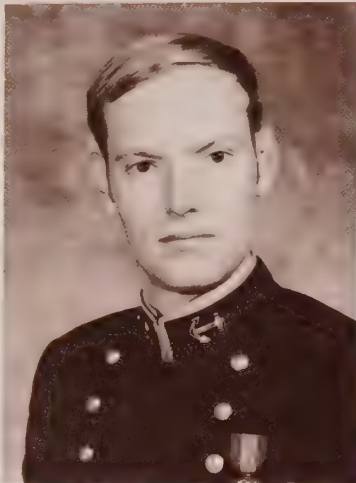
Jim O'Connell was tempted by the benefits of a 'real' Navy education and a chance to be away from home. He decided that marching in the afternoon constituted cruel and unusual punishment so he took to the sailing program. But first class year offered a chance to play with a sword and Jim joined the rest of the Brigade on historic Worden Field.

The cold waters of the Severn were a poor substitute for the sunny beaches of Hawaii. Needless to say Christmas brought a well deserved suntan and some relaxation to the Westpac veteran. Physics, he thought, was as good as any other major and he battled the mysteries of quantum and black magic searching for the philosophy of life. Never one to ignore the tube, Jim got his quads youngster year, living next to the wardroom. Sunsets hold real intrinsic value for Jim so you'll probably catch him on the nuclear surface fleet; amf.

Dick Palmer deserted the railroad and corn-fed honeys of South Dakota to enhance the Academy with his presence. He has spent most of his four years at USNA firmly entrenched either in the wardroom or the rack, and has become a master of the one-night term-papers. Dick was a four year veteran of company soccer, football, and softball and the "old man" managed to come up with a lot of big plays. Dick was often heard arguing the merits of Glen Campbell or John Denver against some of the more close-minded people in the company. During first class year he became part of the weekly caravan up to Hood College, but never allowed himself to become one of the many who were hooked by those sweet young things. After graduation, Dick is looking forward to Pensacola and then the West Coast and some of those California girls.



Richard Alan Palmer



Peter Ernest Peterson

Pete finally achieved a long-held ambition when he reported to the Naval Academy out of Brewster, New York. The intensity of his love for aircraft could only be matched by the intensity of his war with the Aero Department. Pete was also noted for being a long-distance runner of sorts. His performances in the J.F.K. 50-mile run and a few marathons earned him the title of "Big Pete" within the company. Running was never a fast enough means of getting home to New York and his girl though, so Pete was often seen burning up the roads on his cycle or "logging a few hours of flight time" on a commercial airliner. Over the years, "journeying" to New York became "commuting," as Pete's girl came to occupy the most prominent position in his heart. For this reason Pete will be taking her along with him to Pensacola after graduation as he pursues a long and successful career in Naval Aviation.



Bradley Keith Porlier

The great state of Kansas produced an outstanding man in Bradley Keith Porlier. The Overland Park red-neck made his first great appearance in the plebe boxing smoker. He had the potential to be a great boxer, but he decided to take up body surfing during third class cruise. A dedicated Oceanography major, he decided to study the floor of Sandy Beach, Hawaii, from high atop a breaking wave. Needing more detail for sand structure analysis, he decided to eat the beach. But the Lord decided to preserve him, broken neck and all. He has been a valuable player in intramural sports, and excels in scuba diving and parachuting. Brad loves the outdoors and the adventure of the back country. His energy and enthusiasm are exemplified by his performance when he qualified officer-in-charge of music aboard the good ship USS Finback. He hopes to command his own nuclear discotheque some day.



Roderick Orren Shaffer

God came from some unforgettable and somewhat wild high school days, in beautiful, sunny, Milton, Florida. From day one he has been working to go into nuclear power and become a nuc puke, which helped influence him to pick a major that encompasses the worst of two worlds. His major was Engineering Physics. He parachuted for a while and a more lasting sport was scuba diving. Among other things, such as girls, he enjoys the outdoors; hunting, fishing and camping. All of these influenced him away from buying a sports car, and moved him to put his money into a big red Dodge van, which was perfect, since he also loves to travel. Life after the next five years is still unknown — but at least the first part is hoped to be looked at through a periscope.



Phillip James Wilhelm

It is truly rare in this day and age to find a person who really puts heart and soul into his work, a man who really cares, Phil is such a person. Whether on the lax field or in the training of the company plebes, Phil is a living example of the phrase "When the going gets tough the tough get going." As a friend he would give you the shirt off his back, meet him in the hall and he always has a cheerful word and a quick smile. Even though Phil makes friends easily, this in no way hampers his effectiveness as a leader.

One of our "local people," Phil hails from Dundalk and his home has provided the site of more than one "firstie" party. When not at home Phil can usually be found at nearby Hood College. There lurks the spider to trap his fly. Do I hear wedding bells?



Edmund Tyler Wooldridge, III

Ty came to the Boat School all the way from the city of Annapolis, which made him the perfect host for all those company parties he threw for us at his home for wayward mids. Ty was a standout in company b-ball and football and was always the first one to pick up a ball for a quick game to pass those long duty weekends. His roommates will remember him for the immaculate condition in which he kept his room!!! Never one to criticize, "Tip's" ever-smiling face came to be known as "Sunshine" to all who had the pleasure to know and avoid him in the morning. He almost made the finals of the Indy 500, but the noise of grinding gears and the belligerence of beer-drinking cronies cut his rise to fame short. One time he was cut short on West Street, too. Ah well, the race cars he will leave for the gray rowboats, and the open-minded fleetsters he looks so forward to joining.

Zach, an honor graduate of Humboldt High School in Tennessee, came to the Academy full of zest and spirit. Plebe summer tended to put a little damper on his spirit but he was still full of smiles and that "good-ole" country accent. He gave stellar performances as Joe "the toe," on the 4th Batt. football team, which landed sgcond place in Brigade. Outside his athletic talents Joe is a very studious person which is reflected by his academic accomplishments. Between football and women Joe somehow was given three stripes and an outstanding company of midshipmen. He managed to transform a mild mannered company of 123 scholarly students into a rowdy bunch of knuckleheads breaking every rule in the book. Under Joe's leadership, Rome could have been built in a day, and destroyed in 25 minutes. Joe plans to go surface line and use his leadership ability to create havoc.



Joseph Zacharzuk, Jr



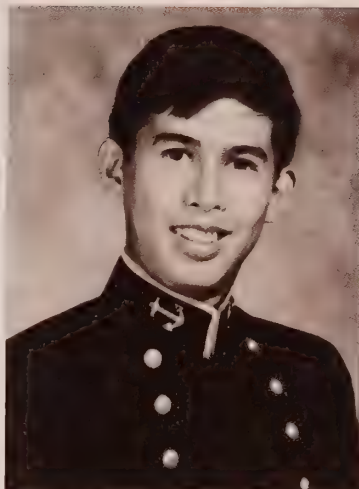
David Scott Ackerson

The Sack drifted in to the good ol' USNA from that far-off land of DuPont or as it's known to the local yokels, Wilmington, Del.

With innocence as his middle name, Scott was lucky to be assigned to a company full of boozers, drunks, rapists, lechers, and others with fine midshipman-like qualities, who proceeded to teach him the finer points of life. After learning about females for the first time, Scott would bedazzle them on dates with Beta functions and computer printouts.

To those around him, it was always a challenge to keep Sack down to earth. This year we gave him two roommates to try to keep him in check, but he still forgets to go to classes, or put on his 3-striper collar devices, or wear his own clothes.

Scottie is going into Nuc Power, where he can realize his lifelong ambition of becoming a sonar, where he can ping continuously, ad infinitum.



Romeo Feliciano Aguenza

Romeo "BUTCH" Aguenza in an attempt at escaping from the Philippine Military Academy in his banana boat, was caught in a strong current and could not escape the wrath of Mother Bancroft.

Butch is an Operations Analysis major. He has worked with the computer a lot and the computer worked over his JORR score a lot. Butch has always made it a point to inspect the ceiling tiles above his rack from 2300 until 0720 during the week, however during the weekend he is no where to be seen.

In his younger days, Butch spent many a weekend roving the streets of Annapolis and visiting the Falls Church area. He could not be persuaded by chocolate chip cookies. But alas an Arlington gal finally cornered him. Butch will be returning to the Philippines upon graduation and hopes to be a Philippine Marine.



Thomas Robert Anderson

Tom "FENDER" Anderson came to Canoe U from out Ohio way. He came as an average guy; average height, weight and humor. His height has stayed the same but his weight and his humor have not. Fender attained his nickname due to his noticeable girth at his waistline. Fender has had an interesting social life. He has made a hit on every date he has had while he has been here. Both of them. Fender is always asking where his profs get their questions from. Usually, the answer he decides on is not physically possible. Tom has Nuke Power in mind but can not decide on surface or subs. This is due to him being unable to decide whether he would prefer to see where he is going or just ping around. Fender should go subs as he would be a great asset to any trim party he should decide to become a part of.



Stephen Gerard Andrusisian

Stephen G. Andrusisian, (an droo sis' e San), a product of the "coal cracker" region of PA., came to the Academy in the image of apple pie and the girl next door, and from his present physical condition it looks like he ate them both. Throughout his four years at the Academy, Steve has had only one love, that of himself, and despite the rival efforts of his girl friend, she still takes a back seat to his mustache, hair, Charger, one to be outdone, Steve persisted in his efforts for a black N and finally got his letter while playing away from home. Now through an amazing friendship with Bell telephone, Steve has been convinced to share the disco sound with the lost cause. Steve's service selection has taken him to sea and with any kind of luck he is now browning his much loved body in sunny California.



Bruce Balksom Bevard

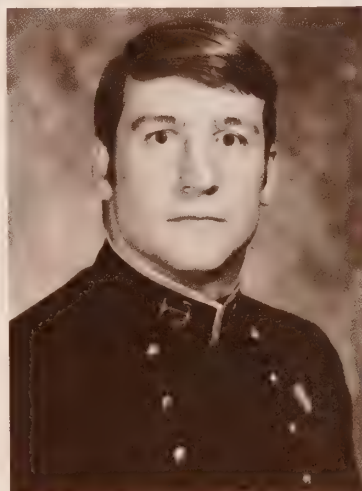
New Roomie Bevard warmed a spot in my little sister's heart youngster year when he was taken to meet the folks and Dad saw fit to chain him to a large rock in the back yard. It was not until becoming a Firstie that Bruce bloomed into the Revered Midshipman that we now regard with awe. His old nickname (used judiciously behind his back and rhyming twice with goo), fell to the highly deserved title of "Jaws". The most that Seif and Sack could persuade him to contribute to room cleanup was to make his rack, a task which he normally failed at miserably. And of course, the pleasures of the bed and the bottle continued to earn Bevard his coveted reputation as a bagger and a lecher. As for service selection, Bevard looks to Nuclear Power. If he is ever able to sneak past the Admiral, Bruce is certain to have a rewarding and successful career with the U.S. Navy.



Thomas Edward Bosse

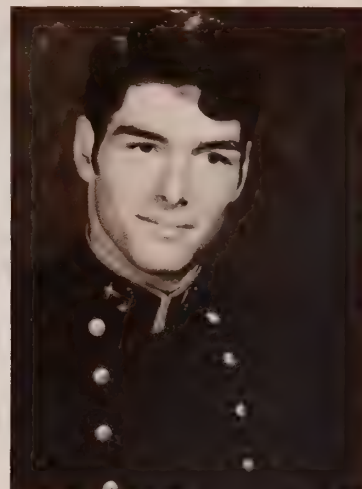
Tom, son of Vince, relocated "the Belly" from BWI to Pete's. While at the Academy, Tom has grown hair, learned how to breathe at the bottom of the pool, and miscount laps during the mile run. Being an admirer of close order drill, Tom feels the climax of his career occurred on a parade field. As commander of Delta Formation, he hoisted the flags and the commands were executed. After his initial commitment, Tom aspires to rival the Big Mac with "The Big Belly Burger", fillet of fish with "The Smelly Belly", onion rings with "Holy Moly's" and the cheese burger with his own special "Yellow Belly". Tom's suave and debonair manner is exemplified with his famous quote, "If your gonna do anything, woman, ya better do it quick, cause I'm fadin' fast." In two bouts with 4-1, Tom scored a TKO in the first fight and was knocked out early in his second.

Pat rode out of El Paso, Texas and instead of getting a long, tall Texan we got a short, stumpy Irishman. He excels at everything but oceanography and physical science and has been forced to put butter on his mashed potatoes 'cause he has no gravy. Being adept at sewing, cooking, baking and candle stick making, Pat has earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. With size 9 boxes for feet, nothing more amusing could be seen than a potato skiing the slopes, skating the rink or tripping the light fantastic on the dance floor. Thoughtful and conscientious about everything but money, his paychecks seldom last longer than a week and with a heart as big as his nose he was always willing to lend a hand or an ear to any problem. This is a short biography for a short person.

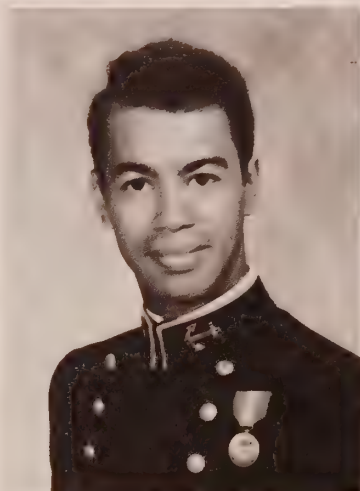


Patrick Aloysius Brady

When you meet him you call him Jeff; after you get to know him you call him "coon". Jeff comes from the booming metropolis of Montclair, New Jersey. He came to the Academy to play lacrosse and play lacrosse he did. He has earned three letters playing for the Navy team. Jeff has also acquired other awards while attending the Academy. These include two well earned black N's for action above and beyond the call of duty. Jeff has dedicated himself to nights of hard studying in order to keep up with the curriculum in the ever popular field of "Management". Jeff is prepared for any kind of action especially the ones he can find on his numerous weekend liberties which he has managed to acquire throughout his years here. Jeff is planning to fly and is eagerly anticipating his training under the sun on the beaches of Pensacola.



Robert Jeffrey Connelly



James Irving Dennis



Michael Grove Hlywiak



Christopher Alexander Kidd

Jim arrived at U.S.N.A. with shaky knees and hair shorter than a job the third wing would do. He hid first semester plebe year in the fourth wing bandroom under the pretense of being a beater for the D & B.

Jim was a very outgoing person. His triumph youngster year was to discover that upperclass did not have to square corners while in civilian clothes on Sunday. Other than this, he was an all round good guy, winning the title of "Everybody's Bud, Man About Town."

Not finding this image commensurate to a stud such as himself, he decided to switch shingles from a mild-mannered Navy officer to a mild-mannered Marine Corps Officer. While his service selection may seem as out-of-character as his intellectual curiosity, he no doubt will find his place in life with a few good men and happiness at parade rest.

Wacker has come a long way since plebe summer and the Magic of Masland Carpet. His thoughts these days are in a little town in Maryland – and not the homeland in liberal Camp Hill, Pennsylvania. The scourge of the plebes, Mike holds the Academy record for plebe summer squad runouts. At last count, it was six down and six to go. Wacker does a number of things with his spare time. These include going down in a wetsuit, engaging in a close relationship with the tube, and performing monthly PMS on his car. He has even been known to crack a book occasionally – in pursuit of knowledge in his oceanography major. Wacker says Surface Line is Mighty Foinnnn, but Divers Do It Deeper. You'll find him in the Ukranian Club with Pete and Ebbs.

Unlike most of his classmates, the "Kidd" began his naval career at the tender age of two weeks. While we were busy hanging around listening to music plebe summer, Chris was busy assigning reports to the firsties. Among his infamous quotations here at USNA were: "Men, I'm starting my diet tomorrow," "You can't be a friend to all the people all of the time" (he spent the better part of four years proving the latter statement to Barry and the Brigade) and "Colonel, I'm not here to be an intellectual" (The Academic Board requested that Chris stay on as a visiting student until 1976-½). At the risk of complementing Christopher, it is appropriate to mention that his most wonderful characteristic is his better half. Together Chris, Kim, and the Corps are destined for very happy and successful lives.

One of the Chosen, Lewigi arrived at the banks of the Severn fresh from his formative years in the heart of God's Country. Pure of heart and simple of mind, he pursued the rocky path of Marine Engineering.

Wrestling, track, books, and the rack were his favorite pastimes at Navy. On weekends, his homespun charm and a face that only a mother could love lured many a gorgeous creature into brief encounters on the garden path. But even then, seldom would anything hold his attention past 2230, the racking hour

... Until one day when his dreams came to life and all else was forgotten. She even kept him awake on Saturdays!

And now they walk the path together to graduation, a June wedding, and Nuc Power School. They look forward to a brief tour in the Silent Service, and a happy life together in the beautiful land from whence he came.

With a zip of the top, tap of the keg and a hearty hi hoh let's boogie, Snap has become known as the man to see when you want to party. He and the Corps have one thing in common, they both love to use their big guns. Mike came to the Academy with red eyes, a contagious smile and his best friend, Armone. Beginning in Herkimer, N.Y. Snap and his friend have popped up in many varied and secluded places from Wimpy's in Portsmouth to the Sheraton ice room. A two-time black N winner, Snap credits Pete with his success and it can never be said he doesn't learn fast. A hometown Schlitz diehard, Snap, Scully, Micey, Sinky, Rocko and Lezetto have grabbed for all the gusto they can even if it's Sister Bertril. In Snap's own words, "Here's to it and do it again if you don't do it when you get to it you'll never get to it to do it again."

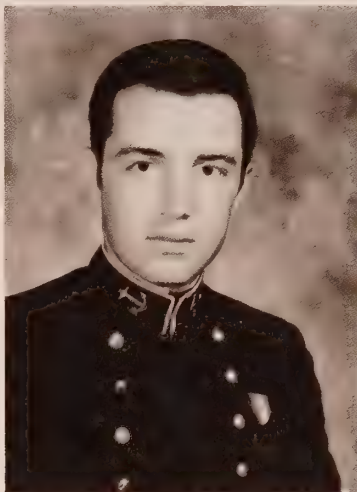
David came to us from the thriving metropolis of Jasper, Georgia. He quickly impressed us all as a quick learner. Within a week, David learned to wear shoes and march ED. He quickly outgrew his shyness, and has since been known as the Don Juan of 21.

David's activities at the Academy have been many and varied. Academics presented little problem for him. A good deal of his time as a firstie was spent as the Brigade Honor Coordinator. HO! HO! It was often thought that David was trying to rebuild T-Court, due to the incredible brick collection that he had at his immediate disposal.

Service selection for David is undecided at this writing, but regardless of where Dave goes, three things will always follow - his address book, his Mickey Mouse Club card, and his multitude of nick-names that only he knows the origin of.



Jeffrey Neil Lewis



Michael A. Marriott



David Earl McDaniel



Casimir Napora

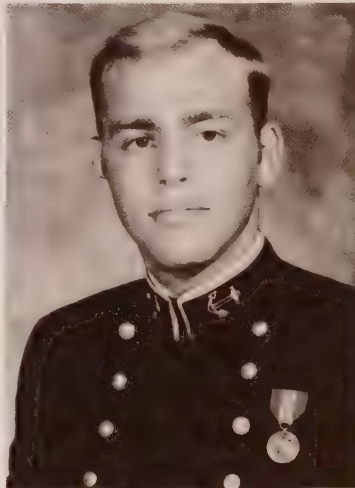
Casey has come a long way since Plebe Year and the Buddy Brigade - "Hey Napore, we're not your buds!" Making up one half of the pair of the company Skies, Casey spends most of his spare time pursuing the better grades in his Bioscience matrix, taking an occasional side track with an occasional dear young lady. It was pure bliss when he had his mouth wired shut for six weeks, but oh when those wires were cut! Casey was in transit most of Second Class Year, commuting on the weekends from New York and Cornell Nursing School. That was only after he was acquitted with the rest of the Dalgren Hall Ten-too bad Siebo! First Class Year brought a new car, the Polish Lottery, DYL, and a lot of three day passes under the general heading of Med School interviews. The Academy loses but the Navy gains a fine, fine little nipper of an officer.

A golden boy from the state of Florida, who came to the Academy with shoulder-length hair and a "stach," Mike has never been able to follow the reasoning for a good haircut. Not being known for having his feet on the ground, Mike gained fame as 4th wing barber leader with a wild fetish for pennies. He is a top notched water polo player with two varsity N's as a backstroker and one black N as a rum runner. He retired from the pool when he discovered some liquids are better to drink than swim in. In four years, Mike has acquired several loves, a fiancé, a broken van, a Camaro and an Ocean Engineering Degree based on gouge. Because his eyes are denied the pretty colors of Christmas, Michael is a candidate for restricted line and is hoping for a career with CEC; with his luck he'll end up with a Seabee unit in Nome, Alaska.



Michael Charles Oloughlin

John drifted to Mother B from Gloucester, N.J. on his magic carpet and because of lack of interest he has been drifting ever since. He chose Electrical Engineering for his major, but he has spent more time reading science fiction paperbacks and comics borrowed from Woodstock. John is an incredible fellow. He is one of those guys who could run the mile in 5:20 but could not make the minimum in situps. His four years of social life has been limited to a single girl but not because he did not try. His weekday afternoons were spent in his rack dreaming of the coming weekend with his O.A.O. whom he has placed in a lot of embarrassing situations. John is going Nuclear Power where it demands a lot from him and where he could apply what he has not learned.



Dean Anthony Price



Gary Lee Rau

Dino was a product of Baltimore and he retained his local flavor as he and his guests scratched at their crabs each September. Manager of the 4th wing men's shop, he could often be found taking nocturnal inventory, restocking the shelves and having January clearance sales. He enjoyed the role as the great imposter, especially as a student, assuming such big roles as Moses, the Old Spice sailor and, at the pinnacle of his career, J.C., much to the chagrin of the company God squaders. Dino's only fear in life was sleeping because of a recurring nightmare of Gregory Peck at Navarone, but he showed great courage in attempting to overcome this fear by sleeping continuously, even in class. Like the driver in Harry Chapin's Taxi, he is taking off to find the stars.



John Bernard Scout

Many moons ago, Woodstock drifted over to the banks of the Severn from West Allis, Wis. Unable to major in his favorite subject, Rack, he chose Math as the next best thing. He still managed, however, to find ways to do research in his first choice of major and was eventually knighted for his efforts and became known far and wide as S.I.R. Woodstock.

As of late, he spends his time S.I.R. during the week and on the weekends he journeys up to Philly to be cured by a special someone. Service Selection tends toward Nuc Power. Woodstock will always be remembered for that word which he made famous: Lookie!

Everyone is eagerly awaiting Gary's Hebrond. Yid-lids are optional and may be picked up at the Repair Tailor Shop. 1/c are not authorized to charge. B.Y.O. Mogen David.



Michael Lewis Seifert

The Goldfish we all know (!) and respect (?) is a far different seafarer than the one which swam to us from the Real World, lo so many diurnal tides ago. Forced from the medical profession by an enterprising 2/c tack O, he traded in his collection of Big N Banana Flake box tops for fins, snorkel, and a three year gouge session entitled "How to be a Professional Midshipman."

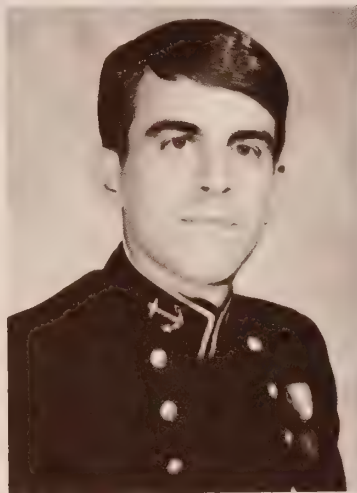
The Fish is majoring in Chemistry, with minors in Thrift-inness and Melon Picking. His four year Chemical project, the quest for the perfect fluid, resulted in the claim that the Big-E in its B form leaves all competition out to sea. Among his many accomplishments is the formal proof that no one can really drink like a fish.

Service Selection has only one uncertainty: we know it's Nuc Power, but so far, he has not found a reactor small enough to fit into a goldfish bowl.



David Peter Soliday

Cherry pop soda was his favorite drink and sixteen his favorite number. Bombing down the road from Miami in his 4-cylinder Nova, Mario was never found behind the wheel without his dingo's on. His first year was spent with "them" but he was then recruited by "The Magnificent Seven" to be used as a weather vane. Delbert, Doctor Pepper, Double Play began as a soccer goalie but after too many balls on the head or in the net, he switched to Navy Rugby and thoroughly enjoyed eating the dead. A hard working systems engineer, he displayed his talent with an unparalleled career as a burger run coordinator; otherwise known as "The Big Mac". Jean Clod Killme was known for his exploits on the slopes: two broken skies in four tries - .500 ain't so bad. Dave's next pit stop is Pensacola where he plans to get off the roads and into the air.



Patrick Alan Tracy

Young Trace-Ski came to us from faroff Puyallup-land, said to be in the Pacific Northwest (more commonly known as "God's Country"). He spent most of his time at Navy terrorizing the Severn in his flaming Shields and taking up a couch in front of the tube. Academic activities other than the wardroom included 3-striper Mac runs and his so-called Nuclear Management major, which taught him it was a high crime to spend more than \$5.95 on big weekend dates. Financial fiascos on the International scale included his infamous dealings with Stanley's Tailors, Ltd., of the Far East port of Hong Kong.

Pushed forward by his life-long philosophy "If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum," he will be going to sunny California with the greyhounds of the sea (well, maybe the poodles); it looks like a Surface Line tour on an AE.



Gary Richard Turner

Four years ago, G.R.T. came to the Boat School with a R.A.G. Manual in one hand and his coffee cup in the other, in search of "The Real Navy". He really fooled 'em Plebe Summer, and ended up as S.O.W. But then his true worth was realized when he went to bed Youngster year, didn't get up till we were 2/c, and no one noticed.

For the occasional user of the "Sunrise Chit" (a term he coined himself), life began to stir 2/c summer. Suddenly his every waking moment was fixed on the Hoosier State he had left behind two years before. Days dragged until the time he could be with HER. A quick pin at Army, and a better Christmas leave passed.

A computer error 1/c summer, and he was a 3-striper in the D & B he served so faithfully. He and his bride will find The Real Navy (Surface, of course), and set sail for a new, distant horizon, with a fair wind and following seas.



Charlie Carol Boyd, Jr.

Philly groove, as he was sometimes known, was perhaps one of the most amiable guys in the company. He constantly amazed those of us around him with his brilliance in the art of sleeping. Standing up, sitting down, in bed, in class, at P-rades, there was no position or place that this modern day Rip Van Winkle could not master. His brilliance at sleeping was only overshadowed by his abilities in the pick up basketball league and his booming bass voice made him a natural knockout with the young ladies. Many a young heart fell victim to the charm and wit of the cool player from Philly. On first cruise, besides making his debut as an international playboy, Charlie took a serious look at surface line and decided to go Marine Air. The Marine Corps would welcome him with open arms because they are looking for a few good men and there is no other like this bad soul brother.



In '72 there were plebes and then there was the Brinker. He carried a fundamental foundation in chemistry which blew him out on the red bricks for a month or so. Too bad about Army that year. J.B.'s participation in football also helped him run a flourishing football pool which managed to get him home for Christmas. There seemed no end to John's inventiveness. His new location second class year afforded him the opportunity to set up a dating service, taxi service and barber shop. Not to be outdone he picked up his third Black "N" that year. J.B. did have his serious moments especially when he was gouge hunting. After all how many Tennessee hillbillies are mechanical engineers. His lucky moments have invariably included women. What could he possibly have had in mind when he bought his van? Our only advice to him is to "take it easy".



John Arthur Brink

Tequila Caulk will long be remembered for his New Year's Parties. Everyone looked forward to one of Bobby's little get-togethers, especially those charges up San Juan stair case.

"Goodyear" was a football, track and wrestling star from Coronado. A great start with the Big Blue was cut short, six times, by knee operations. He fought back bravely against the triumphs of Navy medicine to play a very large part in the best defensive team Navy has seen in a decade for his senior year.

Somewhere along the way he contracted to help Uncle Sam guard the red beach. Those sunrises are beautiful, aren't they, Drifty?

Between practices he managed to study and sneak off to visit a few girls. He eventually found one that was just too good to pass up.

We wish him a happy change of command and shakedown period. Does the Navy really make an air plane big enough for him? Have Fun, Fletch.



Robert Fletcher Caulk, II



Alfred Wayne Clark

Alfred Wayne Clark, alias A.C. or Archie will be leaving us this June, but in body only. It's not often you find a man who's really "Serious about the business of learning". Archie was always on top of things, whether he was the dynamic company commander or the love-to-win basketball player. When you found him during the week he was either talking and laughing about his favorite subject (women) or fighting with systems engineering on the nearby computer. On the weekends it was Joe Cool against the world. Maybe that's why he went out for brigade boxing. One thing for sure, if he didn't hit you with his left hook or jab then he'd hit you with his "Words of wisdom." Being the intelligent person that he is Mr. Clark will soon be flying overhead with the wings of gold. Alfred is definitely a together brother who's got his game plan already in action. Look out world here comes the player!



Richard Frederick Hamme

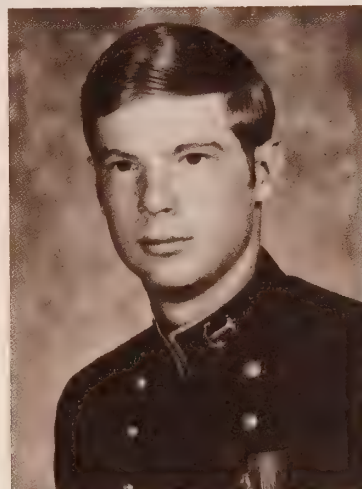
Rick came to NavCad after a year at NAPS with a very positive attitude. After having slept with ten pieces during Plebe Summer, Rick saw the light and decided that he would never march as a midshipman if he could have his say about it. He joined the D & B plebe year. Rick further assured his goal to stay away from P-rades and March-ons by joining the Pep Band. This was the turning point of his career as a Mid. His natural easygoing, peppy attitude and instinct for a good deal made him a natural eventual leader of this band of musical wonders. Through hard work (and other means) Rick managed to get the Pep Band to almost every away football game.

Rick always had one eye northward to a certain young lovely and upward to the Lord. "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your paths." (Proverbs 3:5, 6)



Zal Beale Harrison

Zal arrived at USNA with a Blytheville, Arkansas gentility and a vocabulary that even Walt Disney would not have censored. Cultural shock gave him a temporary setback, but his unique industry and will to succeed put him at the top by the end of the summer. Plebe year found Zal winning the good - housekeeping seal of approval from BOOW's and classmates alike. International relations did little to expand his interests, but rolled in the gravy train for a downhill coast into graduation. Zal could always be depended upon to graciously lend a hand and frequently did so. First class year started with a Med cruise and plebe detail. Battalion admin. occupied Zal's free time during first set. Service selection gave him a date with a DDG out of Norfolk and promising aspects for a rewarding career as a surface warfare officer.



Samuel Alexander Hauge

Sam Hauge, hails from the obscure town of Wilmington, Delaware. Sam set out to stun the world with athletic feats and was determined to prove that a bull major could make it at a technical school by validating enough history course to leave him a mere fifteen hours each semester to complete his double major.

Extracurricular activities were Sam's specialty and his participation in the French Club allowed him to vacation in France as part of the Academy Exchange Program. He was returned to the Academy where the "red-headed flame" blessed the plebes with his rhetorical splendor. But the plebes, as did everyone else, saw through Sam's intellectual front and soon "moons of green cheese" were vivid realities in his mind.

Looking to the future, Sam dreams of Navy Jets, Eldorado's and the Pensacola social scene.



Byron Quinton Iverson

Byron came to us from New Orleans after a year in an obscure prep school where among other things he learned to twirl his piece.

Besron's beauty rest apparently included a body beautiful plan as his "natural mode" of retirement was a trademark.

Youngster year, Byron almost made the big time due to the unfortunate combination of a highball, an AWOL bag and a curious 5-striped "beater." Advised his case was hopeless by everyone but his mother, he persevered in the traditions of Perry Mason and against all odds, "Quince for the Defense" beat The System and never trod the Red Beach.

Not to be cheated of a letter, however, he discretely earned a pink one (with the help of some women) and proved the advantages of his "natural mode."

We all hope Byron's outgoing and friendly nature will help bring him the best of luck in the fleet and that someday he will get sideburns for his birthday.



Recruited from Memphis, Tenn. to play football Ed quickly found a home in the Navy defensive backfield. Through his hard work and dedication Ed established himself as an outstanding athlete. Although busy on the field Ed was not to be denied recognition off the field. Troubled with a receding hairline Ed's social life was nevertheless unhampered. In fact, he was consoled on numerous occasions by sympathetic females.

His amiable nature and sense of humor made him well-liked by his classmates and earned him his nickname "Eddie Jester." He was a hit at parties playing the drums. Looking to the future Ed is anxious to get away from the natatorium and Bancroft Hall; he is looking forward to his bachelor pad and waterbed. Canadian football had no billets available on Service Selection night so Ed is looking to good times in the surface community.



Edward Arnold Jeter

Pete was well known for his variety of activities chief of which included the USNA Sailing Squadron.

Pete was never one to hurt for suitable female companionship. In "helping out" his classmates, his cupid activities brought him the distinction for gathering more bricks than that used in the construction of the Berlin Wall.

While his predestined career lay in surface line, he was once able to frighten his mother with threats of Naval Aviation. Pete's greatest moment to date came during second class summer in his command of the USS BUTTERCUP. (Take her down!)

Pete was always an asset to any party or social event. To most comments made to him, he would usually be heard to say "I'll drink to that" and then prove it.

There will be a piece of the Academy lost when Pete graduates. However, a piece of Pete was lost during his stay so the Academy and Pete will probably consider themselves even.



Peter Frederick Klein, Jr.

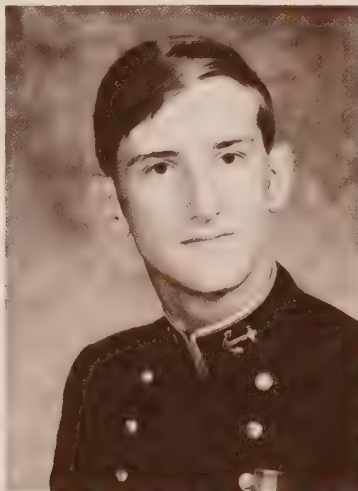
Nicknamed after the N.Y. Yankees ace relief pitcher (whom he had never heard of), it didn't take long for this Southern boy to prefer SPARKY over HOMER LEE. Coming from an area of high competition (Pensacola, Fla.), SPARKY had to take the NAPS bypass en route to USNA. Deceiving everyone into thinking he was squared away, he immediately gained the respect and trust of his classmates. It backfired, however; when he was elected to a 4 year term as CO HONOR REP. (He wasn't too upset when he lost his leave after the youngster NAV final). Now SPARKY is hooked on sailing and a sleek white 'vette' (which is quite a step up from the FIAT 850 which qualified him for the underclass car club two years running). Upon graduation SPARKY is hopeful of joining the ranks of the Nasal Radiators ... "YOUR WELCOME for the Pepperoni."

After being exiled from Pompton Plains, New Jersey, Jim met plebe year with his typically outstanding sense of humor and overcame the discouragements that beset him as a plebe. Beginning youngster year an unfortunate 25 minutes behind the rest of the class, Jim found solace in gaining recognition as Resident Strange Noise Maker. Jim and Charlotte found each other at, of all places, a mixer Youngster Year and neither one has had cause to regret it since. He found his calling as an Ocean Engineer, but soon discovered that no one really appreciates a wave mechanic. Second Class Year found Jim shivering the timbers of the crew of his YP command; we put his skills to good use during the Spring Company YP competition.

A nuclear submarine cruise First class summer and aspirations for Nuclear Power seem to indicate that Jim is headed down the road of a long and successful Naval career.



Homer Lee Lisle, Jr.



James Edward Manley



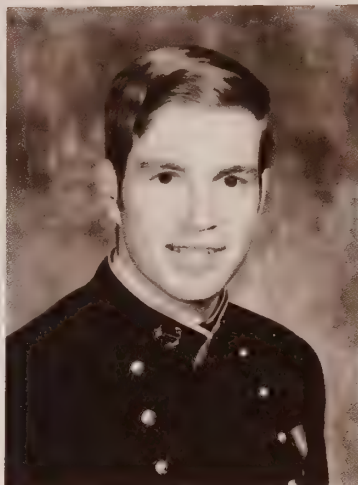
John Kerry McClain



You wouldn't consider Mac the typical mid, he studied. His enthusiasm for academic excellence led him to the summer exchange program when he exchanged his summer leave for SC 103. He got most of his kicks from soccer; socially, his youngster year, he shed his cocoon, spread his wings and fell flat on his face only to be picked up at a mixer.

Youngster year he continued his exchange program and lost a little Christmas leave. Local interests were also responsible for his continued interest. After graduation John once again plans to spread his wings and follow the 5 year plan to TWA. A few days should be plenty of freedom before he starts to build his nest. John is familiar with the altar, after all, he was an acolyte for a year. His Christianity goes much deeper than this and he will always have One person with him.

Bob Olsen is this year's winner of the "from sleep-knowledge" award given to that member of the graduating class majoring in Systems Engineering with the greatest number of hours spent in the rack. He is from Virginia Beach, Virginia and enjoys traveling, which is his only reason for going surface line. He is engaged to his high school sweetheart and will have many memories of Spokane and Puerto Rico to reflect on after their June Week wedding. He is a literary genius, always willing to review another's writing; too bad he didn't choose English for a major and make decent grades like those he helped. He has had little trouble keeping his weight in control because he always "gets in shape" for summer leave by playing volleyball spring set on the 4th Batt Brigade champ. team. What a well-rounded winner!



Robert Harold Olsen

E Jackson Roeske, the company's native Annapolitan, was always the man everyone fell back on when matters of importance came up. When leave came around it sure seemed logical to have E.J. stand those last watches. Jackson also moonlighted between 2 jobs on the side. His two occupations were: Manager of the Roeske Hilton and parking lot attendant for the comfort station for wayward second class cars. A company intramural jock, Jackson participated for four consecutive years in basketball, football (lightweight) and softball. Jack, a submariner at heart, found himself at home 1/c summer on a Nuclear Attack Sub in the Mediterranean. It was while on board that he qualified diving officer. Hoping to continue in this line, Jackson will either stay as an active submariner or go into Research and Development. In his own words, "I'll either ride them or build them."



Ernest Jackson Roeske

A sprinting truck driver from Rehobeth, Mass., Pete entered the Academy at full stride. He quickly showed his speed both on the track, where he won numerous awards and in the classroom where he became a regular on the Sup's List.

Pete's life was not always academics and track, once in second class year he found time to propose to a pretty nurse in the back of his van. Enough about marriage, back to the books which was Pete's well known pasttime. His uncanny love for studying and his resemblance of a koala bear earned him the nicknames "Worm" and "Quantas". One of Pete's favorite books was *Navigation* from which he learned and practiced the basics of set and drift. Upon graduation Pete plans to marry the pretty nurse from Attleboro and then wrestle with Professor Rickover's math courses.



Peter Earl Rollins





Joseph Andrew Ruttar

Joseph A. Ruttar, "Right Full." Born in Philadelphia, (a fact which means something only to him), he came to USNA only after turning down West Point and the Coast Guard. He managed to survive plebe year fairly well (McEwan?, Nally?) and blossomed into a fine degenerate American tourist during youngster cruise (and you thought boots were only to wear). Although he was recruited for track, he decided that there wasn't enough "body contact". (could it be his background?) and so he became one of 22nd company's ace fieldball bruisers ("I just like to hit"). On the more serious side, his professional orientation led him to the YP squadron where he was qualified as engineer and OOD. He does pretty well academically and insists he is an oceanographer even though he studies clouds and rocks. Even though he was once considering going Corps., Joe will be riding a reactor on the surface.



John Donaldson Sample

A 30 minute trip from Arvada to the Air Force Academy was too easy for Chip Sample so he toughed it out in Crab Town. He earned the nickname of Iron Man by growing salt crystals on his burly chest after 4 hours of continuous E.D. and screaming for more. Chipper came here quiet and reserved but after a few brews was audacious enough to confront the Commandant. He should have validated Naval Law for his efforts. Chip 1, Navy 0. Chip could never work for the N.I.S. Intelligent people are not usually very neat and Chip is no exception. His earnestness in keeping his room clean is only surpassed by his devotion to the traditions, rules and regulations of the Naval Academy. Hopefully he'll realize his dream of retiring from society and going to college after 5 years in the land of obligation.



Truly one of Garden City, New York's finest sons, Doug Schaus took Plebe summer effortlessly into his (rather expansive) stride. So much a model product was he that by Parents' Weekend even his own father failed to recognize him. Football prodigy that he was, Doug nevertheless decided to keep his options open and he has been found lurking on handball courts and deftly dabbling at fieldball ever since.

"Schnoz" will perhaps remain longest in the minds of many for his Halloween night performance of "Himmler and the Manne." Though something less than a smash with THE critics, he won acclaim from the masses. Our resident cheeselover possesses other more latent talents including a bent for the guitar, a frightening vocabulary, and an extensive knowledge of German cars.

Doug lifts his nose from the grindstone long enough to envision a future in surface. line. He and his banana-colored Porsche should make a formidable pair.

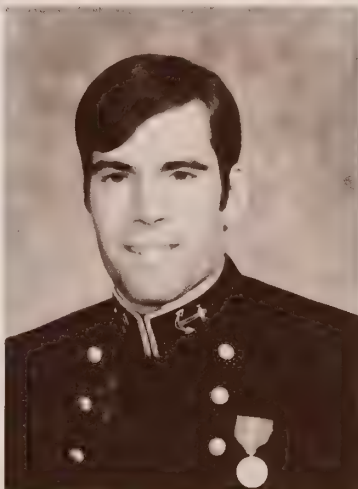


Douglas Russell Schaus



Albert William Schmidt

A lot of walked in slowly from Warminster, Pa. and settled in for a long three years. Known as the 4.0 kid, he manned many a rack early. Plebe year could have been harder for him, but he could not muster enough sweat. His best plebe day was spent counting Academy roads for his favorite firstie in 10° weather. Youngster year he constructed his own wardroom and frolicked his way into two 4.0's. Believe it or not you still had to have a 2.0 to see his t.v. He sported sailing a while and became known for his curve busting. He belonged to the Hilton Auto Club 2/c year with one of the best integrated sound systems, weekday concerts, and a quick hand on his Gibson; you could say he likes music. A fast little silver Spitfire, three stripes, and max long weekends finds him missing most of first class year. Oh, by the way, "thanks for the pepperoni."



Theoren Perlee Smith, III

This P.K. came to the Academy to make his way in the world of academia.

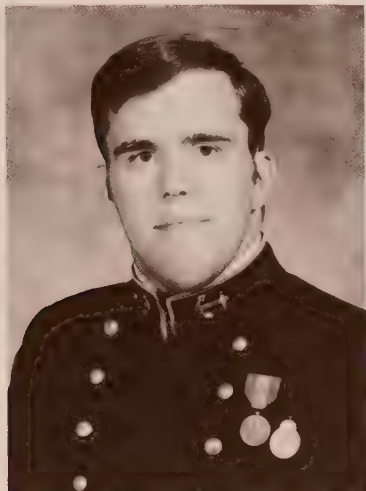
Trey has had many activities while at the academy. He has taken time from his studies for Big Brothers, Glee Club, 150's varsity football, FCA and OCF. Other less honorable activities included knee surgery plebe year and "BOMB SQUAD" youngster year. For his honorable activities he earned such things as low grease and humorous situations. Quickly he learned that he got bigger rewards for his shadier activities. A free zipper on the knee for football. He also recieved black "N"s for demonstrating his UDT/seal abilities by demolishing a room with a self-made bomb. This was followed by an in depth research project of the sun rising over Eastport every morning for a month and a half.

Trey's only ties in the near future lie with his SDB's and his strong Christian beliefs. God bless.



John Rhodes Snodgrass

John R. Snodgrass left his home in Arlington, Texas to become one of America's finest backs in 1972. He had an abbreviated plebe summer as a latecomer, but he didn't spare any sweat! John doesn't live by the double standard, just ask him. Being a management major John knew at an early stage music helps a man work better so he installed a stereo in his locker long before Christmas plebe year. His Wednesday night haircuts were famous in the company as was his half of John's and Johns dating service. John was the King of B.S. in the company and he never let you out of his room without calling you back at least once. He also had a phone for two years which increased the number of his friends threefold. Hopefully the AC board won't be calling him back for 76½.



Grant Sutherland, Jr.

Grant has done alright at USNA. His activities ranged from matchmaking to Batt wrestling. He did pretty well in the latter, but lousy in the former. In the off season he dabbled in fieldball, softball and even tried sailing, plus first class bartending (Army - Navy style) As a style, as a plebe.

A physical science major from Pennsylvania, Grant fooled us all by choosing Navy Air. Whatever happened to Quantico? Anyway, life is full of surprises and he wasn't finished. He was bitten by the love bug somewhere between that plebe year army brick and 2nd class summer. The rest is history.

Seriously though, Grant could always be counted on for a funny comment or two, or three, or four; he was always fun to be around, especially at parties. He always seemed to be ready for an exciting evening. Yes, USNA will be losing a lot when he leaves (about 200 pounds worth!)



David Eugene Sweede

Being an Army brat from nearby Alexandria, Dave should have known better. However, on 6 July 1972, David Eugene Sweede showed up in Crabtown. Dave was probably the most reg reading of all the fourth class. Not able to live without tunes, by mid-September he had a not so well hidden Am - Fm cassette stereo (are you guys humming?) he might have whistled a different tune had anyone caught the Phantom Plebe wall hopping Saturday nights. He must have been visiting his guardian angel as he came off plebe year with A's in conduct. Starting youngster year right Dave traded his hungry cassette for a \$2000 quadraphonic system loud enough to simulate bigger than life jet landings in T-court. He has hopes of going to graduate school at Rickover's College of Nuclear Engineering and then following the five year plan to a well paying job.

Dave Tibbetts came here from Jacksonville, Florida. Thanks to a naval family background, we suppose he knew what he was getting into...

The Academy's been one long duckwalk for Tibs: his career as a midshipman, though something less than dazzling, has certainly been successful. Even the most insidious of administrative conduct campaigns failed to nab our hero, and he managed to accumulate a sufficiently impressive academic record to carry him through his nuclear power interviews with a minimum of wear and tear.

On a more personal level, Dave was one of the elite few able to maintain a certain very close relationship despite adversities of midshipmandom. Quiet, ambitious type that he is, Dave has chosen the "silent service" and expects in a year or so to be found wandering around in the "non-target" class of combatant ship.



David Kevin Tibbetts



Thomas Joseph Bonner

We are not sure at this printing if Boner, otherwise known as Joe Bunda, hails from Pittsburgh, Pa. or Adack, Alaska. The six foot-five wonder started his Navy career on the basketball squad. After being a knockout among the cagers, he went on to bigger and better things. For instance, he logged more hours with "him" than any other and soon became a disciple of "Himism." Boner often mixed alcohol with water, but would not drink water straight because of something or other fish did in it. As a second classman he much enjoyed the happy hours in the hall on Friday night until someone ducked into the room and out of the company. Boner, an avid astronomer, often held lectures on Uranus as well as the moon. A minor in poetry he gained great acclaim with his first published work "Press Shop Man".



Kevin, commonly known as Cheats, hails from the countryside around Midlothian, Va. When the time came for Cheats to move on, he began a search for a college with excellent opportunities in both education and sports, and stumbled into a scholarship at Navy. Here he continued his participation in his favorite sports, with two years of 150 lb. football and three years of track, until (with his usual vigor) breaking into the intramural jet set and scuba, both in his senior year. Being one to take his studies seriously despite the results, Cheats is an avid Oceanographer and long time member of the varsity "Diffy Q's" sub squad. Being one to take his recreation seriously also, on weekends he could almost always not be found at all. Cheats will move on to flight school in the fall and we are sure he will turn out to be a great asset provided his RIO is not a woman!!



Kevin Mason Cheatham

After entering the Academy in the summer of '72, "Jackie" quickly adapted to the life of a midshipman. Jack logs more hours of rack than any other human alive despite the fact he is in "the toughest major in the Academy". Just ask him. As far as girls go, Jack has them all. Just ask him. Every one of them are beautiful but brains are not their greatest asset, pure bulk is. Jack's profound philosophy on women is definitely worthy of a Nobel Prize, but all the girls love him, just ask him. As one of the greatest competitors in the company, Jack is definitely a first team All-American on the Navy Drinking Team and famous for his BOOM! Just ask him. He is trying to get ready for Navy Air by being "high" every weekend. Just ask him. Good luck, Bart, your sidekick is thinking. "47 beers and I wasn't even drunk. I'm a crazy son-of-a-gun, aren't I?" Sure, Jackie, sure, just ask us.

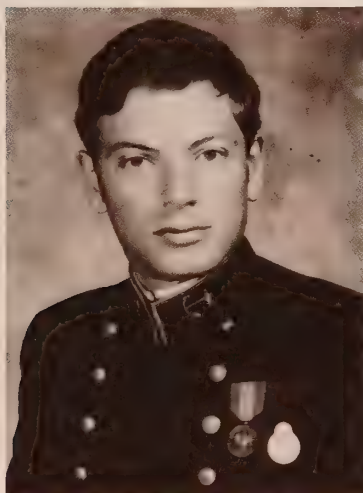


John Martin Coverick



Dale Gene Crossman

Dale, a product of Holtville, Calif. spent a year in college at New Mexico as a (ugh) ROTC before he saw the error of his ways and came to this magnificent school on the banks of the Severn. A General Engineering major, Dale has been known to study until all hours, after having spent the early evening in the rack or in some other diversion. Dale's main interest, avocation and study here at the Academy has been his Christian faith. He is a very active member of both the Navigators and NACA. Most any Sunday is bound to find him helping out in the Chapel, either as an usher or in some other capacity. Dale's goal in life, beside becoming the best officer in the surface fleet, is very simple: he wants to convert the whole world to Christianity. If all of the men in the 23rd Company haven't come over it's not for lack of effort on Dale's part.



Paul Heinrich Gallati

Paul sailed and soared his way from Springville, N.Y. to the Naval Academy. Having starred in swimming and cross country in high school, he naturally dropped them at Navy. For sports, Paul sailed varsity shields for three years as a "monster man." For a winter sport, he dazzled the company lightweight football team as the only player who had to gain weight. History struck his fancy and he managed quite well. Senior year it was a Camaro, departures on Friday afternoons, and a Bel Air belle that he had promised four years ago. Finishing up his ground school at Annapolis, Paul hopes to get back into the air at Pensacola. Look out, he knows it all. We wish him luck and understand that nurses and Navy Air make a great combination. Gee, Paul, isn't it great to be back in the Fleet?



David Campbell Harrison

Dave, one of the local boys, found his fame in gymnastics. He was possibly the only 110 pound person in the world on a diet. He watched calories as closely as he watched pennies. He was often known to forget his wallet when out with the boys. He maintained the parking lot for his classmates second class year. Give him a paper-back and a study lamp and he's fat for a week. His trips to the Pocono's with Z were memorable due to the elevation, or lack thereof. Go Lima Oscar! "They said awreety and they was awrighty, and I was a Zomby for you, little lady. I'm about as evil as a boogie man can be."



Kent Richard Higginbotham

Kent stopped into Annapolis in the summer of '72 and immediately established a pattern for himself by clumsily crippling himself on the O'course. Known throughout the Brigade as Higgs, this refugee from a six striper board kept many minds happy with cheesers from Shark enterprises. A die-hard Blues fan, this hockey player from St. Louis had only one thing that would bring him from his rack so early — the ice rink at Dahlgren. The low moment of Higg's life at USNA occurred when he ripped off the generous handicapped people attempting to aid him in his struggle to run 50 miles. It was generally agreed that this hard-working math major was individually outstanding (are you kidding me?). He was recognized as one of the chief sources of attrition within the company. A connoisseur of fine music, our version of Elvis was a chief advisor in the art of taping cassettes. You shouldn't have done it, Higgs.



Michael Robert Kapsch

Being on the short end of things needn't be so bad, after all, ask Mike, 23rd Company's equivalent to Charlie Brown. The epitome of hick from Varina, Iowa, Mike had his car equipped with automatic cruise control so that he could rest up on his return journeys from Fredericksburg. Always attempting to live within the norm Pup occasionally took a walk on the wild side, and was known to get a hit of NO-DOZ in his pipe. Mike had a charming innocence about him which he spread among his friends not only at USNA, but elsewhere ... such as in New York where he was dragged screaming from the Empire State Building elevator after his 17th ride. In all fairness Pup was a fine athlete starring on company basketball, football and softball team, and breaking up the RVA singlehandedly.



Toil has been a recurrent theme in J.T.'s career. His long hours of arduous stretching at the Field House brought this track star from Massapequa something less than stardom, but many rays.

Touring London from the gutter, J.T. was instrumental in promotion Anglo-American relations. He didn't confine his studies to the classroom, his search for underwater development took his nose to the bottom of the Hilton pool. He was skilled at attaining the best of both world: Maximum results from the minimum effort. H. Ross Perot claimed his hair second class year as a result of the Air Force game but his contribution to the Air Force game first class year was a fine display of Southern Comfort and Northern manners. J.T.'s affability and familiarity with European pubs and women will obviously be a great plus in his lengthy (???) naval career.



John Theodore Kohler

Although his true ambition was to be Marlyn Perkin's advisor on outdoor equipment, Stewart came to the Naval Academy anyway. Periods of indecision have been endemic to this Monroe, Michigan native who has tried everything from surfing and mountain climbing to harassing Albert. His serious outlook disappeared second class summer when he dated 14 girls in 9 days. His beak inched out J.T. in the company competition, and his tactics outstripped everyone in the gross-out competition. Stewart's feats in touch football contests convinced everyone that he had no concern for his body, and his skill as a rack wrestler was unmatched.

The future holds great things for Stew as he rides off into the sunset in his '71 LeSabre for fiberglass surfboard, or skateboard or skis to find his career in the Marine Corps.

Tim bored us from the first with his homespun wit and down home flavor. Had it not been for formations young Lunar would have taken up permanent residence in the library. On youngster cruise Lunar deceived all of Europe with his flashy plaid Fred Perry styles and USNA T-shirts and actively contributed to the moral decay of a classmate. Tim was so likable even the squirrels wanted to take him home, despite his receding hairline. Had this New Albany native chose not to come to Navy he certainly could have hit it big on the night club circuit doing imitations and banal little stunts and tricks. Perhaps his character was molded most completely by his idol of plebe year. R-r-rufus B. Good. Lunar's personality closely resembled a frankfurter, a regular weenie! It is in his tradition that he shall carry on, but Tim, will they let you wear chukka books to Nuke Power School???



Roderic Stewart Navarre



Timothy Joseph Naville



Thomas Howard Price



Having never recovered from H. Ross Perot's bet second class year, Tom fought the thinning of his hair and the thickening of his academics. Missing his Coors beer, he was forced to rely on Bohemian beer and the Wooden Nickel to provide the atmosphere of his native Lingle, Wyoming. His pointed boots eradicated the problem of roaches hiding in corners, and the antelope salami supplied by his mother could have solved late night munchie crises throughout the company. His Aerospace Engineering major befitted his high flying character, which could only be held down by cement blocks tied to his toes. Tom's craft was instrumental in concealing his car second class year as he wheeled through the yard with Wyoming license plates which read "TOM."

Little else can be said about Tom's career at USNA except that the lights may have been on, but nobody was home.

For 4 years Rich has worked to perfect the dual personality which is so common to him today. Once an ex-teacher thought she was with Clark Kent but to her surprise discovered she was with Superman. Rich from nearby Montpelier represents the largest number of constituents of any man in the company. Youngster year he waged a neverending battle against "the midnight sun." Possibly the easiest guy to get along with in the company Rich could tolerate living with almost anyone, but Rob greatly tried his patience. His nights at Buzzy's with his cowboy sidekick were no secret to the critics in the hall. His summers were spent in vigorous exercise water skiing and doing one arm curls with his brothers. His Aerospace major came in handy during his high flying tactics at the residence of an army officer just prior to mid-terms.

"This one's for you baby."



Richard Thomas Rhyne



Jewett Edward Richardson, III

For a while it seemed that the quiet Cambridge, Ohio product would be undistinguished among his zany classmates. But you should have heard him when he opened his mouth! Jewett sang with noteworthy talent in the Chapel Choir and the Glee Club – pursuits that took a lot of time from his beloved History major. It seemed like the more time Jewett took to relax, the higher his grades rose. His secret? – Getting up at 0530 to study. When Admiral Rickover learned of this he sent his most reliable men to recruit Jewett out of the ranks of Surface Warfare officers. The admiral was also pleased with the kid's battling ways on the courts, and his gallant dedication to duty. Everyone expected him to be the 23rd Company bunsen burner, but plebes always delighted on his eloquent humor, and could never beat him at baseball. Those Cambridge questions got them every time.



Wayne Linke Rogers

Wayne arrived as a respectable, cultured young lad from Mt. Holly, New Jersey, who, in his tenure rose from keeper of the T.V. as a plebe to keeper of the booze as a second class. Even though he roomed with "him" he was never to be found without food and sodas. Despite his despicable reputation he became the company's honor rep, consistently searching for ways to beat the system. Wayne's love for tennis nearly matched his affection for personal services, devoting great amounts of time fondling a never ending battle against wrinkles. Constant rack and lack of study brought Wayne to the merit's list each semester ... conduct grade permitting. He was the only man in the company "midn" enough to purchase a silver Vette, including the 3 inch option.

"He came, he saw, and he bitched."



Douglas Chris Steudler

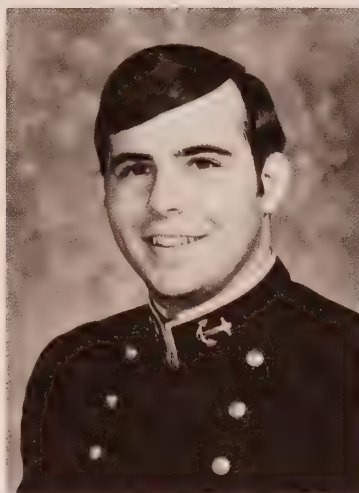
From the moment Doug entered the Naval Academy he has shown great desire ... desire to get out. Although frustrated in this whim Studs put his cleats and sneaks to the best possible use in heated intra-company contests, with Windber, Mac, and Clem. Forever an ingenious inventor of games, the "Amazing One" made his major of biology into his most humorous and enjoyable game. Once a serious student contemplating a naval career in medicine, Studs decided against becoming a modern Faustus and selling his soul to Navy. Frequently one to be found passed out in bathrooms at institutions of higher learning, the "Golden Bear" adhered to a program of abstinence ... from temperance of any sort. The Naval Academy loses quite a bit with the graduation of this fomentor from Johnsonburg, Pa ... water fights, orange fights, pillow fights, wrestling matches ...



Thomas Edward Zelibor



John William Therriault



Jon Jay Watkins

The legacy of Oddjob began Plebe Summer in the face of extreme adversity. We will all recall his bullet head haircut from which his nickname originates. A fine future in Navy lacrosse was interrupted by injuries which led to his great career in intramurals. An authority on football, rivaled only by Jon J., he inspired a following of students, mostly underclass. Hans' Hardest toil was skating back to his rack after two periods of CB. These episodes are fondly known as "Deek 'n Donutland." He was oft heard to exclaim "three donuts ain't s---," John was often struck down with strange and crippling maladies especially the night before the mile run and various other PE tests.

All will remember John as these hallowed halls will echo for years to come with as many nicknames as bowls of ice cream. "Remember, seven laps are as good as eight."

Getting off on the wrong knee, Jon J. began his term at Navy by living with Rob. Always a hard charger, his athletic career began with the 150 lb. football team, where it also ended. Soon in semi-retirement from athletics in general and P.E. tests in particular, he brought his "blaahndin' speed" to company fieldball. Being a Management major, Jon attempted to single-handedly subsidize Detroit by owning 3 different cars in 3 consecutive weeks. His courage and valor knew no bounds as (according to account) he was thrown across 3 lanes of traffic on his motorcycle and plummeted head first into a guard rail, only to do minimal damage to the guard rail. His elusiveness was especially apparent when it came to standing duty weekends or his spending his weekdays in the cave. This High Point, North Carolina native should make a fine naval officer and we all hope he goes far, at least farther than Coy's room.

Tom entered the Academy from Dayton, Ohio where he distinguished himself as a fine soccer player. At Navy he quickly fell into the good graces of Coach Warner and ended as a standout intramural athlete on the company soccer team. "Z" was a mild-mannered, good-natured fellow who got along well with everyone he met. Ask any Annapolitan who happened along "Z's" way or parked their cars along State Circle on Saturday nights.

Tom prepared for his tests during academic reserve time rigorously by spending the whole time in the rack. If Tom works as diligently as he did in academics and in his capacity as Regimental Sub-commander, he will become without a doubt the successful naval officer that he's cut out to be.



Kenneth Douglas Beeks

The Beek was sent to us courtesy of Wheaton, Ill. Despite various attempts to send him back he's still with us. Ken has made many friends with his matchmaking over the years, unfortunately it was with the girls; the mids were muttering about blanket parties. After three years of supposedly working at, he finally won his letter sweater at indoor tennis; we told him it would be easier just to buy a coat but he didn't listen. His real talents come to the fore in the intramurals where he has been a driving force behind 24th company success. Ken has learned a great deal while at the Academy. After much practice he can now finish a night on the town without ruining another trashcan. The minimum required effort is the order of the day and a maximum at sleep. Contrary to the popular rumors he didn't choose barber school for service selection.



Larry comes to USNA from the mountains of Kansas. After sweatin' it for three years gettin' laid back came as relief for him as a firstie. V stands for Volvo and that rhymes with females and that stands for the Grateful Dead and that about sums it up for his ECA's. The big secret to his body beautiful is twelve-ounce curls repeated reps. at local dives on weekends. A devout bachelor, he is in no hurry to get hitched ... he'll wait for his Sugaree. A boat man from the outset, he'll be headin' west in June for a destroyer out of Pearl or Diego. "Why throw away four years of ship training for a flying machine."



Lawrence Douglas Bell, Jr.

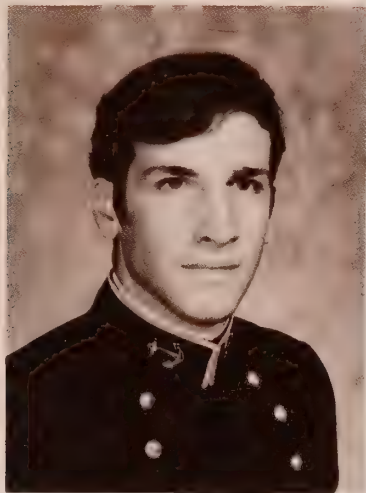
R B., alias the Baltimore Clipper, alias the hook, alias the phantom, did not walk, run, drop, or fall into the Academy; he skated in. Because his reputation for being somewhat of a baseball player preceded him, his plebe year consisted of T-tables, four day trip to Florida, and home on the weekends.

Perhaps the best deserved nickname he has is the phantom. Rumor has it that a Green 280Z was seen several times a week speeding to and from Baltimore, but the police nor the OOW were able to prove it was our beloved Ronny.

Ron's accomplishments at Navy are numerous. He was named the most likely to borrow something by the underclass, the most unlikely to be seen by the upperclass, and he also holds the record for the most break-ups and make-ups with his lady. Who could ask for more from such a stellar personality.



Ronald Bradford Clipp



Peter Alan Cornell

Peter, hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana has often been acclaimed a genius. Definitely in the running for least hours spent studying over 4 years, Pete could usually be seen in his favorite position — leaning back in his chair, feet up on the desk — reading a book totally irrelevant to any class he's taking. A Brigade Boxer since Plebe year, Pete is having his nose fixed this spring. A former member of the "I'm going to wait at least 3 years after graduation and see the world before I get married" Club, Pete came back from 2/c Christmas engaged. Pete's major form of entertainment now is writing at least a letter a day to his dearly beloved. Pete's service selection is Navy Air and he hopes to get a helicopter so he can spend more time with his wife. If you had to pick a word to describe Pete it probably wouldn't be "go-getter."



Joseph Andrew Foy



Stuart Douglas Funk



William George Glenney IV

From the tobacco fields of North Carolina a kind of grumbling can be heard. As it grows louder and louder the ground begins to shake and then suddenly he appears, none other than Funky Joe. Not exactly your Charles Atlas type on the exterior but there are none bigger when it comes to Funky's heart. Always willing to help his Bud's out in a jam no matter how much of an inconvenience to himself.

Though a late comer to the wardroom scene, he has been wardroom qualed with many hours of Johnny Carson under his belt.

Always quick with a joke and a complaint Funky's a colorful figure around 24th Co. and his presence is always known.

A friend in the truest sense of the word, he will be sorely missed at USNA but will be a big gain for the fleet.

Stu comes to USNA from Shreveport, La. where he went to high school and dazzled the girls, his profs, and his coaches with his outstanding performances. At Navy Stu continued his performance, but instead of being called dazzling, we just called it bilging. In sports, Stu spends two seasons a year calling fore, and the other season calling (refing) heavy weight intramural football from his quarterbacking position. In military evolutions Stu spent most of his early mornings second class year practicing polishing bricks. Stu got the system down so well that first class year he was put in charge of keeping track of brick polishing for the whole company. The Navy, in its infinite wisdom, decided Stu was color blind and introduced him to the Supply Corps. Upon graduation with his degree in Aerospace Engineering, Stu will be heading for Athens, Georgia where he will no doubt continue to bilge.

Bubblehead Bill drifted into Annapolis from the cow-town of Coventry, Connecticut on the preconceived notion that he'd head for the ocean on the first submarine that floated by. Such was his fascination for the black tube that during plebe year he was known to take his hometown honey to hospital point to watch the races. Bill quickly exchanged a pitchfork for an SR-50 and worked hard to stay on the Sup's list but he could always find time to enjoy a good game of soccer. First class year saw Bill put on three stripes under the guise of ASSBRIGOPS and he hasn't been to a formation since. To his roommate: "I'll see you in 20 years when we are both Captains!" To the surface pukers: "There are two kinds of ships, submarines and targets." Bill looks forward to nuke power school in Orlando, his own sub, and a life with Joan, not necessarily in that order.



Christopher Porter Grazel

Chris came to us from Princeton, New Jersey with one goal in mind: to become a navy carrier pilot. Four years later he is now on his way to Pensacola. Although at one point before service selection night it looked as if the Navy was going to lose out as the "Boys from 24" were planning a mass excursion to Canada.

Besides avoiding the O.D. for four years and gaining the distinction of never being fried "Gazer" also acquired the ability to sleep anywhere, anytime. "Legal" car privileges, long week ends, green alerts, 3-striper libs, and being a bachelor again made first class year all worthwhile. If not on a date Chris could usually be found downing some cold ones with the boys.

Seriously, for four years Chris has shown us that he is a true professional and we know he will keep the standards high of the men who wear the Wings of Gold.



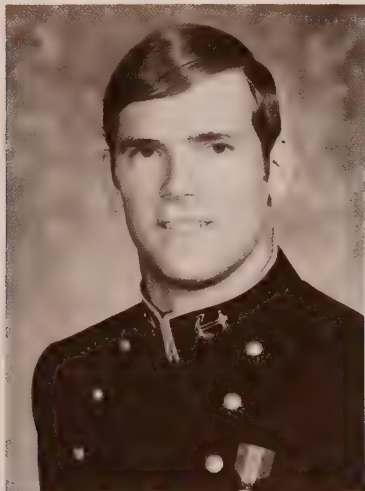
Douglas Whitmer Hart

Doug came to the Academy from Kingston, New York and immediately got into the dinghy sailing program. Doug sailed on the Varsity Squad as a freshman and worked his way to Captain of the Team. Because of the innumerable trips, regattas, movement orders, teas, luncheons, meetings, parties and miscellaneous good deals, Doug has accrued, he is often affectionately (?) known as "Vacation-man". Never let it be said that Doug has a one-track mind though. It may be true, but don't let it be said. When Doug wasn't sailing he was thinking of other ways to get out of things - he often went to great lengths - for example, having his knee operated on a time or two to get on excused squad. Doug's 4 years here have not been uneventful and he'll have some interesting stories. After his 6 month post graduation vacation, make that TAD, Doug will go to Pensacola.



Charles Wayne Hudson

Wayne comes to the Academy from Wilmington, Delaware. A decision in late March, 1972 brought "Hud" to USNA where he aspired to play the well-known sport of "smalley Ball". Basketball and T-tables helped plebe year to pass without too much pain. However, sophomore year was a disaster and if not for God, a great friend, and Kathy, he might have ended it on the campus of U. of D. Junior year brought a new lease on life and new attitudes concerning just about everything. The road since then has been rough but not impossible. The moments of anguish, depression and sadness, have been all but forgotten and only those times of laughter and good times remain. No one could have hoped for a better group of guys to spend four years with. The Lord willing, the lessons learned and crises endured here will be guidelines from which a new career can be molded.



Robert Charles Jackson

Bob arrived at the Academy and quickly found plebe summer not to his liking. He weathered through it though and began a long hard struggle with the books and athletics. On major selection day he made a mistake and it took him until four weeks into the semester to realize it. He then switched to Physical Science where he finished his four years. Bob could frequently be found sweating the Academic Board in January every year. It took a super girl to make him see the light his last year and without her he might never have made it.

On weekends when not seeing his girl Bob could be found having a few cold ones with the "Bro's" at Rudi's or some other local establishment. Bob expects to continue his career as a surface line officer.

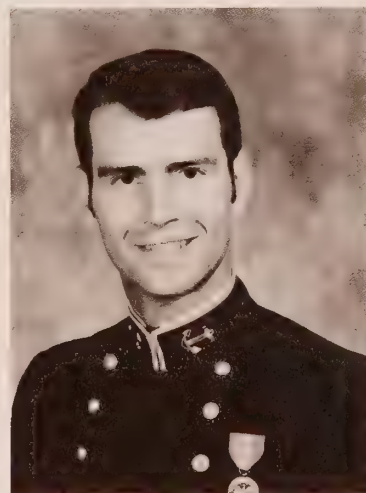


Marcus Carl Linn

Mark came from a place far removed from civilization, Lacey, Wash., on Puget Sound. All anyone knew of it was that it was too far to go home on weekends. Mark eased through three years of varsity swimming, water polo, and AAU swimming during high school at North Thurston. Rather than having to put up with women and parties at the U. of W. Mark in a brief loss of his senses accepted an appointment to USNA. The water sports continued for four years except Varsity swimming which terminated after the third year due to lack of interest in spending his days drinking chlorinated water. Two enjoyable summer cruises were spent checking out the lovelies in quite a few Western Pacific ports and finding out if all the stories were true. The encouragement and support of friends and family served Mark well and will still be appreciated during a career in Naval Aviation.

Joe el Macho came to the Navy from the mountains of Colorado. After a year in real college, the sea beckoned and he answered the call — down to the sea in ships (engine rooms) he went. But Joe was destined for officership and after a successful term at NAPS came to the Trade School to become a Navy Doctor. Variety being Joe's spice of life, he dumped the pre-med program for oceanography and found something he really enjoys — playing with the garbage from the Severn.

Joe's four years have been evenly divided between sailing and females. As for sailing, Joe's most coveted quote is, "Sailing is really a workout; I'm not baggin' it." As for girls, Joe is the proud owner of a large collection of names and addresses. Sometime after G day, the Macho and his white Corvette will be headed for the white sands and tanned females of Pensacola.

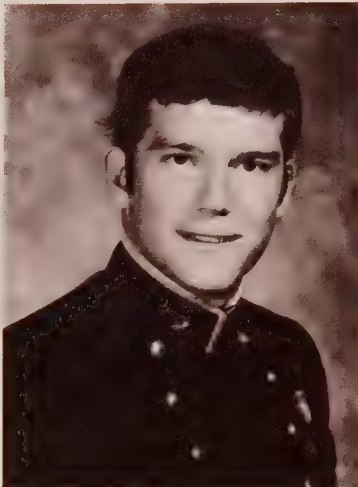


Joseph Francis Mark Jr.

Scott came to the Naval Academy from Lynnfield, Massachusetts, with the specific intent of going into the Marine Corps, and never deviated from that goal. This, combined with the fact that he was a History major in a world of engineers brought on many jokes, which he took in stride. After an exciting plebe summer that promptly reduced Scott from a high school stud to a quivering mass, he began his academic wizardry and life as a hockey star. While academics held their own, ice hockey took control by donating a quick 75 demos following some post-game festivities. The year did produce some happiness when he met his future bride at the Valentine Formal. First Class year brought the opportunity to captain the ice hockey team and play in the first game ever to be played at USNA.



Richard Scott Moore



Timothy O'Hagan

Tim "Love 'em and Leave 'em" O'Hagan came to USNA as a naive AirForce brat. Aided by a conducive learning atmosphere, little innocent, Timmy was transformed into the person whom everyone in 24 has come to know and love. Whenever Tim can forget about how much he'd like to and with whom he is likely to be found in the wardroom discussing the relative merits of any female that appears on the tube.

That's not the only thing on Tim's mind, however. A favorite hobby of his is osmosis. Just ask Tim - he swears by it. Another hobby of his is riding in the back seat of Ford Mustangs, chauffeured, of course. You see, Tim never worries about a tight squeeze. On the contrary, he just loosens his buckle.



Donald Norman Pacetti

Cheech, the company wild-fool, hails from sunny Florida. A year of Columbia Prep School readied Don for the all-male atmosphere at Canoe U., along with providing new material for his unequalled impersonations, that we all have come to love. When not prostrating himself upon the Great Blue Bisquit he can be found wandering from room to room spreading joy and his coffee cup, cigarettes, caps and other articles. The Fool, a man for all seasons, is in his prime during the P-grade season when his humor is unequalled. Cudgels, bludgeons, seed packet stakes . . . "When the enemy comes, we'll throw our rifles at 'em." First-class year arrived and rifles gave way to swords and our Snake-man learned the manual the hard way - by keeping his eye on it.



Lyn Taylor Robertson

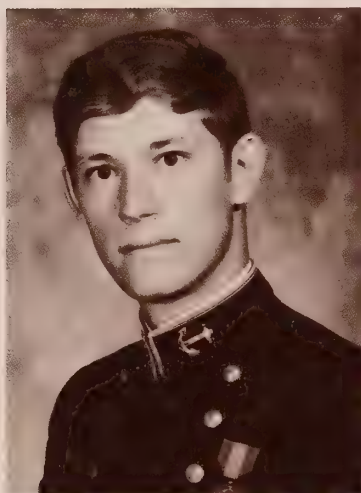
The "Weasel" came to USNA from the backcountry of Oregon and claims some day to return to God's country. A wires major, Wease can usually be found buried in books. However he will occasionally take time to talk cars with the other greasers in the company. A firm believer in West Coast superiority, he has spent many weekends searching for an eastern substitute for a western lady, so far the search has been interesting but unprofitable. Wease will continue this everlasting search while soaking up rays in P-Cola. It is possible that Mr. R. may be the first weasel to win Navy wings.



Curtis Raymond Rumfelt



Louis John Saccoccio



Mark Robert Schweer

Lou came to Navy from the heart of New York City and although at first a bit skeptical as to taking very kindly to the ways of the sea he quickly became acclimated.

Not being one for the indoors, most any day Lou could be seen running a 'yard loop' or two or three just to stay in shape for the love of running.

In a short while a young lady named Carmel seemed to stop for more than idle chatter and to delight of the Italian wonder consented to be his bride. Now caught up with a matching of wits with mathematics we find the weekends devoted to the 4 hour ride and time with 'Mela' for our 1st set Company Commander.

Navy Air seems to get the call as well as a Burke Scholarship offering. Along with a June wedding the future looks bright for all who know his smiling face as *Lou Sackachaweea*.

Mark Robert Schweer was born on August 30, 1954. Coming from southern Minnesota, he was raised on a farm just outside the village of Waldorf. During his high school days he was active in many sports and activities, an graduated with the class of 1972, valedictorian. An interest in the space program lead him to seek out an academy education. After a very profitable youngster cruise in the western Pacific, he came back to Annapolis and recognized that life had meaning only if given back to the Author of Life: Jesus Christ. The ensuing years were busy with studying for an Aero degree, intramural sports, and various extra-curricular activities, yet, all these took second place to the top priority of developing that relationship with Him. Due to a color vision deficiency, he was unable to select any unrestricted line billet, and entered the Navy's Supply Corps.

Flying through the air with the greatest of ease, the young pit viper played a deadly joke on the armadillo. As the pages turn, the obituary of the living is made up by the lost souls on the shores of floating islands. Why are the butterflies the end of an ugly life? Ugly forever is the key to ... nothing. How some ever the body goes, so goes the rock on which the bad child stubs its toe. Crawling, crawling, crawling, the sea foam lasts but for a moment among the sands of pearls and miniature creatures from the mindless wonder of existence. The wonderful and self respecting toad lives to remember to wander toward the path of joy not remorse for the happenings of a kingly life. To doubt the wisdom of the wise is likened unto the forgetfulness of the idiot to fall into the pit in order that the cow might pass by the flower without disturbing the bee. It is hoped the reading is as enjoyable as the writing.



Richard Francis Sears

Dick Sears is from a small town in Massachusetts, Needham, which is a suburb of Boston. Being from the Boston area, he pronounces words like car and yard in a most unusual way. Dick attended parochial schools and began his glorious football career at Xaverian High School.

He chose Navy over BC and, before entering the Academy, spent an "intoxicating" year at NAPS, where he also played football. Upon arriving, he began to be known for his many female acquaintances and his many stories. It was not unusual to hear the line, "tell us a story Dick" from his classmates. He decided on Math as his major, but found that *too* easy, and switched to Ops Analysis. He played football but came to his senses and played something safer – rugby? His nickname became "dozer" – he holds the world's record for falling asleep with the greatest variety of books ever imagined!



Martin Jay Sloane

Marty comes to USNA by way of Miami, Florida, and a fun-filled year at NAPS. During his stay at NAPS, he contracted the disease known as sigitis (a disease brought on by separation and extremely high phone bills) only to have it plague him throughout his Academy career. Only in the last few months has a certain nurse gotten Marty on the road to recovery, which should be completed by June 12th. Marty will always be remembered for his great love of the Spanish language, for few people ever spent as much time devoted to its study as did Señor Sloane. However, Marty will be remembered most for two traits which he possesses; his undying loyalty to his friends, and his attitude of never quitting. Marty will graduate with a degree in Economics, and has chosen Navy Air. He is destined to be a success in whatever he does, and we all wish him the best of luck.

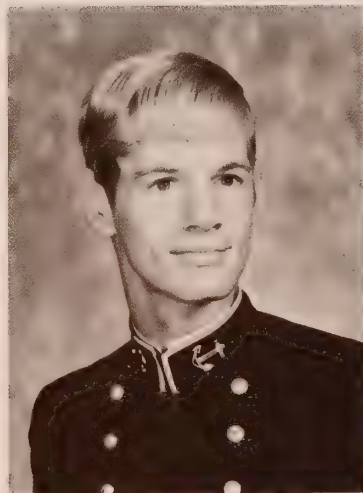


Craig Hamilton Thomas

Craig arrived at the Academy from Cinnaminson, New Jersey. He will long remember the hungry nights making weight for 150's. He spent his springs playing Rugby, but often preferred sawing logs to working out on a cold afternoon in the off-season. After a trying first year with the books, Carig decided that Management was the only way to go, and has been glad that he chose that route. Always ready for a party, he could frequently be found at one of the local establishments having a few cold ones. Craig quickly decided that the high seas were not for him, and is looking forward to going to Pensacola to become a Navy pilot.



John Gordon Titsworth



Arthur Jerome Vanderschaaf

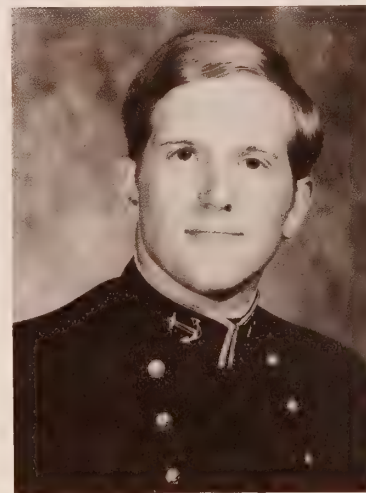
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain. You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today. And then one day you find ten years have gotten behind you. No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun.

And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking. And racing around to come up behind you again. The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older and shorter of breath and one day closer to death.

Tulip comes to University of Navy from Grosse Pointe, Mich. In February of his Senior year at South High he found out about his acceptance; since he has applied nowhere else and was too lazy to do so, he accepted the invitation. The inertia kept him going through his first two years and into his third before he had time to realize what he had done. Now it's too late. Summer cruises were always for the "little Dutch boy" since on youngster cruise he went to Rotterdam and his First Class cruise brought him seven weeks on a profitable, relaxing forex cruise with the Dutch Navy. His favorite past times were counting the days till he graduated, sleeping, tubing it and not studying. The future will be spent in P-Cola and Navy Air for at least five years. The, who knows what. Remember if the minimum weren't enough it wouldn't be the minimum.

From the wilds of the Mid East West was transported to the halls of the not-so-hallowed a strange new being. During its four year stay in the land of Never Never (never do this, never do that), it fought deadly battles for survival against the onslaughts of the monster Academia. It waded victorious through the bodies of the Applied Struggle, Drowning Fools, and the Mile Plod. It did some time with the Sunrise Set as it beaded and bagged with the best group of professional prisoners ever to grace the arms of Mother B. Having proceeded with caution through the gladiatorials known as intramurals, emerging with only a bent beak, he then fought the spare tire that threatened to spread him wide.

Now, its tour in the underworld finished, the Witter retires to Hoosierland and the arms of one who would soothe its wounds as it prepares itself for the real world.



Michael Alan Witt



Elliott Lawrence Bloxom

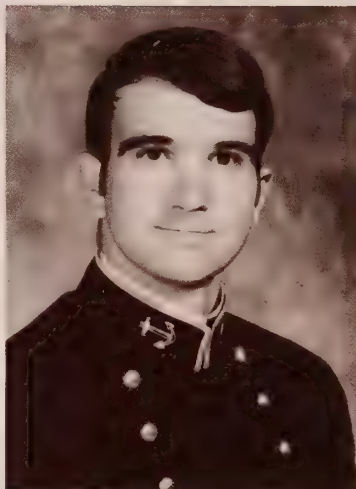
Elliott Lawrence Bloxom, commonly referred to as "Bo", has spent the last four years "in the shaft".

Hailing from little-known yet loved Irvington, Virginia, Bo was a varsity sailor for 3 years until shown the errors of his ways.

A charter member of the "Fatman's Club", Bo has shown prowess during the off-season on the easy company heavyweight intramural team, starring for four years.

Elliott's future life will be centered around a lovely young wahoo. That is, when he returns from the sea. Yes, surface line is mighty fine for this adventurous man, although his heart will always be with his lass from Virginia.

A typical easy company scholar with a 2.3, Bo's philosophy can be summed up as: "T'ain't no use to sit and wonder why Babe, if'n you don't know by now".



John Michael Brownell

John came to the Uncollege from Walla Walla, Washington with high hopes and lofty aspirations which according to him, were dashed against the rocks after just two days. Known also as Fagley and Grover, John has become the academic wizard of Easy Two Five by being the only engineer who didn't have to drop to general.

John heard the call of Red Beach during Plebe year and observed many beautiful sunrises as captain of the Easy Company Drill Team. His greatest joy though, was seeing the Moon set at the end of second class year.

On First Class cruise, John gained distinction by being the only person to sleep through both the collision and general quarters alarms.

John's main interest is graduating and going to Pensacola as a NFO. With his great personality and Easy background, John should go far.



Robert Harrison Dixon

Bob, known as Dittler or Larry to his comrades at college, came from Virginia Beach. This was the only time he really knew where his hometown was as it changed four more times through his four years at Navy. Although many all-nighters proved he could excel academically, he took many breaks from studying, one included the entire first semester of his third year. Around at all of the good times, Larry led many of the trips to the clubs, and the parties. Starting his second year as a marine engineer, he decided that he liked general engineering more. Actually it was a combined decision of himself and the men at the green table. 25's most ardent advocate of surface line, Larry will spend his life on ships, hoping eventually to be nuclear qualified. Wherever he goes, the fleet had best beware.



Michael Vernon Edwards

Before Mike became a man at USNA, he was learning about life in Caldwell, Idaho. He is one of the neatest Midshipmen in the Brigade, polishes his shoes once a day; brushes his teeth three times a day; folds his laundry to specified measurements; and wears pajamas nightly. He has always maintained a high QPR, which is pretty good for only studying between TV programs and phone calls. Mike can really hold his liquor, as long as it is in his hands: for if he gets a little in his stomach he has to be tied down when women are present. The real love of his life is his -Yamaha 750" to which he has devoted most of his paychecks. A history major, Mike is only concerned about the next weekend and how much it will cost. Mike plans to be in a boat somewhere in the Pacific after graduation and specialize in motorcycle maintenance. Weeeee, Puppy!



Michael Charles Grischy

During his four year tenure at the Academy, "Grish" became known as many things to many people. Originally coming to boat school to play ball for the Big Blue, Mike and his knee soon decided that he would rather not work in the butcher shop as a member of the meat squad. He transferred his affection for the grid-iron to the battalion level and helped lead Fifth Batt. to the Brigade championship his senior year. Grish always liked to keep physically fit; it he wasn't over at the field house pumping weights, he could be found out in town doing twelve ounce curls. Grish was not necessarily known as a redneck around the company because he liked country music and P.B.R.; however, this may have had something to do with it. Overall, Mike faired well here at the University of Navy and should give Surfiant and the folks back in Loveland something to be proud of.

Bill "Billie" Harris comes to us from Washington, D.C. After a year at NAPS he came to "25" where he was known throughout his company as "Bruno". Bill uses his keen management (NAM) techniques on many topics of which academics, athletics and associates, etc. rank high. He is now on his way to accomplish a few goals: good times, a piece of mind, one who is fine, and a permanent membership on the marine aviator grapevine. It is nice to be somebody important, but even more important to be nice to somebody! Bill will find complete happiness in whatever he attempts throughout his life.



Willie James Harris

In Frank Hauck, the surface Navy will gain a real professional on graduation day 1976. Frank's favorite pastime, collecting is equally a joy to the model enthusiast as a nightmare to the man in charge of keeping the room in order. Under a front called Hauck's Hobby Shop, Frank, a physical science major, has been able to accumulate one of the most remarkable conglomerations of paraphernalia ever assembled. As if this distinction was not enough, Frank has further distinguished himself by compiling an aural library of extremely varied taste. Though a romantic by heart, Frank can easily enjoy any type of music, a feat not easily accomplished by his associates. San Jose, California can be mighty proud of Frank Hauck. Poet, Hunter, Model Builder, Stamp Collector, Lover, and sometime student, he will always be remembered by the men from easy company.



Frank William Hauck

Columbus, Georgia, home of the Fort Benning jump school, is also the home of "Hard Luck Howard" sometimes known as "Mr. T." or "Trouble Man." A versatile athlete, Ron participated in varsity football and track during his early years at the Academy before having to switch his attentions to more serious pursuits such as sub-squad swimming and academics. He has go to have Navy's record for the most man-hours in Macdonough's pools and in front of the green table. This quiet and soft-spoken Southern gentleman was highly regarded by those close to him because, in him, one had a friend unquestioned in his loyalty and devotion. Ask Norman. The Navy will gain a great asset when this young man steps into the ranks of the professionals.



Ronald Howard

After knocking all of the straw off his boots from that small town in Iowa Jens or Jo-hansen as he is known, settled into Navy life very well.

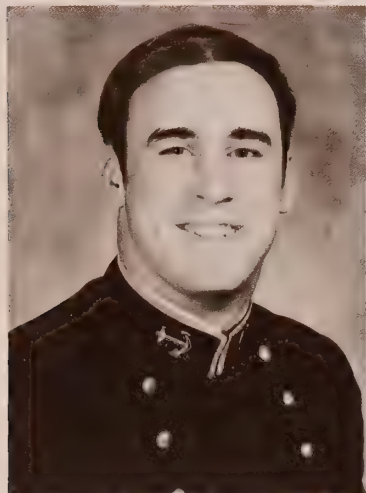
Neil has been active in almost every intramural sport offered here at Canoe U. but his best accomplishment was quarterbacking the light weight football team to a perfect season his second class year.

Also, his second class year, Neil was given a fine birthday present and halloween costume courtesy of the U.S. Navy DQ. He has Always been one to have fun and stay in shape as shown by his trips to the Indy 500 and his high jump practice on Saturdays during 3/c and 2/c years at Gate 1.

If Neil had put as much time in academics and professional achievement as he has in social life in 3½ years, he might be a real scholar by now. Future years will probably find him on the West Coast in the surface community.



Neil Owen Jensen

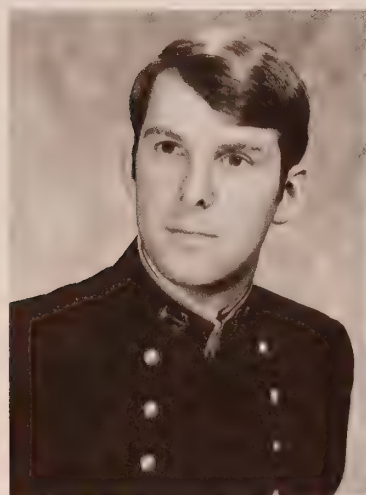


Louis Robert Kenny

Whimpey, Duck or WOTRBMFNGPBCWFFO as he was affectionately known to his buds at Navy, some guys even called him Bob, hails from the windy city where he claims he was city champion. At what is still a mystery. His ardor for physical abuse and pain put him in good company on the wrestling team where he established his identity as the walking hurt. He started out as a naval architect but finding out his tru vocation was designing dolls not ships he decided to change his major to general engineering.

During his four years of residence here in Annapolis, he lived by the old adage, early to bed late to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

When the aptitude evaluations came in from the Med. along with the Jorr, they proved that Navy Line wasn't for him so barring unforeseen developments the fleet will be receiving a very able and capable NFO.



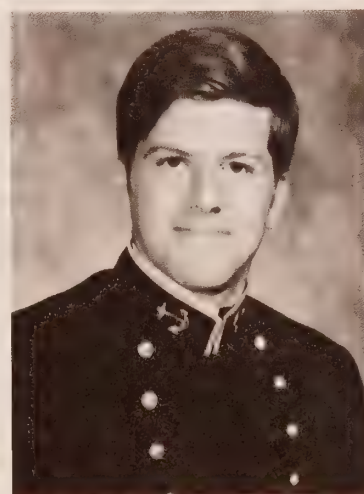
Keith Schugard Laser

Keith came to Navy leaving behind the good times of Reading, Pa. He came prepared to set swimming records however. Throughout his fruitful four years as a political science major, Keith acquired an enviable record of shutting out the mighty green table 3 - 0.

Keith earned himself several distinguished names while doing his time in easy 25 - Ma, Beamer, and the Tongue to name a few. From his steady income from being the company pretzel distributor, Keith was able to keep his Corvair - or rather Fiat - in fired up condition.

After 3 hard years of "paying the rent" Keith adopted the attitude of "living for the weekends" for his final year. Service selection finds Keith teetering between Navy and Marine Air but frightful recollections of "Moon Beams" gives Navy Air the slight edge.

Bud MacAllister, or Mac of the Bay, as he is better known within the realms of Bancroft Hall, is Canoe U's representative from Middleboro, Massachusetts. Upon entering this illustrious institution, Mac had visions of Bio Science dancing in his head; but plebe year chemistry convinced him that a major in Russian was for him instead. Mac also had a variety of "extra-Academy" activities in which he enjoyably indulged with Ralph, his side-kick, and with his trusting man-servant, Edwardo. These included snow skiing, ice skating, leave, liberty, picking up girls, international espionage, collecting an assortment of junk mail of questionable moral character, and an occasional experiment or two with tnt bombs. Although Bud intends on a tenure in the Naval service of only five years, he should leave a lasting impression, wherever he may go.



Joseph William MacAllister Jr.



David Barry Moran

David B. Moran or Maddog as he was known to his academic geniuses of 25, hails from some little town called Reston, Virginia.

Moran made it through the Academy in 4 ½ yrs. and 5,000 rolls of film, most of which was used taking obscene pictures from the sixth wing. Dave had an eye for the young lovelies, usually someone else's. His love affairs ranged from his close friend Karen to his hot little one that graced the Log Magazine in her "bathing suit."

Dave's idea of a hot car was when his VW overheated.

Dave started at Navy as a systems engineer, but after 2-½ years he finally figured out with the help from 4-1 boys that he really didn't understand those black boxes and those nutty computers. So as a general engineer he settled back to coast his way into the girls of 80. His attitude as a first class was "If they can't take a joke —."

David will always be "The Maddog."



Stephen Kent Rudiger

Har twas red in morn when the "Bouy" drifted in and traded his dixie cup for the eagle and shield. Steve is the privileged vessel in these waters because his homeport is Glen Burnie. He started out in Ocean Engr. and when he found out that they weren't making them out of wood anymore, he set sail for a 3 year cruise in Gen. Engr. It was in September of his youngster yr. that he spied the lovely mermaid that ruffled his sails and shivered his timbers. Steve decided to pipe her on board while he earns his water wings in the Fleet. As a charter member of the Fat Man's Club he usually referred to life as a sandwich. Steve started his last year with dreams of soaring with the gulls only to have smashed upon the rocks by Wild Bill who helped him realize his true potential as a Greyhound Driver. As Graduation draws near we can rest assured that the sunset will be red at night with Steve in the fleet.



Robert Eric Snyder

Out of a fairly medium town in Pennsylvania six long years ago came this quiet good-natured young man who wanted to be a minister. But he recognized a challenge, and a chance to serve in a different way, and spent one year at prep school to secure his dream of Annapolis. The challenge of Annapolis is made up of hundreds of small confrontations, and his fight was harder and longer than most, but his strength and character were equal to the task, and when the smoke cleared the victor flung his cap.

But graduation marked only his acceptance of a greater endeavor, for he has always recognized the fact that the journey began six years ago was only a gateway to the arena. But he, entering with pride and confidence and the ideal of service leaves little doubt that when the smoke clears in his arena of life again will emerge the victor. A victory for us all.



James Howard Taplett

In a rare moment of unparalleled decisiveness Jim foresook his cradle at the U. of South Dakota after his frosh year to try out the boat school on the Severn. But Letti had no problems fitting into Easy Two-Five as he soon had plenty of nicknames, a love for the Corps, laughable grades and a healthy gut. Never one to pass up burgers, doggers, pizza, zels, subs, or cheezers Howard became a charter Fatman. And although the Rambler never wore out his books, he nevertheless acquired some sharp business sense — it was rumored by credible sources that he nearly bankrupted Zerox before graduation. Jim added a welcome dimension to our times at USNA, always on hand flashing a big grin and sporting that Mid-West charisma. We'll certainly miss him but he's sure to pop up again — it's a small Navy. We can only send him off with best wishes and watch out Pensacola!



Stephen David Taylor

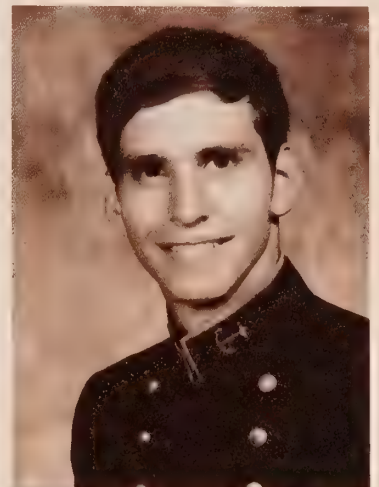
Steve is the product of a proud and long heritage of Navy men ... His mother came over on the Mayflower, and who knows maybe old President Zac was Tay's great, great, great-grand daddy. Having just stepped off the sunny beaches of Coronado and leaving all those beautiful California girls behind, Steve was the only Plebe to show up brown as a nut wearing sandals and munching on Granola. "You rate what you get away with" became Tay's motto. Although an ace tennis player, Tay won his varsity Black N-star for drag racing with a certain Battalion Officer. The "Pin Ball Wizard" at least tried to keep ahead of the 4-1 gang but instead fell way behind in sleep on the Red Beach. But in the end Fweeters beat Navy by being selected as NPQ and it looks like the Supply Corps gets another winner!

Tim came to the Academy from Franklin Lakes, New Jersey ready to take on the world and soon settled for one day at a time. Tim decided to forego the academic side of life and pursue a career in swashbuckling.

Often seen chasing Plebes down the hall with a foil, Harry has been on the fencing team for four years, three of them being on the Varsity team.

Claiming to have a woman in every port, the bystander is tempted to wonder what Navy he is in. We can be assured that he will always find those ports due to his excellence in Navigation.

Weekends usually find Tim somewhere in the country doing it in the dirt. Being a recent convert to dirt bikes, we feel that Tim might do better driving a tank for the Marines. But Surface Line is the choice for this man, and in the coming years look for him on a fast moving oiler.



Timothy Ray White



Thomas Michael Abbott

When Tom (alias "Rabbitt", "Ab Job", ad infinitum) came to "Navy" he had two goals in mind: to be a varsity wrestler and to be a six-striper English major. Falling short in both respects he settled for a mere five-striper billet and used his wrestling technique to wreak havoc on his unsuspecting classmates. Being a performer in his own right, his assumption of the leadership of the Masqueraders was as predictable as his presence in his own June Week wedding. With the prestigious acquisition of his \$5000 VW "high-performance road machine" he can no longer vehemently deny the ring through his nose. As we all know, Deb is the only person to have ever "pinned" a Midshipman. After four years of volunteering for all of the "dirty" jobs, Tom has won a very special place in the warmest part of 26th company.



Robert Dennis Belling

Hailing from Central Islip, New York, "Bells" arrived on the shores of the Severn, with his modified Brooklyn accent, which characterizes all Long Islanders. Youngster cruise made him decide that the Corps was the only way to go . . . Supply Corps that is! While the social life of a Mid is normally characterized by the statement, "If God had wanted Mids to have girls, He would have issued them one," Bells rejected this idea completely and brought his high school sweetheart with him. He wasn't about to leave her behind. He pinned Virginia his Plebe year, got engaged his Youngster year and married her . . . He spends his free time eating, sleeping and driving the company's only antique car to New York to be with his fiancée. Graduation will find him driving boats for two years and then trying to get settled in the Corps.



Harry James Blair III

Entered the U.S. Naval Academy following a childhood in Pittsburgh, Pa. Entering Plebe Summer full of energy and ready to take on all comers, both mentally and physically, he soon came to his senses and joined his future, loyal, but non-conformist pals.

Between the books during the week and a few on the weekend, his friends and he ground out the time looking forward to that Parole in '76. Never let it be said that Harry was the Model Midshipman because he was far from being that dull. People in higher places would tend to revoke his commission if some of his escapades were brought to light (or at least they'd be happy he went Marine Corps.)

When and if he settles down you can always count on meeting a happy couple. His friends remember him as sincere, but then, it was only natural.



David Leo Carlson

The swinging, southpaw pitcher from Falmouth, Mass. doggedly ducked and dodged demos and Chem profs for four years at USNA. Yet, for all his professed nonconformity, Spike (You know why?) had a healthy respect for regs (not much more). Speaking of details, Dave will be ever remembered for his record setting pace during the Plebe Detail. (Most Plebes per Hour on a Sunday afternoon, unaided). Chug-a-lug was always a man to have at your party, and was never known to turn down an invitation. At parties, Dave seemed to let loose all those anxieties from Chemistry and the frustrations of baseball. Sometimes these frustrations and a few golfclubs could usually clear a fairway. If anything four years have shown is that New Englanders don't lose their accent, and that this place can't keep a great man down.



David Foster Deford

Hailing from the King's Dominion suburb of Doswell, Virginia, Dave has made a reputation for himself as the only Mid with a 3.5 that "sweats" the Ac Board. Having been indoctrinated during his developing years in the demanding disciplines of engineering (i.e. TR-3) he wisely chose to be a bull major at "Navy". Not only does this give him more time to pursue the deadly game of handball, but it also gives him the opportunity to boggle the Professional Development Committee's minds by "smoking" the wires section of the JORR. Being a member of the Sportsman's Club he has shown his love of the outdoors, good times, and easy living by numerous treks into the wild. When the fleet gets Dave, whether it be for hovering Heloes or driving ships, it will have gained a dedicated officer and saved itself thousands of dollars on pimentoes annually.



Francis Andrew Devereux

A large, tall Texan from Bellaire, Dev has gained the reputation of being the living example of Devereux's Law - "A Midshipman's ground state is horizontal . . . in the rack." All seriousness aside, though, whether he is fighting Orcs in a castle or planning the umpteenth invasion of Europe this 26th Company duty tactician has shown that it is possible to enjoy life and not let work get in the way of your fun. An undefeated participant in the semi-annual Ac Board interviews (2 - 0), Frank has maintained his infinite supply of "burgers" for eight consecutive semesters. During his waking hours he can be seen waging a continuing battle against the "machines". Frank wants to be a boat driver upon graduation from Canoe U, and he, undoubtedly, will be happy in any type of surface combatant as long as it has a rack.

The great philosopher, Yufptashanko, once said, "Biftshcmpfftssnn!" and this philosophy of madness was adopted by "Doc" after spending a few months in the Annapolis School for Gouge. This free spirit (of '76) appeared at the steps of Bancroft Hall back in the summer of '72 from Haddon Township, New Jersey. He channeled his energy into becoming an avid oceanographer, guitarist, and late night actor ("Night of the Harvest Moon", "Dinosaurs", among others.) On the weekends he could be found either running for his life on a cross-country course, an indoor or outdoor track, or just running to Hood College with his fellow "Knutes" to thrill all of the young ladies with his wild antics and deceiving physique. Doc plans to sail the high seas in one of the Navy's LGB's for the next few years with the hope that he may someday go into Oceanographic research in a voyage to see what's on the bottom.



James Caskey Doherty

Having journeyed to the U.S. Naval Academy from the land of the "mill hunks," Kenneth G. Dombart took his rightful place in the class of 1976. Being a Mathematics major he could not be 100 percent perfect like the rest of '76. Every winter Ken could be found "cutting" for lightweights and running around with an Iron City brew in hand (not in the yard) shouting "Steelers forever," and hearing in return, "Vikings are number one!" Although Ken sure got into the "swing" of things with a tennis racket and softball bat, he will probably be forever remembered for the 26th Company "rumbles" and the five different girls he dated steadily, with the always-ready cry, "Me serious? No way! It's just another field!"



Kenneth George Dombart

Rolling into Navy from Neward, Delaware via South Jersey, Ed (Huge Knute) Harper took a casual look around and decided to take it easy. Never one to sweat the system, even as a hot three striper, Ed could always be counted on to keep his cool. Not getting involved in academics left lots of time for the party life. Often seen in the company of Little Knute and Medium Knute, the infamous trio regularly sampled the local college scenes. The Knute call of the open road is satisfied only on a very fast motorcycle running towards more good the light of sanity and decided on Marine Air for service selection. Whatever the future holds for Ed, the other Knutes know that he'll take everything in stride and keep on spreading the Knute philosophy, "Don't worry about it, we'll do it *next* weekend."



Dale Alan Dykhuizen



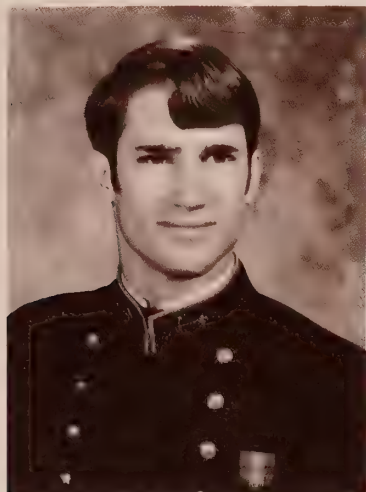
Kenneth Allen Ebersole

This highly overfed, over-rated young lad, stumbled down from the backwoods outside of New York City, hoping to make his name as a footballer and wrestler at good ole USNA. The Deacon piloted his way through many races, and even more low sibility, high powered hangovers, ... But the good Dale never allowed himself to be ensnared in the treacherous clutches of demonic females, or even nice girls, except for that one time, (but we won't go into that). Of course a mouth full of "Red Man" chaw is not exactly conducive to communication with the fair sex. Many passing tourists wondered at the ownership of the Ford LTD tank located in the 26th company parking lot, you guessed it, DykeCut Son just could not fit in anything smaller. If he can just make it into the cockpit of the Marine Phantom, Dale will rip um up out there, just like he did here ... "Women ain't worth the effort."

A confirmed "water-winger" Ken strolled confidently onto the Academy ground knowing that before graduation, he would (1) achieve the number one jock stabber position of the varsity wrestling team, and (2) ensure that everyone knew that Fresno, California was famous for its raisins. Not surprisingly, EMBERSOLE (as he is affectionately known by certain someones) achieved both in record time. Ken tipped his hand at aeronautical engineering and showed his proficiency by designing and manufacturing the "Brigade Bulletin" (appropriately named for obvious reasons). Even with these achievements, he then proceeded to earn his way to two sessions of summer school while studying the lifestyles of rats in his locker. But no doubt fair winds and following seas will guide this versatile oceanographer towards his goal of being the Raisin King of the Fleet.



Edward Arthur Harper



Mark Tigner Hubbard

Ready? ... Reverse! Mark, or Tigner as he is affectionately referred to by "The Knutes" was always one to set his priorities in the proper order: "Partying before everything!" Like his brother before him, Mark is the second member of his family to grace the hallowed halls of Mother "B", donating a rare and sometimes unnatural set of talents to the Boat School.

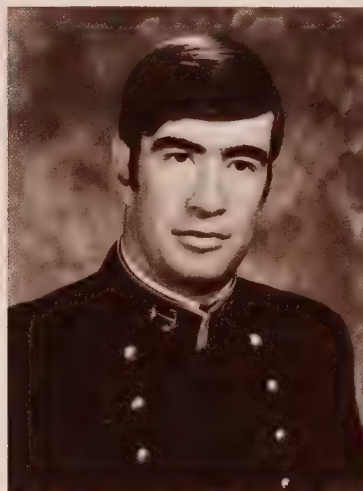
A holder of the coveted "Junior Pud" award for excellence in the field of moons and late night antics, Mark combined athletic ability and good looks to put him where he is today — on a large grey boat. A fate worse than death.

But being the romanticist that he is, "I love those ships," Mark will pursue a career on the wide oceans of the world. A word of caution from Mark: "Beware of the Tyrannosaurus Rex."



Gregory Jenkins

Being from Newport, Rhode Island gives Greg a firm background on Navy tradition. High school ROTC helped develop a strong respect for the military, and made coming to the Naval Academy an easy decision for Greg. Spending a lot of time in the fencing loft earned Greg his coveted N star and some time at the Academy's summer term. The fact that Greg is regulation conscious and well-mannered does not stop him from frequenting the party scene. Some tunes, a few cold ones, and a black beauty is the way Greg likes to "live it up".



Thomas Samuel Kennedy

T K. "T.S.K." (pronounced "Tisk"), or "Go-Rilla" is a hell of a guy. When the town of Barrington, New Jersey lost him to Bainbridge Prep, he was off to a somewhat distinguished career at NAPS and then USNA. From the very beginning, one could tell what kind of high school days he had. He loves to "party", "live it up", and "rally". This is good for any member of the three upper classes but for a plebe, it can be murder. Just ask Tom. He did his '72 Christmas Caroling over at the Superintendent's house

If it were not for his mature attitude toward life and his aspirations to "get rich quick", he never would have made it. My hat goes off to a sincere friend.



Eric Hoshihuro Kimura

Eric hailing from Hawaii saw a lot of what the Navy is about before coming to USNA, the sea. Although one of the smaller members of the class, he has made a big contribution to the company and brigade by his interest in the affairs of each. A dedicated fencer since plebe summer, (I guess those little guys must have some sort of advantage wielding a sword) he has stayed with that sport for all four years. Academics are also a time consuming activity for Eric, and being a systems engineering major, midnight oil is burned regularly in his abode. That is not to say, however, that this potential nuclear power type has not had many exciting times in the hall, loose ball drills, pep rallies, and bouncer drills to name a few. His professionalism and devotion to the Navy will reap him and the service great rewards during his career in the Naval Service.

Covina, California is home for Phil Kumpis. His affection for sun and water has helped him enjoy rowing as one of Navy's best light weight crew men.

Phil's desire upon graduation is to fly fighters. He feels that Marine green is the best route to travel toward this goal.

Phil has never let his academic endeavors darken his skies. Many hours in the Electrical Engineering lab have proven his abilities in building original and useful items for future use.

Although he has proven talents in many fields, his most outstanding is his ability to party politely, lightly, and all nightly. As the medium sized member of the trio of Knutes, he is an adamant believer in and upholder of the Knute Philosophy. Along with the other members of this infamous group, he has helped bring joy and happiness to those who would otherwise be dismal and unenlightened.



Philip Bruno Kumpis



Mark Leslie Metcalf

Mark came to the Academy from residency in Taiwan and brought a piece of the place with him. Although he now calls Minnesota home, he has become the resident China expert, having lived and breathed Far Eastern Studies for four years. He speaks in strange tongues and eats strange food with strange utensils. He keeps an eye on the CIA and they probably keep an eye on him. He has developed passions for the finer things in life, including pipe smoking, classical music, and his sleek blue Fiat. He's more an intellectual than a "jock", but has managed to elude afternoon sessions with Coach Lenz and company. He's never sweated anything or anybody, making his rule of life; "If they can't take a joke . . ." He came close to selecting civilian line a couple of times but didn't make it. His ultimate ambition is to get into Navy Intelligence, but whatever he does, he'll do well.



Spencer Tomatsu Nakaguma

When Spence reported aboard four years ago, he thought that he had been sent here to become an officer in the United States Navy. However, his primary mission was to convince certain people that Hawaii was indeed one of the fifty states, and that he was not a foreign national after all. Not at all impressed with the waves of the Chesapeake, Spence checked in his surfboard, and, with a tennis racket in one hand and a golf club in the other, proceeded to terrorize the courts and links. Steady performances on the company fast-pitch softball team also helped 26 net two two brigade championships. After plebe year, Spence stowed away his slide rule and settled into the major of Far Eastern Affairs, and subsequently found his CQPR more to his liking every semester. After graduation, you will find Spence driving a large gray boat along with the rest of the true steamers.



Victor Michael Neves

And so it came to pass, after four years in hot pursuit of the librarian's daughter, (the fair Lisa, better known as cookie) the good pizza eating hulk has finally reached the end of the slope, rope, what's the diff? Vic's chase after this elusive goal was occasionally interrupted by such trivial matters as getting into Unc Rickover's Home for unloved sailors, passing leadersleep, finding his way home, finding the bottom of the ski slope, and an occasional mean bumping session. Perhaps not the greatest tennis player ever to double fault, Vic served his time well, licked the great green-eyed monster, and was always kind to children (15 or 18, what's the difference.) If Vic can only remember that subs do not fly up side down, and women do not like to be left alone at dances, he will surely amount to, well, something anyway: "Hey, my hands are tied." Right.

The perfect Stranger in a Strange Land, Gar drifted in, on his own cloud, from the tough suburbs of Southern Illinois, better known as the South Side of Chicago. His initial ambition, to be a combination nuclear trained seal, and dual English-Physics Majors, was slowly sidetracked because of his numerous (one or more) love affairs. Never one to turn down a lady, Gar's babyface and innocent expression brought him many offers from the motherly types (Good Ole Holly). His ability to avoid unpleasant classes, and find his rack, even in the worst of conditions, was a constant source of amazement. Gary finally discovered the proper platform to display his talents, the stage in Mahan Hall, where he was immortalized as Silly Dud and Lassio. A great dreamer, a good man to have around when things are straight, and a good friend, Gar will make it, some day.



Gary Robert Rush

Drifting in from the city of Calumet Park, Illinois, "Weebies" has gained the reputation of being a person who will try anything at least once — as long as it puts him in risk of life and limb. As a hockey goalie he continues to hold the record as the only Navy goalie with a goal to his credit — the fact that he scored the goal for the other team is of little concern. Our Burke scholar should have few problems as a bubblehead, although there are those who argue that he is more suited to be a "lighter-than-air" pilot. If Craig continues with his present life-style of enjoying any predicament he is placed in he should have fewer problems with being "blown away" by life than he will have being blown around by high altitude gusts of wind in his immediate vicinity.



Craig Thomas Weber

Leaving his family and sweetheart behind, Roger made the trek across the country from Tacoma, Washington to begin a distinguished four years here at the "uncollege". For three years, Roger spent most of his time (weekends included) studying or practicing for the Varsity Rifle team. Because of the constant pulling of his hair over academics, this sandblower developed a receding hairline (from both ends of his head). However, this year his social life took a "100% jump" with the arrival of his honey. The weekends are now spent more wisely, elsewhere. During his career, Roger briefly thought of flying for a living. However, being a surface-liner at heart Roger elected to drive ships. With the support of God and his wife-to-be, Roger will always be a bigger man than the 5 feet 4½ inches that meets the eye.



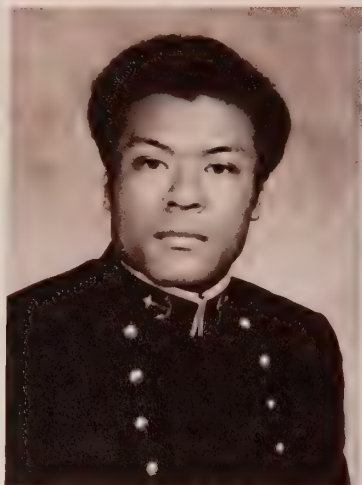
Roger William Wendt



James Michael Willy

Arriving in Chesapeake Bay Country, our Midwesterner from Olathe, Kansas soon made a name for himself as the quietest guy in the company. Being a Navy Junior and a straight A student, Mike had no problems transitioning into Plebe year. Mike came to Navy a confirmed bachelor with no thoughts of marriage until his time in the Navy ended. In a trip to Delaware his Youngster year, Mike met a lovely girl named Nancy, and ended his bachelor convictions. After frequent trips to Delaware, his home away from home, Mike decided that waiting until he was out of the Navy might be a bit too long, so he and Nancy decided on a much more suitable day, the day after graduation.

A math major of the highest caliber, Mike feels NUCLEAR POWER is the way to go. He'll be a confirmed "bubblehead" for the rest of his life.

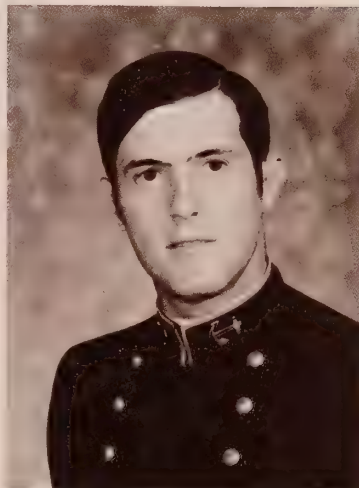


Derwood Clayborne Curtis

Flying down from the metropolis, Chitown, our super-mid King Curt, appeared with an explosion of energy. Plebe football came and our hero was off to a sparkling career as the morale builder, for the football team. Hair grew and summer came bringing summer football and the prospect of becoming a JV dummy. Youngster year brought studies, women, and liberty. Still battling the odds King Curt began to envision stripes, with the help of a letter sweater. Then came his second summer more women and the desire for a Curt-mobile. Dragging himself into the last summer one ex-ROTC was overwhelmed by the surface Navy then five stripes appeared on his shoulders as he became the 4th Class Regimental Commander. Still more miracles occurred, as our moral builder accomplished a defensive touchdown, but the life of our hero seems even more promising as he searches for the goal of life.



27



Timothy Joseph Farrell

Tim rolled in from Salinas, California, to encounter 4 years of Systems Engineering. The baritone bugle played a big part in Tim's first two years, as he was a member of the D & B Corps and the Catholic Choir, but then Thermo and Digital Systems Simulation took over and his musical career was forsaken as were weekends, girls, sleep, and driving his "poor man's Porsche," a 260Z. Whenever a warm body was needed to round out a team, Double Barrel was always willing and by the end of his four years had earned 3 letters as defensive lineman for the Company Heavies, and had acquired the rudimentary skills in football, basketball, and softball. In the future years depending on the ancient admiral's decision, Tim will either be running his Trident Sub or his home for wayward boys where communion is coffee from the Holy Grail.



Daniel Galik

Gills came to the Naval Academy riding on the laurels of outstanding aquatic abilities and quickly became intimately familiar with the instruction pool. This city slicker from Clifton, N.J. brought along with him cases of Old Spice rool-on and issued them to all on I-day with a double dose for Ballou. Youngster year was memorable as the Deadly Black Widow succeeded in running out both his roommates. Dan was an avid sports fan and always rooted for the winning team, especially his hometown Skins. As first class year rolled along, Dan finally learned how to Tango as he put away many a bottle on his HTC weekends. His service selection was always a mystery, as it varied with the pro-topic and is still subject to change at any time. In the future years if you still can't figure out where he is, try Gino's.



James Eldred Grayson

Being one of the few people in Oklahoma to ever hear of the Navy, it was only natural for Jed to leave the sand hills of Waynoka to settle on the murky shores of the Severn. Plebe year was not much fun for any of us, but Jed was dauntless in his conquest of demerits. As a Management major, Jed minored in wardroom television watching and only his truly keen mind and ability to work hard when "in extremis" kept him comfortably on the high side of a 2.0. His talents were not confined to the wardroom as he left he left the moral and ethics choir plebe year to become a standout in a field more suited to his personality, the Rugby Team. Perhaps Jed will be remembered as a serious partier but he will also be remembered as the generous and true friend that has been to us at Navy.



Timothy Michael Hagen

Fuzzy slid on into 27 after two never ending years at Sailor Prep-Prep. He managed, through no apparent effort of his own, to say goodbye to every roommate he had till youngster year. Amid the run-around that both Oceanography and "some gal" gave him, he cleared his mind enough to realize that stroking for Navy was his calling. Yes, "Mr. Thighs" made us proud rowing Navy's little shell to the first victory over Harvard in 13 years. Tired of walking home to Wisconsin, this miser finally indulged in a set of wheels – the almighty giganta-car, complete with electric ash trays. But we really don't have any room to moan; at least Tim can get more than two "Parties" into his car, which he often did. As one of the Brigade's top five physical specimens, "fire-hose" will spend the rest of his days "flexing" in the special warfare community.



Timothy Ben Harris

Also known as T.B., was the Alabama representative for the company. I always chopped a little faster when I passed his room to be safe. He weighed about 120 lbs on I-Day, I thought southern boys were cornfed.

T.B. made history as being the first one to receive a "Dear John" – I think it was in the first mail. What a way to start Plebe Summer.

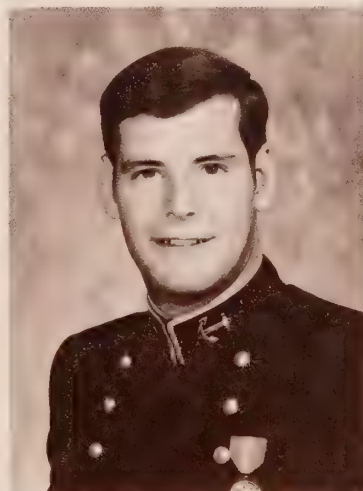
T.B. was a born trackman with the legs of a gazel and the desire of an eagle. He burned up the track many a day.

Being a Math major was a challenge, but T.B. likes challenges just as he likes clothes, cars, and Jackie.

T.B.'s preparation for the Marine Corps started during Second Class year when he "flamed out" never to be turned off until June '76. He burned many a Plebe during the summer and as the company sub-commander, it continued.

Look out T.B.S. because here comes T.B. Harris on fire.

Mike bludgeoned his way amongst the ranks of '76, a talkative, plump, 17-year old Lon-gislander. He graduated, surprisingly enough, as a talkative, plumper 21 year old. Opting for Oceanography with a minor in cancer-stick inhalation. "Huge" ferociously attacked the academic world, then the rack. His free time is divided up between his exhorcist-green, capitol-motors, go-cart and "pumpky," not necessarily in that order. "Hands Hughes" even managed to star in heavy wt. football, the intrinsic qualities for which he already obviously possessed. Though involving himself frequently with the opposite sex, nothing quite satiated "Hugh" like Capt. Kirk and his band of merry star-trekkers. And lest we forget, old Mark Trail even managed to pull down some gold as Regimental "Operator." Mike's going Corps because NCC-1701 (Enterprise) is not on the ship list.

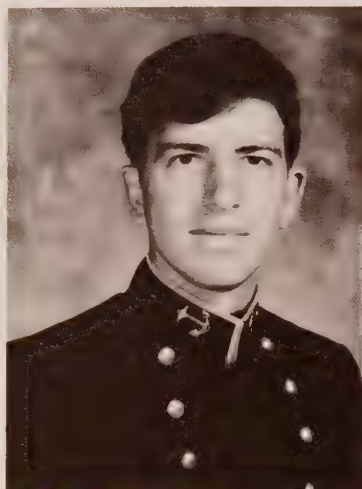


Michael John Hughes

It is rare to find someone who excels in almost every field of endeavor. Scholar, athlete, professional, party goer, rackhound, lover, and derelict. Scott Jenkins made the Naval Academy look easy. Turning down the Division of Engineering and Weapons, he chose a pure science, Physics and earned Superintendent's List recognition, a Trident Scholar project, and several postgraduate scholarship opportunities. A superior athlete, he was a stalwart for the football and fieldball teams. He gained notoriety as Company Commander during the "reign of Terror". Time between Friday afternoon and Sunday evening was well spent and Jenks could be found out in his white 'Vette or providing the life of any party. After graduation he'll be in grad school until the Navy figures out what to do with him or he figures out what to do with the Navy.

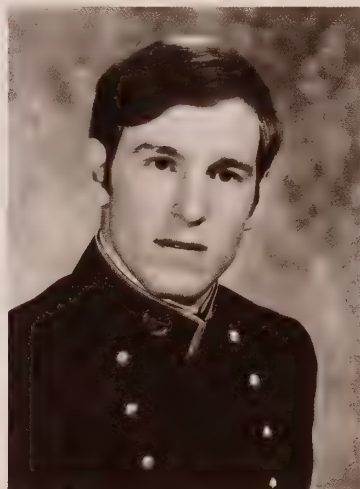


Scott Mahaley Jenkins



John Louis Lovasz

Coming to us from Glenview, Illinois, Vasz had the Academy figured out in no time. He cast his lot with the Mechanical Engineering Department and fared well with them. Being a natural Mechanical Engineer and validating Plebe year academically didn't hurt him any and left him time to delve into philosophy, his most notable quote being, "Watching TV is no fun unless you know you're bagging out of something else." With his quick wit and sardonic humor many thought him a cynic, but those who knew him knew he was a fun lover, that his heart was as big as his grin. Not one to let the Academy stand in the way of a good time weekends found our man out hustlin' in his Spitfire, hoisting a brew or two, or playing footsie with "Sluefoot" Sue. 'Vasz will soon be missed and never be forgotten by his friends and will be a welcome member in any wardroom.



Robert Stanley Lowe

Bob "Lowe - that's Lowe, Sir" jumped out of the frying pan of Culver Military Academy and into the fire of Navy. Another plebe year victim of the "dregs of Detroit," he soon found that "he had a lot to learn about being a plebe." But he took it in stride (he never did anything in any other way) and literally coasted to graduation. Oceanography hooked another in the form of Bob, and he was "into it" about as much as the Brigade was into Rocky Mountain trout. One of 27's quiet warriors, Bob did most of his "talking" out on the track. Amid perennial promises of breaking 23 feet in the long jump, Bob popped up as a dark horse surprise in the IC-4A decathlon. Never one to turn down a good time, the passenger seat of his Firebird was often occupied with a "party-er of the week". If they can convince him that he'll still have ample rack-time, Navy air will claim this buck.



Mark Bryan McKinley

Mac strolled into the boat school as a starry-eyed high school beach bum believing that the Naval Academy was really the home of the "cream of the crop." The cream quickly turned sour when Mac Power met his plebe year roommate the Detroit Demolition. Although the question has been posed, "Who me, Mark McKinley with a 2.2?" Mac has consistently changed the stars in his eyes to stars on his lapels. An outstanding swimmer who usually flunked the tower jump, Mac freaked his native sport for four years of soccer, lightweights and fast pitch. First class year found this drunken bum usually being driven around on weekends either in a classmates car or his own four cylinder wonder, but wherever he was you can be sure Strawberry Yogurt was on his mind. A surefire EDO for three years, 1/c cruise and a company officer have changed Mac Power to Nuke Power.

From Mahopac, New York this track star and came running to Annapolis where he starred in cross country and track plebe year. His Adidas didn't exactly help him in academics as studies proved to be a formidable hurdle, but our star finished the race and never made that guest appearance on 4-1. Once he got on track in his "Ana-Mana" major he sprinted the rest of the way. Quiet, mild-mannered, friendly and easy-going, no one would have guessed that he had a latent killer-instinct until he tried out for SEAL-UDT. After a narrow escape from married life our man diversified and utilized his talents to play the field, and he still had time to get together with 'Vasz. Never letting the torrents of Annapolis life douse his good nature, "Mills" was a steadfast companion to us all. The surface line or civilian line, they'll welcome Mills with open arms.

Kip rode into the boat school dusty from his previous eight years in Albuquerque with his shiny French horn under one arm. Chosen academically in his first four weeks as the man in the company least likely to succeed, Kip's average has gone up every semester with marks from a 1.7 to a 3.4. Ten weeks on crutches put him out of sports youngster year, but Kip's music system grew. With all that free time, Kip became intimately familiar with the newspaperman due to numerous all nighters, and he soon became known as either the "5th Bat" or mistaken as the 5th Batt enlisted advisor since he was the only one ever seen at the desk. This carried over to 1/c cruise where Kip's flashy rags found him being mistaken as an enlisted man in the Pearl Harbor O'Club. Being easy going, Kip's perseverance should carry him far in whatever field he chooses.

Left on the doorstep of 27th Company, Dave Smith was a basket case from the beginning. He was baptized "The Smythe" by now EM3 Breen and the name stuck.

Year after year of all nighters took their toll as he discovered the rigors of his chosen profession: cultivated seaweed studies and uses of.

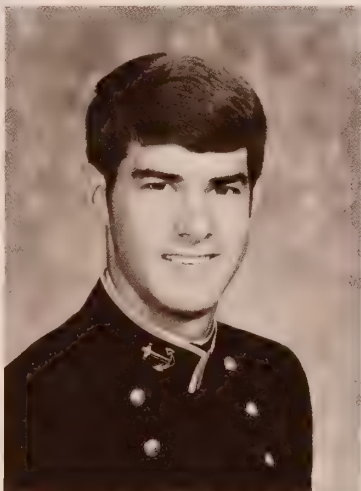
As first class year rolled around, Dave and his loyal sidekick, Blue Beatle attacked party after party. Though his body rejected it time and again, by October he held down his first drink as a midshipman.

With the hours of training he received trenched in our wardroom he will be a welcome addition to any wardroom in the fleet. His ability to never sleep will make him a favorite for midwatch.

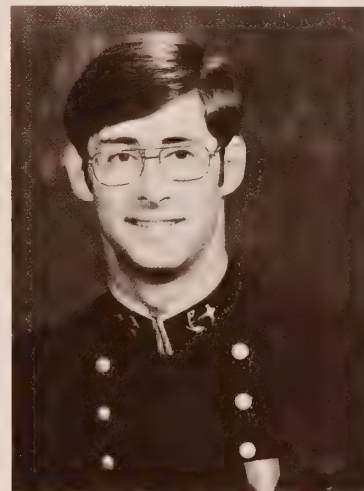
And if you ever hear the twangy sounds of a banjo coming from beneath the waves, you'll know Dave opened the hatch.



Robert Louis Miller



Kip Wilson Nicely



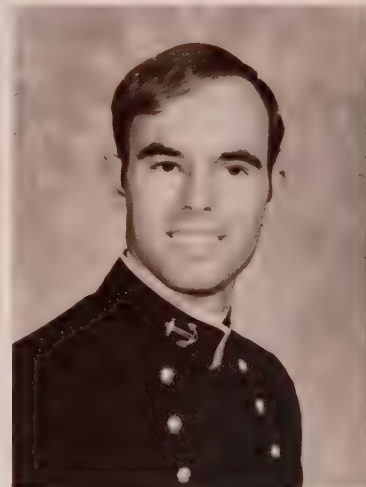
David Edward Smith



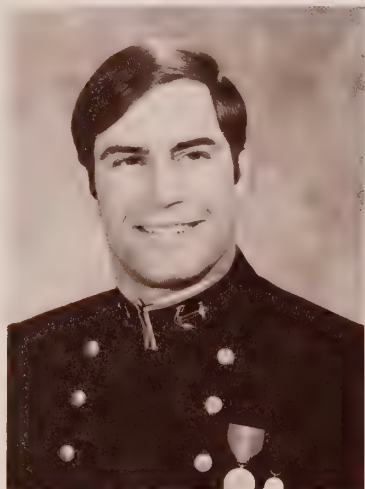
John Michael Stamos

The vortex of Michelson was often seen wandering about academia ... Mr. excitement was never known not to turn down a good time; by first class year this shylock was finally able to buy for himself an electron microscope. This cosmopolitan from Burnsville, Minnesota brought with him to the East a new meaning of the word - fashion (John did not even need to purchase his WUBA) for three years this mild mannered middle American kept his morals high, remaining uncorrupted, but finally during first class year he was deflowered - Wedgie finally bought himself a pair of flared bottomed pants. John liked his women and cars fast and furious, as displayed by his Ford Granada with all the exotic frills(engine, seats, steering wheel, etc.) John will be a welcome addition to any wardroom in the Navy (you always need somebody to stand inport OOD).

Steve landed in Annaopolis from San Diego with a straight face, but it took only a few hours after I-Day before he was braced up — the entire plebe summer! Plebe year went well for him, until he decided to catch a few Z-Z-Z-Z one day. A family move to Hawaii highlighted one summer, as he put his navigation skills to use. Eighteen days in a homemade sailboat across the ocean beats a U-haul any day! M.C. lost some leave time semester breaks handling honor rep duties, but he was determined to get revenge. Spending more time on the Chesapeake Bay and away sailing meets than in class, it is surprising Steve still graduated with honors. The "Mr. Excitement of 6-0", Steve was often found in Sick Bay with a sore throat for hollering at underclass. Although he'd "rather be sailing," it looklooks like Nuke Power has grabbed this fine sailor.



Stephen Matthew Clyde Stroebel



Timothy Steven Traaen



David Richard Tributout



Anthony Frank Violante

Also known as "T.S.T.", Tim was a natural for USNA. His father was the Midshipman Food Service Officer. The major part of his life was spent in Yokohama, Japan. There he acquired the language which made one of his courses here, Basic Japanese I, a little easier. "YO-Hi" — high school (what a name), and a friend named Mara (what a girl!), will always be part of Tim's memories.

Plebe year was fruit for Tim because when you live on Hospital Point, what more could you ask for? One to the Three Musketeers along with Derwood and Bob (RIP), adventures were not uncommon.

T.S.T. made the right decision majoring in Management because he is one of the fortunate ones who will be a Pork Chop. He gets the desk, chair, and companionship while the rest of us are "rocking the boat", "flying high", and "strolling in the park".

Our very own DRT arrived at Canoe U. from St. Louis, Missouri. The quiet, unassuming lad quickly learned the ways of the world, and later was rarely known to be lacking for female companionship. How was it possible for the women of Crabtown to resist the Glee Club voice, the Adonis-like body, and the Brillo-Pad hair. Dave never got a haircut. He merely got it wound tighter.

He made many a Glee Club tour, was observed in the "Maqueraders" production of "Anything Goes," and was on the tennis team both as a player and a manager.

Dave chose for himself one of the toughest academic majors offered here at Sailor Prep, opting for Electrical Engineering. He attacked his studies with vim, vigor and a ruthlessness rarely seen by mortal man. And his studies often attacked right back.

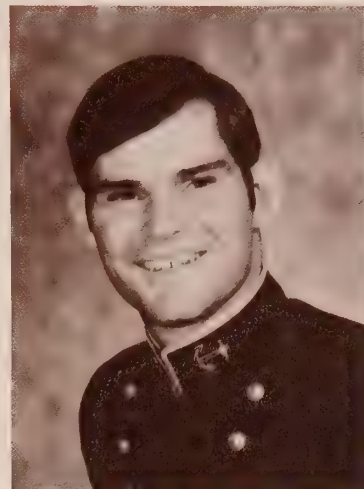
Dave is going Navy Air. The only question is, "Will he need a plane?"

The "Wop" descended upon the 27th Company in July of 1972, and the dust has yet to settle. Although he is known as "Vio" by a very select few, in the company he answered to a motley assortment of phrases and terms.

Upon pushing the "coast button on Day 2, Tony soon found himself in over his head, with sixty-four professional questions handed out at one sitting. Ever since then he has attempted to get on top of the workload. Maybe his problems stemmed from his study habits; he was able to spend his day doing anything but work.

"Mendelante" displayed a great deal of potential on the athletic field as the only blind goalie in the intramural lacrosse program. (You can count the number of saves he made on your ears).

In truth, we all enjoyed Tony in the company, and we'll be looking forward to having him working with us in the fleet.



Gerard Jude Willett



Frederick Phillip Weldon



Michael Duane Weltsch

Having cleared waivers from the rest of the Brigade to come to 27, where a number of derelicts of the Class of 76 already resided. Rick in just two years managed to convince everyone that a BMW was the best thing since Burgers, and you can see he knows about burgers. After three years of JV soccer, Rick found his talents put to use as the company soccer coach, where he showed more moves than a cat on a hot tin roof, and he moved like no cat the world has ever seen.

A giant in the Academic World, Rick unsuccessfully applied for a Trident Project on "The Optimum Number of Burgers Before a Daily Youngster Afternoon". A friend to all, Rick has distinguished himself as the company Mother Hen to all fourth class. If his allergies can be overcome, Rick's next five year commitment will be to Navy Air. Well Done!

Brandishing his "6-gun" and parched of throat from his long transit from Phoenix, "Flamin' Duane" pulled into irrepressible 27. Already experienced in the ways of the Navy, "Duke" taught the boys what it was all about. Unable to express his "rack to study ratio" without using "scientific notation," we suffice it to say he made 2.9 look easy. Yes, "Pumpky" was the finest combination of athlete and historian ever to grace the banks of the Severn. Impulsive by nature, Mike bought his Marine Corps red, Spitfire at the Drop of a hat for an undisclosed amount of cash over \$4000 and two ray Nitschke football cards. So now Mike has the bait, all he needs is the catch (he likes 'em in pairs). Mike's Marine infantry ground, and they all just better "listen, and listen tight."

Leaving the Blue Grass town of Bardstown, Kentucky, Jerry made his way to Annapolis with a one year layover at NAPS to ready himself for the rigors of plebe year. As a plebe Jerry was a meat squad warrior, but fall still means football and he's still Navy's number one fan. Jerry couldn't hide his athletic ability too long and he became a star on battalion and company teams. Academically, 'Lett' was a late bloomer in his Management major as his semester grades rose from a 2.0 plebe year to a 3.0 to start first class year. Only graduation stopped Jerry from eventually working his way up to earning 'stars'. Weekends found Jerry borrowing a car or a ride to go out to his favorite haunts to get convivial with his friends ... Jerry will leave a lot of things behind him at graduation, but he won't leave anyone who wasn't his friend.



Douglas Laing Austin

Doug Austin (known to his friends as the "Bug") is 28th Company's answer to the Six Million Dollar Man. The four years found him enjoying the many and varied pleasures of life; from resting carelessly on a sun-filled Florida beaches to searching the depths of a Pennsylvania water-filled quarry; from jumping out of planes to spending a quiet evening in his room working patiently on his thread sculptures.

Hailing from Rome (New York), the "Commodore's" adventurous spirit has opened up many exotic worlds for him which, along with his usual hobbies of bowling, photography, studying German, listening to his "cheap" Macintosh stereo, and cruising the streets of D.C. in his personally customized Fire-Truck red Dodge van, gives him an opportunity to relate to and share experiences with many of his friends.

Da Bug has his eyes on a long five year career in surface line.



Dave came to Canoe U. straight from high school in Pittsburgh. The sounds of the Steel City were quickly replaced by the music of D.C.'s elaborate (and partially self-built) stereo system. His academic prowess in the field of wires can hardly be hidden through his Trident Scholarship and the I.C. chips usually found in his pockets. "Bones" was the only person who had to gain weight for lightweight football. Weekends, Dave could be found just about anywhere. Though not deeply involved with the fair sex, he loved to look anyway. When he had time, Dave ran down to the 8th Wing basement for a chance to add his humor as a DJ on 89.7 FM. His high class standing contributed to Dave's selection for four stripes (two on each collar), but he never let his work keep him from driving his Astre to the frequent Green Alerts.



David Charles Boch

John, known better as J.B., came to the Maryland Small Boat and Barge College from Lutherville, Maryland and Dulaney High School. Being a hometown boy, J.B. was seldom seen on the weekends, especially first class year.

As one of the smaller members of the class, he made up for his lack in size with the bigness of his heart, which he was always trying to give away. Unfortunately, he was shut out 4-Zip by arch rival Towson State.

One could always look to J.B. for a smile, good times and Thanksgiving dinner. As honor rep he helped a few classmates navigate safely through their remaining years at Navy.

Studying always at the last minute, J.B. had time to catch J.C.'s monologue and help Jerk with his non-existent literary talents. Until J.B. finds the "girl" in his dreams he will be sailing under the seven seas as one of "Rickover's Rookies."



John Searles Boulden, III

Jeff, or Jerk as he is known throughout the Hall, came to us from the bustling suburbs of Timonium, Maryland to play lacrosse, only to find himself rooming with a fellow graduate of Dulaney High School. Almost three years and one extensive knee operation later Jerk was forced to retire, but remained a full-fledged Jock at heart; as well as a charter member of Baggers Anonymous.

Never content with the surroundings afforded him at Canoe U., Jerk yearned for those weekend trips home where he could always be seen with a drink in one hand and D.M. in the other.

A hard worker when it came to academics, Jerk shunned both the tube and the rack in constant search of the elusive gouge.

Indeed, Jeff will be well-remembered by all of us and we wish him the best of luck at Pensacola.

Eluding ac-boards with the nimbleness of a running back dodging tackles, Chuck has managed to last through 4 years at USNA, although great amounts of midnight oil were burnt in accomplishing this feat. Chuck will also be remembered for his dread of P-rades and Thursday noon inspections, at which he took many a knee, and for his tendency to speak what he feels regardless of the place or time. Although Chuck never did win the coveted 'Black N', he tried hard. When Chuck wasn't pouring over his studies or listening to some heavy soul sounds, odds were he could be seen cruising around Annapolis or D.C. in his sleek silver Chevy. A combination of experiences in YP's, high scores in Seamanship and Tactics on the JORR, and, last but not least, class standing, pointed the way for Chuck's choice of surface line for service selection.

Hailing from Magnolia, Texas, the type of life our beloved institution offered to Phil presented him with quite a shock. He rose above it though, and through it all he has still maintained his sick sense of humor and general demeanor of complete insanity.

While here at the Academy his major has been Analytical Management with a non-accredited minor in debauchery. By his own admission, it has been his great love for the latter which has resulted in a not-too-stellar performance in his major. Phil has earned a well deserved reputation for having a heart of gold and at the same time being one of the few men alive who could cause a solar eclipse while walking down the street. His 3 great fears in life are: 1) no gouge 2) bum gouge and 3) NO BEER. His favorite celebrity - W. C. Fields.



Jeffrey David Burke



Charles Dwain Cole



Phillip Louis Cook



Kevin Dale Eagle

Coming from the ocean beaches of San Diego, Kevin tramped the virgin grounds of the University of Navy. Turning down offers to play tennis with Jimmy Connors, Kevin adapted himself to become a hard competition in the intramural program.

Who could ever forget his attempts to take his own life by parachuting, hang-gliding, water skiing, and participating in the most ancient oriental art of self-defense.

Kevin had one main goal in life: to be a fighter pilot. He was so gunny that his car always look like a billboard for Navy Air. He was never one to refuse to partake of spirits, and he even had a permanent membership in the "Dolly Club." Although Kevin has dazzled the girls from time to time, he still remains a bachelor at heart.

Good luck at Pensacola Eags, we wish you the best.

If you have never played pinball, surfed at Sandy or La Jolla, "appropriated" pineapples, tried hang-gliding or parachuting, or if you don't like the Beach Boys and "California Girls," then you probably don't have much in common with the "Ice Cream Spoon" of 28th. That is, of course, unless you happen to be an English major, have pulled a hat trick in soccer, play batt lax goalie or own a SR-5 Toyota with a surfboard on top. This San Diego boy has done a lot of traveling in accomplishing these activities, including juants to Hawaii and Florida.

Life would be complete for this product of El Cajon Calley High if he could find a girl who could make Pizza like Buzzy's, subs like Timmy's doesn't drink, smoke or swear and who looks sharp in a bikini (lots of luck!)

Marine Air has a hold on Rich now and the future could see him hovering in a Harrier or cruising in a Cobra.



Richard James Eisloeffel

Lee W. Friendly came to us from the wilds of Tower City, North Dakota (North where?), buffaloing his way into USNA with the flair and confidence typical of his tough Norwegian and German background. His "grab-for-all-the-gusto-you-can" philosophy led Lee into many exciting fields, including participation in various sports. The company's answer to Joe Louis, "Prize-Fighter Freund" started (and finished) his Brigade Boxing career with a heroic try for the 155 lb. Brigade title. He went to Benning to fall out of airplanes; he spent a few enjoyable hours in Severna Park; he "pilfered" Dole pineapples and "rallied" to the "jungle drums" in exotic Hawaii. In the years to come, Friendly's glittering smile and color-blind (whoops, colorful) eyes will be seen flashing from foxholes or beaming out of bushes. To Lee "the Freak" Freund ... best of luck!



Lee Willis Freund

Denny rushed into the Academy on the glories of his high school wrestling days in Haddonfield, N.J. He found out quickly that just being a "jock" didn't get anyone good grades so he settled down and began to grind out the grades needed for nuclear power school. Denny fell victim to the dreaded "Speth" and then matters got worse when he almost fell into the clutches of Mary Ann, the dean's daughter. He was a great philosopher in his own right and besides, his stories always had such great endings. Denny wasn't one to be penned in too long, until the fateful day came when he finally caught up with the elusive "Black N." After graduation, Denny will be heading off for Orlando in his faded and rusty Karmen Ghia, held together with bubble gum, tape, and bits of string. Heaven help the nuclear navy!



Dennis Peter Gardner



Mark Stephen Gontkovic

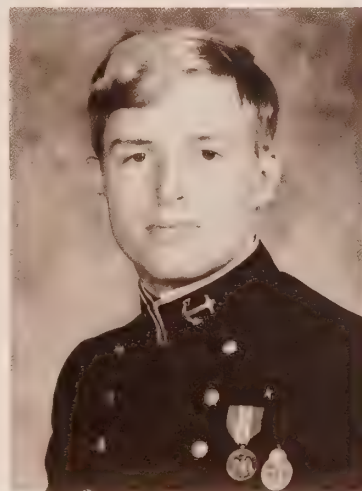
Whether falling out of the 'vator after a good Friday night or unleashing shaving cream bomb and peanut butter destruction on deserving members of "Skate 28" Mark always kept things lively up on 6-4. A physical education major with a party minor, and several study halls in Oceanography, Gonk always made sure that his "spirit" activities didn't interfere with his two most successful and favorite pastimes - playing baseball and marching E.D. Besides MacDonalds and the Anthony House his favorite place is his hometown, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the All-American city. There he developed Steeler-mania, a taste for Iron City Beer, and a tapered cranium. Canoe U. is certain to lose with Gonk's departure, but his arrival in Pensacola will assure that Naval Aviation will never be quite the same. AER-Aer, FLY NAVY!



Mark Wilbert Haas

It's a toss-up as to whether Hogger got his name because of his luck with women or his table manners, but what ever the reason, it is a name that is sure to go down in history. Baseball has always been the first love of this Alexandrian inhabitant (during leave and weekends), who managed to letter four years in the sport. He took the game so seriously that even in his sleep he could sometimes be heard muttering his coach's constant advice, "Elbow, Elbow!!", or "Concentrate!". When Hogger wasn't on the field, he could probably be found driving his "mean green machine," diving for a loose football, or standing on the corner trying to sell a ring(?). If in his career as a Gyrene he is ever asked, "Sir, how's a guy supposed to win at this game?", Hogman will be sure to remember his plebe summer recon raid on Golf Company, and come up with a good response.

Bob must have hit his head pretty hard when he fell off Pike's Peak, because he subsequently left the loftiness of Colorado's Rocky Mountain Highs. Since he arrived in the low country, however, HLPDS has managed to keep his own high via his relations with several dozen women. Haterling has lots of smarts when it comes to history and professional subjects (85% on the JOKE test). One of the few Yippie jocks to drive his YP into the dock at ahead full, he also drives a gray-painted Ford battlewagon on his romping to and from C-Springs. Bob enjoys the challenges of the company gridiron and of the nightly rumbles. After his evening activities, the Colorado Kid opens the windows wide, glances once again in the mirror, curses at The Stump, puts on a USAFA sweatshirt, and lays down to rest as the snowflakes settle on his face.

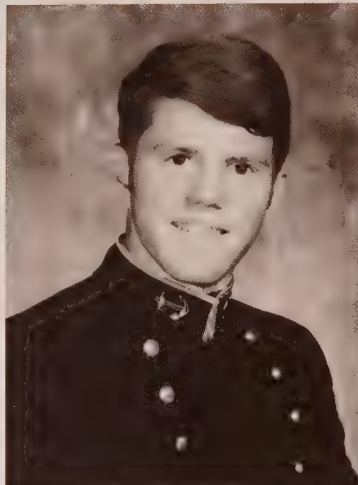


Robert Allan Haertling

Richard Daniel Hepburn, known around ol' Frat 28 as "The Burn", came to Navy U. From the "better part" (?) of Los Angeles, Glendale, California. As the baby of this family (28), he was delivered to the gates on that fateful July morning full of dreams with a remarkable record (the model student, Hoover's best in academics and water polo), but a "social decrepit".

Plebe year was basic to Rick — the basic challenge of survival. In between "come-arounds," "The Burn" set his sights on an ocean engineering degree (remember "materials, dynes and stats, cables, soils, boats," etc.)

Famous for his "Days until . . ." comparisons, his loyalty to USC and the Dodgers, his lack of literary talent, and his long hours at the library (keeping the spread of gouge from his many dependents), Rick wants to drive ships: SURFACE LINE, IT'S ABOUT TIME!



Richard Daniel Hepburn

Arriving with a football in one hand and a dirty book in the other, Reed came to us from the shores of Lake Erie. However, Porno, as he is affectionally known, chose not to pursue sports on the varsity level. He wanted concentrate on academics: reading and writing — reading beer cans and writing girls. Porno's major contribution to the Academy was in the field of rugby. Porno's team never lost a party.

An amateur photo-expert, Porno has enough material to blackmail everyone in the company: from our June Week celebrations to 6-4 rumbles; from weekend parties to the everyday routine.

With his ever-present smile and good nature (which are actually fronts to cover his battlescarred heart — shattered more times than demos awarded for missing a Pittsburgh movement order), Jarvspeth is one of the more lovable members of Frat 28.



Reed Keith Jarvi

Formerly a Brigadier in the Rebel Yell Brigade, D.G. gave up his beloved blue grass homeland to join the ranks of the Union Navy. Although the grass roots were deep, he ventured forth surviving lost loves, lost roommates, lost reefers, and collisions with the seawall. Nothing stopped his victorious campaigns, although he was slowed by an applied struggle against the ruthlessness and rebellious sub squad and the oppressive and merciless Federal Credit Union. From battles at sea with the Yeepees to ground warfare with the Smallees, Dave was always a good sport. Managing 6 foot 8 court trotters made sweat bands a must. He avoided the potential hazards of the stripes only losing to the all powerful JORR on one occasion. Through it all his study of oceanography and plans for Nuc power should add many more victory banners to his Kentucky flag.



David Gregory Markham



Leonard Martin Mokin

S mokin' came to the boat school with the opportunity to play either football or baseball. Coming from a place called Cheektowaga, New York, he made many instant and long lasting friends. His best friend was "Big Blue" – who Lenny spent most of his free time in conference with.

Lenny was not one to shirk his academic duties – he spent many hours like Diogenes – searching for true gouge, and the rest of the night was spent tubing it or in conference with "Big Blue". Who can forget EN-200 class, when at 0830 Lenny would come out of his sleepy stupor to let his voice cry out in all of its glory and splendor – "LET'S EAT!!!!"

Aside from all the vices of woman, food, and brew, he also has a great love of the outdoors and for hunting and fishing. It looks like the Corps will get one good man.



Menelads Peter Palles

M ick, also known as the "Dirty Greek" is most noted for Ya-Ya's Greek cookies, Wednesday night simulated "reg" haircuts, the Coney Island, and semi-permanent Herpes. With his kinky red hair, bulbous nose and his photogenic face, he could easily pass for anything from a Greek God to a truck driver.

Wrong-way Mick is the only person who can get lost while driving home for the fiftieth time. His keen sense of direction and dedication to Yuengling Beer have been the reasons for his rise from the coal mines of Pottsville to his present three-striper position.

Mick's big sporting accomplishment was bringing home the Brigade Championship in Wrestling. It took him four years to do it. Lucky for the team he didn't wrestle in the matches this year.

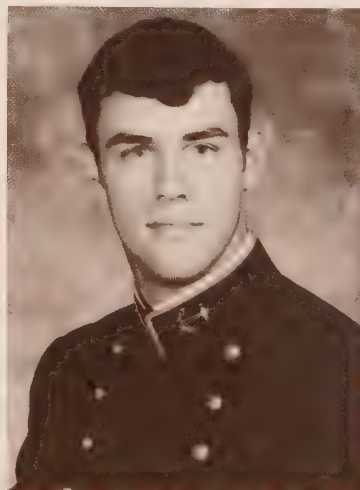
Even after four years at the Academy, Mick still remains one "GOOD GREEK."

T homas Edward Purdy, better known as the Purd, TEP, or Nectar, after O.J. "Juice" Simpson, left bustling Hyde Park, New York for a short stay on the shores of the Severn. Tom quickly established himself in Hubbard Hall, and who will ever forget the aerobatics of Aqua-land, who distinguished himself in the New York Times and Washington Post as the only plebe crew member to watch two races from the water.

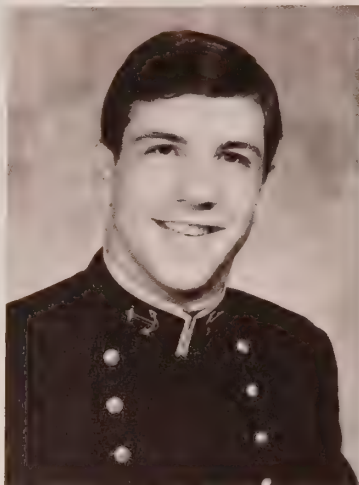
Tom is a numbers major who had a hard time with Diffy Q's and Mattress Theory.

Following graduation, Tom will be heading for Pensacola to fulfill his dream of becoming the chief egg cook on a P-3. TEP's favorite pastimes are eating, eating, and eating, in that order. Judy should have fun keeping her Tommy in his fighting-groton trim.

Tom has planted his seed in life, and will undoubtedly reap many fulfilling harvests. On gambling – you've gotta play to win.



Thomas Edward Purdy



John David Schumacher

John David Schumacher hails from Sayville, a quaint little town on the southern shore of Long Island. He came to the Naval Academy seeking Political Science, but he was forced to the ocean when the ocean engineer's demanded computers instead of engineers. Since then he had done rather well, once eclipsing the 4.0 mark. John is very modest about the whole thing. If it's not a "pisser" then it's definitely "outrageous." When pot "maxing" the P.E. tests he can be found running perimeter or running uniform races in order to get ready for evening meal. John probably has the best conduct grade in the company. While most of his classmates are receiving demerits for their shoes, John is boldly walking around with hair down to his shoulders, a bucket of water in one hand and a shaving cream bomb in the other. Ever since he arrived here, he has been the keystone to the 28th Company image. FLY NAVY



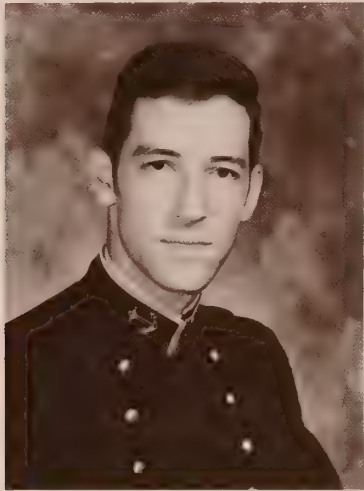
Sylvan James Sewell

Van hails from Westport, Indiana, whose major claim to fame is basketball – as Van has reminded us continuously for the past 4 years. Van had withstood the flaming sock, the 'houn, the burns and the – course. Always willing to listen to ideals that resemble his own and tell you more about Russian history and lifestyles than you would EVER want to know, he also found time for a little drink, a little more food and late night T.V. He had the honor of having his room booby-trapped and having a M-80 nearly rip his leg off. Plebe year, Van made instant friends with "Big Al" after the latter found out that Van was engaged – Van always was one for surprises. Though, his time was taken up mostly by calling Crownsville or commuting to the "Little Woman's" he still had some left to help and to lend a hand. The Naval Academy had not changed him and we doubt the Corps will either.



James Alton Sloan, Jr.

Jim came to Crabtown from Centralia, Washington, with as impressive a set of credentials as any of the cream of the crop. Dedicated to the advancement of the 'puters, he made those little gray terminals do things that amazed ordinary mortals – some said that he had more than a "natural" control over them. Whatever the case, Sloaner-bananer made a favorable impression with everyone as the Senior Watch Officer of Gouge Central, he was always prepared to help his disciples on their struggle with academics. When you could disconnect him from his calculator, S.D.B.B.C did have his passions – that shiny plumbing that drew crowds, (flies) and the CMOOW for the Pep Band; Oly and Cotlets; Clockwork Orange; K.M. (at one time), and the green B-210. Destines to join Hymie's Nuclear Roto-Rooter Service, all of those overloaded semesters should pay off as he goes to the Dolohins. By the way, Sloaner – which ones are the Targets?



Timothy Lloyd Theurer

Tim came to us from the dairylands of upstate Wisconsin with a little black bag in one hand and milk pail in the other. It seems that after practicing medicine on his cows, unsuccessfully, he decided to come to Navy and learn the same trade with easier subjects, people. At the academy, he could be found at the library or the biochemistry lab. Always te night owl, Tim could rarely be found awake past eleven. His major excitement of the week was leading bible study with "The Navigators." Our young crusader is probably one of the few members of the class remembered for good works and deeds by te local community. Tim was always a tube man. He never really realized the wardroom was not a human relations classroom. It all paid off, however. His academic expertise earned him the chance to escape surface line and enter an occupation of the upper income bracket. Tim is probably one of the few in '76 who could be a success as a civilian.



Brian Ray Tyndall

What have the last four years been for Brian Ray Tyndall of San Leandro, California? Brian left Stanford University, the real world, in 1972 to become a jet pilot at USNA.

Academically, Brian is a successful aerospace engineer. Sports include: Karate, skiing, parachuting, and the engine room of plege crew. Finally, Cheeks has both fulfilled and filled out with his duties as Battalion Commander. On the lighter side of life here, Two-can Tyndall has been known to spend many a night speaking with his Uncle John. "Hey Baby, I'm Brian, I drive jets," "You've gotta play to win," and "Own a piece of the rock and a van," characterize his life style.

In June, Brian will make that big cat-shot with his woman, contrary to his prediction of 3 to 4 years. For us, these past four years have built a warm friendship and deep respect for Brian Tyndall. Always remember these happy days, AAAHH . . .

Having always wanted to be a pilot, Woody was sidetracked to NAPS for a year before joining the ranks of the Brigade. Hailing from the sandy shores of Pensacola, the "Old man of 28" brought with him a love of Z's and speeding tickets. His conquests at "Sparta on the Severn" include logging more tube hours than the whole first regiment, surviving two years with the "old," airborne wings and two letters as the varsity boat driver for the lightweight crew team.

Woody's mischievous smile and undying love for good times were constant reminders to us that everything was, in fact, not quite as bad as it seemed.

As the financial wizard of the company he not only helped others with their income tax forms, but managed to keep his own head above water, after selling his ould to Marbert Motors.

Pensacola should indeed be proud to have him returning home to earn his wings.



George Leslie Wood, III



William John Bevil, Jr.

Bill came to Navy from the steel city of Pittsburgh intent on becoming a shipdriver. He promptly gained notoriety as the "Tazmanian devil" noted for his ability to unerringly speak complete sentences in reverse. Recognized immediately for his athletic prowess, "The Taz" was recruited for the Navy boxing program where, utilizing and extremely unorthodox style known as the "Iron City Slammer" dropped a heartbreaker in his final bout. He has been an ardent saxophone enthusiast ever since.

The subsequent years at Navy have also found "The Taz" taking frequent trips to Edinborough State College where, enroute, his driving ability has been duly recognized by the Pennsylvania State Police. The trips have been well worth the effort, however, because he and his O-A-O will tie the knot immediately following graduation.

The fireball that he is, Bill is certain to find success as an elite member of the surface line community.



Joseph Frederick Bouchard

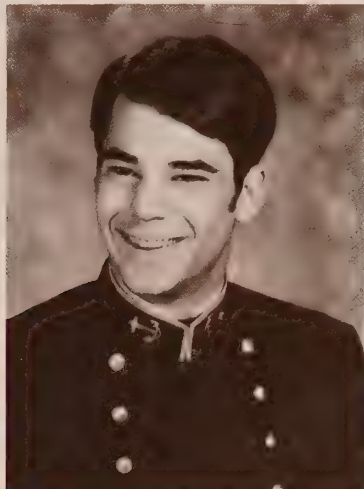
An International Security Affairs major from the wilderness of Missoula, Montana, Joe is often thought to be the guiding force behind our Far Eastern policy. Joe spent three weeks during his second class summer at the Pentagon with OP-61. His FOREX cruise as a firstie found him on board the *Po-Yang* (ex *USS Maddox*) for nine weeks with the Republic of China's navy. Going surface line, his long range goal is to be the naval attache in China.

During his tenure as a midn, Joe is best remembered sporting a University of Guam T-shirt while studying at his desk. He also spent time debating for Navy. Although not always victorious at the Debate Tournaments, Joe helped the Navy teams gain the reputation of always winning the parties held afterwards. Joe's experiences debating and at the Academy will undoubtedly remain close to him throughout his naval career.



John Michael Crochet

Emerging from the sunny side of Tampa, Florida, Mike Crochet gave up a promising career as an orange picker in order to come to USNA and display his many latent talents. "Mr. Clean" has written a chapter of 29th Company history that rates with today's best sellers. A Chem major by foolish choice, his proposed Trident Scholar project of developing a formula for a floor wax that needed buffing only once a week was unfortunately shot down. Always the playful sort, Mike decided to lock horns with "Big Redd" youngster year and earned some TAD at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Mike is one of the lucky midns who has found his OAO more than once here and assures us that "this is it". For service selection, Mike plans to donate his questioning mind to Admiral Rickover's Navy. By the way, are there any Catholic churches in Pittsburgh?



Charles Gray Deitchman

Deitch's loud booming voice could usually be heard from anywhere on 6-3 and sometimes probably as far as 1-4. You always seemed to be in the right position when you were around Chuck. As far as the Academy went, Chuck was an Analytical Management major. He started off his career well by attending a now infamous party during plebe year. He came out of it pretty well though: only a Black N. However, being a partier of the first degree he wasn't to be stopped; even while on duty (maybe that's why he never seemed to mind duty). When not on duty he was usually nowhere to be found, unless you checked his girl's place. Chuck hails from Los Altos, California and never lets you forget how great California is. He's been an aviator all the way and we just hope Pensacola is ready for him and his high school sweetheart with whom he intends to tie the knot after graduation.



Calvin Jon Felte

From the north shore of Lake Tahoe, California, came Twenty-ninth Company's answer to Burt Reynolds, handsome Cal Felte. Quiet, unassuming and always keeping a low profile, it wasn't until midway thru the first semester that '73 discovered his presence and then it was only a rumor. Always willing to lend a hand Cal was often called upon to help with any problem that arose — from academics to the practical side of life and everything in between — like ensuring all his partners in crime made it in after a Saturday night on the town. Amid the sighs of disappointment from the lady followers he has acquired these past years, Cal, a Physics major, will put his numerous talents toward a nuclear power career under the sea in submarines. Cat Futch, look out; There's gonna be a lot of competition for your position on this man's sub.



Michael Robert Flentje

Hailing from the bright lights of South Baltimore, Michael R. Flentje, or "Macho Man" as he prefers to be called, has become an indispensable part of 29th Company.

Flentje, an International Securities Affairs major, has played an important role in the formulating of U.S. foreign policy through NAFAC. After the debacle of Vietnam, however, our hero was moved to a safer role — that of chairman of the Reception Committee.

An early participant in the annual demolition derby in Philadelphia, Mike bought his own weapon after having experimented with a classmate's Z. The "bird" is a silver, supercharged, super-fast, agile, powerful machine with a racing dent on its left side.

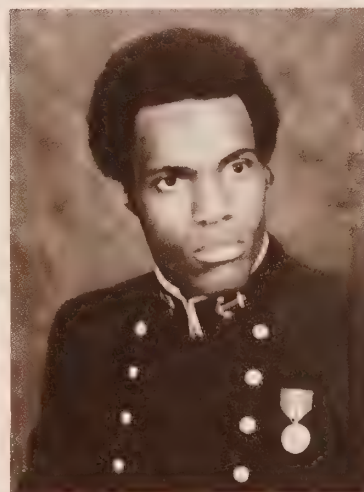
Upon graduation, Mike plans to go nuclear power and spend his time submerged? Admiral Rickover's gain is most certainly the Academy's loss.

Gil hails from Long Branch, New Jersey. His road to USNA was via the prep school where, true to form, he made a name for himself on the gridiron as well as in the classroom.

E.G. always will be remembered as having had the knack of choosing his room adjacent to classmates who could supply him with the necessary accoutrements of life in Bancroft Hall (Brasso, Pledge, etc.). Only after living in a 3 man room plebe year did Ed learn the importance of waking up as close to 7:35 as possible. That year, Gil also learned the true meaning of brotherhood.

Never one to be caught "staggering" on the weekends, Eddie was never seen on the Academy grounds. A heartbreaker with women, he was usually sharing himself with the young ladies in D.C. or Baltimore.

Ed has his sights set on winning his wings of gold in Pensacola following graduation.



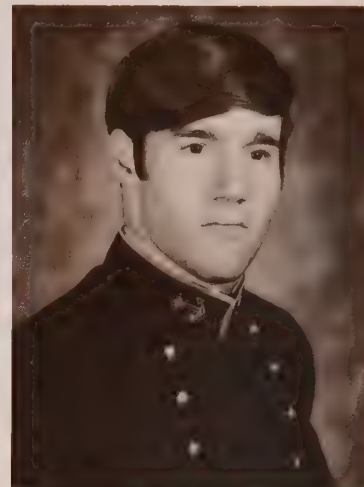
Edward James Gilmore

A Navy brat, but what else could he be since both his father and grandfather are USNA grads. Ah, but poor Gene, he is the only one of the three that will have to spend four years rather than three at USNA.

A potential Navy pilot Gene started out with Aero. as a major. After a half year he decided that Aero. wasn't his bag and decided to change majors. When the academic dept. said no Gene retaliated with "I quit." The war was on and obviously he won, he will graduate with a degree in Operations Analysis.

You will find very few with the spirit Gene has. How many people do you know who would shave a N star on their chest, or run around in leotards, a cape, and helmet masquerading as a Superman; i.e., SUPER STRAIGHT.

Yes, Gene and his appliances and his leotards will someday make someone very happy, maybe even Navy Air.



Gene Gyax

Santiago Juncosa, the "South American kid" brought Venezuela style to 29th Co. His Latin American charm and smile have filled the hearts of many American women. The hearts of many will be broken since the hot-blooded Venezuelan will depart our ranks after graduation to rejoin his native armed forces.

Santiago majored in Electrical Engineering since he could handle all the math the Academy could offer. The talented Juncosa was also gifted with swift feet which he used to win a Varsity N as a freshman.

I am sure he will miss the sports but also the Playboy Club. Playboy was close to his heart and if he did not have an E.E. book in his hand you are sure to find the monthly fold out. He will be surely missed by the many friends he has made and the bunks out in town that he supported. The friendship will always be there and 29th Co. wishes him the best of luck.



Michael Paul Hansell



Vince Lee Huston



Santiago Jose Juncosa

Somehow that little creature that Ma Hansell gave birth to in May of 1953 just never stopped growing. For it wasn't too many years before that wee cub grew into the big Bear who stepped out of Los Altos and into a Navy uniform.

Once at the Academy "Mike" was gone for awhile as our burly hero was quickly, and aptly, dubbed "Sugar Bear". Least of all was the Bear aspect lost on Navy football coaches. Despite a knee job, courtesy of the Navy Hospital staff and various screw jobs, courtesy of the Navy coaching staff, the Bear finally became a starter for the Big Blue in his own right and helped the team to its first winning season since 1967.

Rumor has it that Omar the tent maker has been contracted to make Mike's uniforms after he hits the fleet. Stand by Pensacola, we hope you've got a big bird for the big man.

Vince Lee Huston claims Cherry Point, North Carolina as his hometown. When Vince first came to the 29th Company in the summer of '72 we all thought he was one of those quiet type of guys. Then we began to really get to know him and now we all know him as "Mad Dog Huston."

Being an EE major one could walk at any time of the night into mad Dog's room and find the lights on and the stereo playing. Now whether Vince and his roommate were awake was a different story. It is an almost certain fact that Vince logged more hours sleeping at his desk and in class than in his rack.

Vince's service selection is Marine Air, as he plans to follow in his father's footsteps. The Marines are looking for a few good man, in Vince they are receiving the finest the Naval Academy can offer.



John Redd McCarthy

John is 29th Company's Irish country boy from the Blue Ridge Mountains. All of Nelson County, Virginia (three people, six cows, and a stray cat) is proud of him. John came to the Academy via NAPS, where he earned the nickname "Gin".

Mac is famous for his conduct beyond the call of duty. He leads the company in demerits (315 and still going strong), and holds a "Black N" with a star for restricting over Army weekend.

John is a double major; he started out in Electrical Engineering and ended up in Physical Science. He is so fond of academics that he twice attended summer school.

Being on third class rates second semester of second class year was made bearable by his car conveniently nearby in Eastport. Running the company football pool helps pay for his carousing this year.

After graduation, John will go to Pensacola to become a Navy pilot.



John Francis McKernan

John was the first graduate of Bishop Neumann High to attend USNA. A product of the concrete jungles of Philadelphia, Mac learned to run first and stop later so it was always hard staying with him. Because of the bricks and stones, Mac knew nothing of grass when he started plebe year but found out soon enough and earned a Black "N". Although quick on his feet and a dead shot on basketball court, the fish never failed to sink faster than he could swim when Macdonough Hall called.

Casper always maintained a colorful personality but lacked the tan to accompany it. Because of his studly appearance (?), the Wart was a pushover in a personal confrontation but he never let you know it.

Mac will travel to Pensacola to become a naval aviator upon graduation.



Peter Georg Miller

Germany sent him to Ducanville, Texas and Duncanville sent him to the Naval Academy. The Naval Academy will send Pete Miller on to flight school.

He worked to bring up his grades, P.E. tests, etc., in order to receive stars and make the Supt's List the last semester of his second class year. He made the grades, got the P.E. scores; he was star bound until he received his Aptitude grades from the mysterious high powers of the Academy. Pete jumped from an A to a B in Aptitude for some unexplained reason. He quickly saw the light: "There's no justice in the world and even less at USNA." Well, he reverted to resting his eyes for the remainder of his vacation here.

Pete was a great friend to all, however. He was one we could joke with but the first to help us if we needed anything.



James Eugene Morrison

Never has there been such a radical change in a person as took place over a four year period in Jim. He went from the straightest of the straight to a top notch partier. Jim came to the Academy from Memphis, Tennessee, and began his career as a Marine Engineering major. Youngster year though, he thought "why be just a Marine when I can be a general?". And so it was. On weekends Jim never remained in Annapolis. He could always be found in Glen Burnie in the company of a sweet young, I say again, young thing.

Jim was President of the Antiphonal Choir first class year. He plans to go to Pensacola and fly helicopters but first seeing how the other half live by taking the surface option. He also plans to marry (guess who?) after graduation.

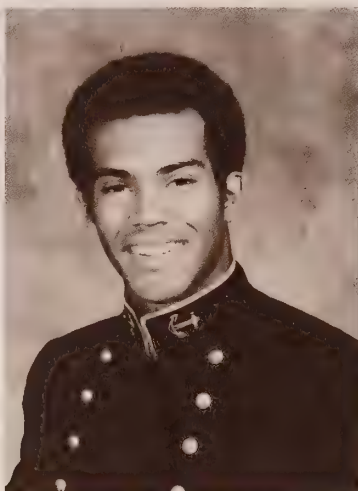
John Donald Myers, better known to his classmates as the "Golden Stallion" was never hard to find. All you had to do was find the nearest mirror. He came east as a football star from Campbell, California. John is a History major who forced his roommate to learn Russian in order to understand him. He was such a conscientious "Bull" major that he agonized over the grammar mistakes in his girlfriend's letters. John competed in handball, rugby and fieldball, in which he anchored the teams defense for four years and was known to intimate opponents with those good "sticks". First class year the stallion had his wings clipped when he took one ring out of his nose only to have another inserted. She took away all his vices except on those "duty weekends". John came to the Academy as a liberal radical but will leave wearing the Marine green.



John Doanld Myers



Robert Joseph Peranich



Randall Royston Pritchett



Edward Paul Riehl

The center of everything so Bobby claims of his hometown of Gulfport, Mississippi. He managed to tear himself away from this edifice of the South for his four year stay at Canoe U.

His major was ECON and quickly he came to face such delights as the law of diminishing returns. Not one to be easily discouraged, Bobby found that the best way to utilize weekends was to become a permanent fixture of the library. He "struggled" hard and "barely" squeezed out a 3.5 cum.

After transitting into first class year with all of its inherent "bennies", Bobby started reconsidering his choice of nuke power school and is now swaying towards NFO. Whether wearing the wings of gold, or the SWO pin, Bobby will be sure to win friends and respect with his friendliness and smooth, southern style of confidence (as long as no one mentions ECON!)

Pritch comes from the Buckeye state known to out-of-staters as Ohio. His hometown was once quoted as being Lancaster. When wearing his sweater, only the stripes are missing to complete old glory. The quarter and mile relay are his events, indoor and out, and he does them well. He was chosen to be Co-Captain of the outdoor squad. His hobby has helped to make his rally weekends relatively inexpensive. His love of life runs hot and cold, but rumor has it the heater gets a better workout than the air conditioner. Pritch is a member of the firebird five. All the accommodations of home, including the wine cellar. Randy intends to swing with the wing. You have to admit, he's had some practice flying these past few years. He might even learn something important at TBS, like how to "put away" vice "put up".

Ed hails from Cumberland, Rhode Island, but claims that he is a Californian at heart. He drives the only 240-Z in Cumberland with California plates. Mechanical Engineering is Ed's major.

Ed enjoys a variety of activities including parachuting, hand ball, and snow skiing. He has his gold jump wings and has served as a pre-airborne sergeant picking up the nickname "Rock" Riehl. During the first set of this year, Ed was our Company Commander and led us to LT Faber's home on "green alerts." Premier among his talents is his marching ability. 29th Company finished a noble last in the fall P-rade competition.

After graduation, Ed will be going to Nuclear Power School and then will be moving on to serve aboard nuclear submarines. He will be remembered as a scholar and a leader.



David Joseph Rossetti

Dave, known in the company as "Rosey", was a real handyman. ("Hey Rosey, the water is supposed to come from the shower nozzle, not the handle!") As a former Sea Cadet, Dave developed a great interest in the ocean. At the Academy, he majored in Oceanography. He also spent many weekends pirating the Chesapeake Bay. Dave earned his yawl command as a youngster, an accomplishment that few are able to do. Dave led his varsity crew through great races, victories, and many broadsides of brew and steak and more brew. The grand finale was the famous Christmas Italian feast with "Davido Joseppi" Rossetti as host, chef, and "Don" of the event. As chef, he prepared a five course Italian dinner in his room. ("But Rosey, next time forget the cigars, the sausage odor was bad enough!")



William Thomas Sears

Tom "W.T." Sears came to Navy from the tiny borough of Savannah with the idea of making a name for himself, and he has done that. Tom's leadership (?) was a true inspiration. The (self-proclaimed) Disco King has also given numerous EI sessions in "D.C. Land Navigation" to his classmates. It is reputed that Tom can traverse Route 50 and the streets of Washington blindfolded, and still hit a disco. A former pre-med, systems, OA and Management major, Tom has received a good cross-section of the majors program. Seriously, Tom has been a credit to the Academy, and also to the economy of Annapolis as a whole. He will be missed by his company-mates, along with Marbert Motors, Peerless, Hojo's the Academy "O" Club, and Ma Bell. Upon graduation, Tom will report to Quantico and The Basic School. We wish Tom all the best, and are sure that he will do well "crawling through the tules."



Stephen Andrew Yates

From down South he came, his name was not Leroy but Andy, he was not from Chicago but from Florence Down Bama, he was not too big but he sure was red. In the Academy he turned out to be a star, he wore two on his Service Dress Blue as a reminder of his abilities in the Systems Engineering field. He made it "No sweat" through the first three years and he had no problems with the first class year as long as he had with him the list of things he had to do. Such a list was written by his dear Mom. However, he got three stripes the first set and with them he also got some problems. For instance, he locked his car keys in the trunk of his car and left his parking lights on for a whole week. He will always be remembered by his classmates as a hell of a friend and, no doubt about it, he will always carry his shotgun with him.



Daniel Andrew Beary

The top dog of Vulture Enterprises warped into Annapolis July 6, 1972 intent on emulating his hero, Mr. Spock. His major(s): Physics and Math – logically. His grades: excellent, naturally. His disposition: stern and unyielding.

Nothing really exciting happened to Dan youngster cruise but he returned to Annapolis to join the newly formed RACKLANTSTAFF as Electronics Material Officer and stereo repairman.

When Dan first came to Navy, he was straight, but after a chance pass through a Smoke Hall mixer, he came off the streets and started painting the town. Second class year changed him from a meek, mild mannered teetotaler to a raving Tequila maniac. At the same time, he straded in his steady, practical Nova for an oil burning monster of a 'Vette. Because of the oil shortage this has cuased, Dan has decided to go nuke in a sewerpaipa beneath the sea.

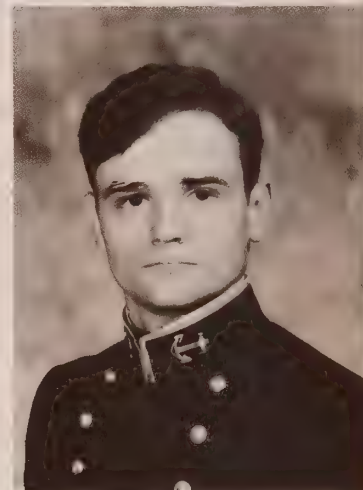


Thomas Andrew Cahill

Toma's filtered across the Mexican border sometime during the spring or early summer of 1972. Being an industrious immigrant, he was able to secure the proper papers (the authenticity of which is somewhat questioned.) and gain entrance to the Academy. Tom was immediately accepted by his peers who recognized him as being a true comedian.

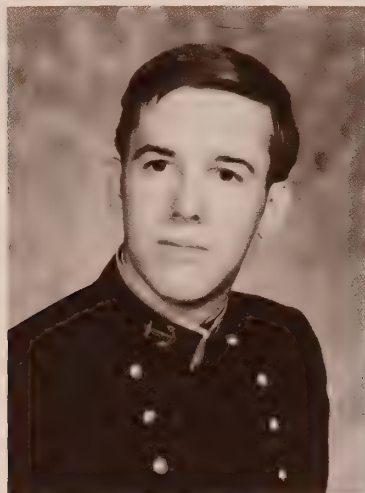
His favorite joke during youngster year was to hoodwink the men down in sick bay into believing that he had contracted a rare illness which showed no symptoms. An eccentric loser who liked to be called "Pele," Tom coached the company soccer team to a 1 – 7 season.

The Navy is going to have a real herd on its hands when Tom hits the Fleet. We wish you luck, amigo.



Elmo Elbert Collins

Too big to play for Oklahoma, this Sooner born and Sooner bred youth, ignoring Horace Greeley's advice, came East. He circled the wagons at Annapolis, but has been known to venture outside, sometimes as far as Baltimore. When asked about his major the Moe replies "OA is OK." This hard working summer Company Commander could never be found, unless of course you were in Baltimore. Really loved those 3 striper libs, huh Moe? Having had enough problems with injuries, the Big "E" is getting a live-in-nurse this June Week. Elmo has seemed to lose more than his share of roommates, better luck next year! If you can't remember who he is, you can always look him up in *Who's Who In American Colleges and Universities*. As a practical problem, Elmo has decided to maximize liberty and minimize work by going Nuc Power. Who says good things come in small packages.



Thomas Wayne Davis

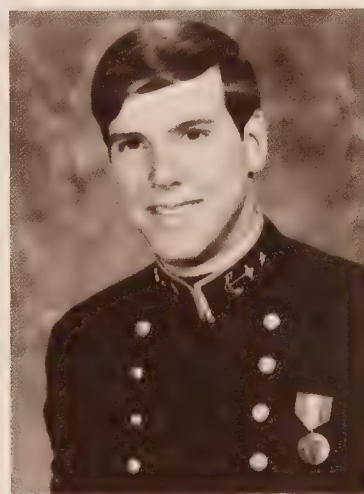
Coming from the exciting state of Kansas, Tom waltzed into the Academy and promptly put everyone to sleep. From the start he had his career charted: 1. fly F-4's, 2. become an admiral, 3. watch TV as much as possible. On youngster cruise "Admiral" David displayed just how well the prairies had prepared him for the ocean by giving his cookies a proper "burial at sea." In spite of losing a few battles during his summers, Tom was winning the war back at USNA. His favorite method of studying for EE was observing the electronic equipment in the wardroom (i.e. the tube). Despite the strange method, he was able to pull the highest QPR in the company. With grades like that, Tom is sure to succeed in flight school, assuming his eyes hold up under the strain of all that tube.



Charles Brian Edington

Brian, better known as Ton to the girls and Pretty Boy to the guys, walked to the Academy from the shores of the South River. Coming from Annapolis High where he starred in lax and football, Brian went on to earn the only starless N★ on the varsity lax team. Through application of the famous coffee pot theorem and the relief brought on by spending his Friday night's at the "O Club" Ton managed to escape the grasp of "G.E." and finished with a major in Mechanical Engineering. Some of the members of the Class of 76 would like to thank Brian's Dad, Arch M. Edington, for supporting our extracurricular activities i.e. "beer blasts, ski parties, parking facilities for underclass cars and bikes and those photo finishes on Saturday nites." Ton is looking forward to graduation and that special day when he will have the opportunity to see all those crazy midshipmen things that his father saw.

Kenny, "Homer," "Homero," "Neck", "Holmsie," "D-Bag" (you know what we mean Homer) hails from somewhere in South Carolina, we think. Always having trouble keeping his heavy beard trimmed, he sometimes resorted to using his mother's tweasers. Homer, sometimes referred to by other prominent oceanographers as "Jacques C," conquered the Navy Swimming Team, and left them second class year with this memorable phrase - "EMBO." Having mastered the Academic scene, he furthered his education with a masters in drinking and a PhD in morality. Even though Homer was tops in his class, he decided to take the easy route after graduation, Nuclear Power. Hopefully all the broken hearts Homer left in Annapolis, will mend when they reach puberty. What the hell's an Ocracoke?



Kenneth Rogers Holmes



Daniel Keolamauloa Kalili

An import from Hawaii, Kaniala Keolamauloa Kalili, better known as Dan or poi boy, was destined to leave his name forever etched in the minds of those associated with Navy. His big love was for academics and he found many of his courses so much to his liking that he took them twice. Dan probably did more than anyone else to help others, particularly those from Hawaii, and he put forth a good effort at helping himself too. Though not inclined to be an athletic star, Dan did contribute a little of himself on the intramural fields, and a lot in the intramural office. Weekends usually found our Hawaiian lad busy with the books or doing other constructive projects in his room, the latter providing the most obvious results. Though the Marine Corps got his heart, the ships of the sea will get stuck with his talent as he pursues his career in Pearl Harbor.



Jeff, better known as "Cheeks," due to a certain physical attribute, is a product of the Steel City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. As a highly active member of the Juice Gang, Reception Committee, and Hop Committee, during his Plebe and Youngster year, he found very little trouble in coming up with excuses to miss weekend formations. An Operations Analysis major, this handsome lad's chief ambitions are to become a Navy pilot, and open his own bar. Finally, let us not forget to mention the numerous awards this one striper won during his years at USNA: the Black 'N' award, recipient of the highest Plebe Professional Test Scores Cup, and a reduction to second class rates as a 'firstie.' Good luck in your future years as a naval officer and remember they do not special request chits, Form 2's, or non-regulation tennis shoes in the real Navy.

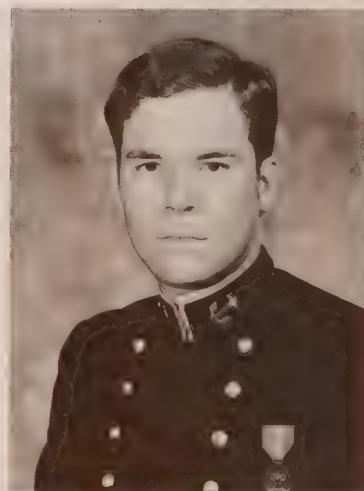


Jeffery William Kalkstein

Ray Lincoln, better known as "Stumpy" came to Navy via Lafayette, California, Woodstock, Asbury Park and various other rock 'n roll places. Renowned for his ability to hold his liquor, Ray was often seen on weekends exporting a box of "rocks" from the local Annapolis liquor store. With dual duties as 30th Company Commander and President of the "Lost Planet Airmen," Ray was amazing in his innate ability to control animals, especially when it came to training lizards.

As a marine engineer, he finally realized that this fine institution never promised him a rose garden – or anything for that matter.

He could be heard every night in Ninitz, where lights go out at 11:20 and the library closes at 11:30, saying "WANNACHECKABOOKOUT?"



Horatio Alonzo Lincoln

Coming from Pittsburgh, Pa, "Mark" has shown himself to be a many-faceted person. Though befuddled at first by his Plebe computer course, Mark moved to the head of the class in just five short semesters. He was always one for a good joke, like the time he tried to pass Navigation, or the time he applied for nuclear power. He had his deep moments, too. Who can forget the touching moment when he so thoughtfully decided to press his roommate's wrinkled underwear without regard to the fact that he was still in them. A welcome addition to any list of best-dressed men, Mark was the first to coach a Brigade championship team from his rack (the "Press Box"). Mark hopes to utilize his management skills in the surface Navy, and they couldn't ask for a bigger nerd. Mark is a valued friend and is wished all the success in the world.

After a slow start plebe year, Larry quickly found fame and success as "Mario" of the German Autobahn and as head of COMRACKSTAFF in 4221 youngster year. Second class summer Larry found his place in the Navy Marine Corps team, excelling in the field exercises at Quantico. This was just a first step in fulfilling his lifelong dream of dying in a flaming F-4; with his boots on.

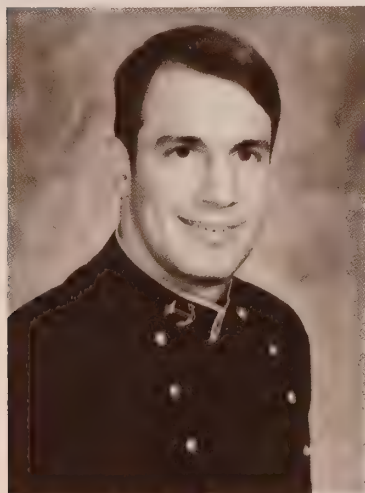
Larry's potential as a leader was shown as the group succumbed to the clutches of mother tequila and Larry stayed sober enough (almost) to drive the downed sunrises home. Further potential as a leader plus an unsuspected talent for leading Christmas carolers with a backscratcher was shown in the pre-Christmas countdown sessions.

Despite all these factors, Larry has a promising career in the Marines due mainly to the fact that he is a charter member of the Tequila Sunrise Club.

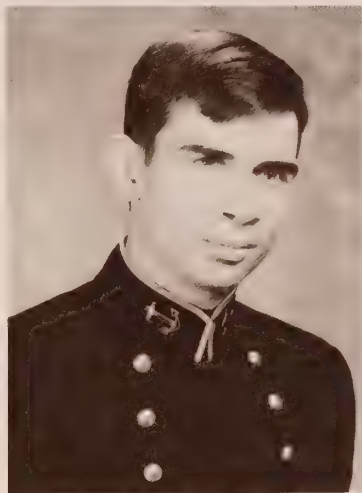
Don came to the Academy to jump and the Academy promptly jumped on him. As the agonies of plebe year subsided, the agonies of love commenced - from the clutches of Catsos to the clutches of his lady.

During youngster cruise, Don achieved his lifelong goal by having his skin color match his hair from sleeping on the San Diego beaches. He returned to USNA and quickly climbed to the number two position in RACKLANT staff. The only times he deserted his post was to appropriate wood and to take off on flights of fantasy.

After seeing the various facets of the Navy, Don became a confirmed steamer ... until he sobered up enough to find out that he really could see straight. His seven foot high flights with the track team, a Navy record, inspired him to set his sights towards Pensacola. He won't be going alone, however. Good luck, Pappy.



Mark Richard Loebig



Lawrence Joseph O'Donnell



Donald Stafford Parker



A rogue wave swept Ramm from Hawaii and washed him up on the banks of the Severn complete with flowered shirt and puka shell necklace. The pride of Punahou quickly made an impression with the upperclass: he was class A'ed only twice plebe year.

Because of his uncanny ability to sit still and concentrate for long periods of time; i.e., 2 secs. he earned the name Pinga Pinga Pineapple.

Always striving to keep ahead of the Joneses, he was the first mid to buy a calculator (while they were still \$300 apiece). Another dubious honor he held being the only first class on second class rates to own three cars — all on half an Ensign's salary, right? Thanks, Mom.

Because his Hawaiian charm he has been in and out of love several times — with the same girl. On the other hand, he spent at least one night warming the floor at Hojo's.

Frank, "Francoise Rene," "Country Bumpkin," was a man for all seasons (football seasons that is). Cut down in his prime second class year, as a result of too much meat squad, "Skinny Rinny" finished a dazzling Navy football career as head goatkeeper. One could see Franchoise on the sidelines, resplendent in his blue and gold coaches cap and shirt, yelling deleted expletives while dodging a trail of little footballs left by Bill the Goat. Frankie hails from a prominent yogart family in the capitol of the confederate states, Richmond, Virginia. Coming to Navy via NAPS, Frankie quickly settled into Navy life by eluding plebe year thru T-tables, majoring in "International Security Affairs" and learning to eat popcorn while watching "In Concert". After graduation Frank will probably cruise to Pensacola á la Porsche 911 yelling at the top of his lungs: "If you can't smoke 'um, Salem."



Rammsden Toyotomi Phillips



Frank Fletcher Rennie, IV.

Frank was born into the Navy and decided at an early age to outrank his Dad by joining high school ROTC and then the Boat School. Plebe year brought him "Poz" some hairy come-arounds and a couple of Black N's, he then decided that marching wasn't his bag and set his 20-20 eyes on Navy Air.

As the author of "The Sensuous Mid" and other LOG epics, Frank realized that his talents lay in other fields besides transistors and shorted shunts. At the end of second class year Frank loaded his guitar into his Japanese red baby and assumed the rule of traveling troubador. He was soon a regular at Tequila Sunrise parties and various girls' colleges.

After graduation, Frank will head to Pensacola where he'll begin preparation on his contingency plan for total war-flying over the Rockies and punching out with his female NFO.

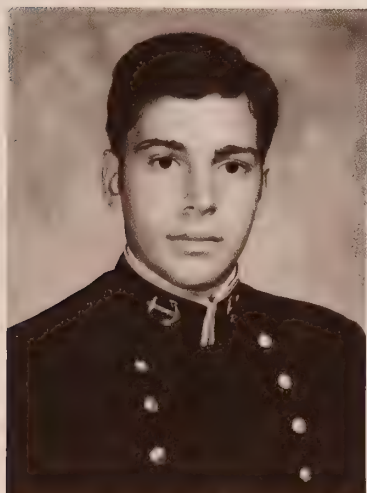


Francis John Rodrick, Jr.



Steven Wayne Rohrsen

Steve left the soft life of ROTC at Ohio State to see what the real Navy was like, somehow he wound up at USNA. So he won't have to hide this from his grandchildren it will suffice to say that Steve survived the "unholy seven" and made it to youngster cruise. On cruise, "Romeo" discovered the finer things in life in the form of German beer, frauleins and a talented girl named Susie, and we discovered the real Steve. He will never forget second class summer in Newport where the Sunrise Club was born and the trips to PJ's in New York. Second class year he had the privilege of carrying the national colors on the Brigade Color Guard. Among his classmates he is well known for getting the job done and for speaking his mind. If he doesn't find himself in a situation he can't talk his way out of, no doubt, Steve will climb the greasy ladder to flag rank.



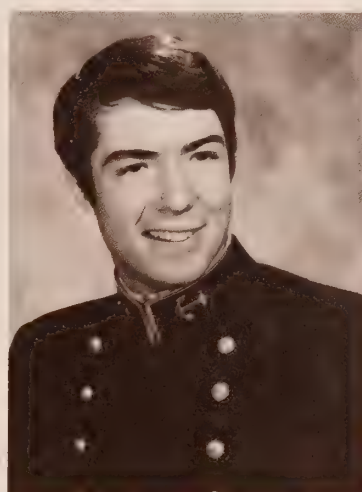
John Francis Sarao

Out of the wilds of Jersey City came a mild mannered midshipman known to his friends and all the girls in the world as "Nice Guy Uncle John". The Godfather of 30 co., the heart-throb of Mary Washington, Hood, Gaithersburg ... distinguished himself for the first two years at USNA by being indistinguishable, except for a little "clean" fun on the Rapperbahn.

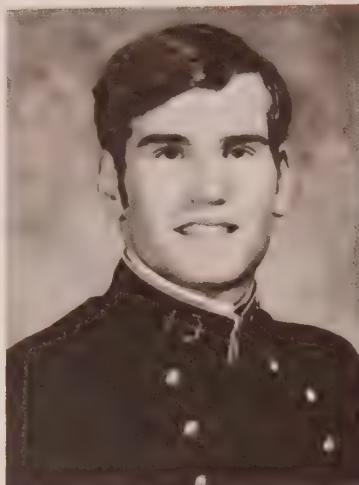
Second class summer, PJ's and the introduction to Tequila caused John to erupt and help found the Tequila Sunrise Club. Second class year a new dimension was added to John's smile: FM stereo. Much to his classmates' consternation, his magnetic smile attracts not only scrap metal but stray girls as well. John managed to pull out a 3.5 in physics, but if Rickover doesn't grab him, he'll don water wings and sling it farther as a surface skimmer. We all hope John has a happy and successful career and stays the hell away from our wives. Amen.

Tom arrived here I-Day from Pensacola, Fla. sporting a beard, wearing tattered clothes, and carrying a golf bag over his shoulder. He had visions of leaving; the firsties had visions of molding him into a model midshipman. Tom eventually won out, although it took four years for his visions to materialize. In the meantime, Tom got into all those activities which separate the men from the mids.

Tom was a one-of-a-kind comedian who got along with everyone, except that group of sailors that jumped him in San Diego while he was on youngster cruise and wiped out his ice cream bar and his face. An OA type, Tome made grades and helped many classmates through the major, except during that semester when he took a beating from the 150 pound football team and from the "Holy Steam Prof." Navy Air deserves the best, Good luck, buddy.



Thomas Michael Smith



Walter Russell Sparks

Walt was born in the early 50's and never left them. He came to Navy equipped with Cornhuskers' Lotion and a warped sense of humor and quickly made an impression on the First Class.

Most of his tenure at Navy Walt spent dopping off in the gym, coming back to the hall only to extinguish cigarettes on his calluses or to show off his N-stars. Seriously, no one was more dedicated to gymnastics than Walt - who else practised backflips over girls' Volkswagons at the Washington "O" Club?

Walt will further distinguish himself by being the first blind man to graduate from USNA. If the Navy ever relaxes regulations concerning seeing eye dogs in cockpits Walt will fly; till then he seems to find surface line mighty fine. When he's not seducing girls with his nefarious tutti-frutti daiquiries, Walt is a member in good staggering of the Tequila Sunrise Club.



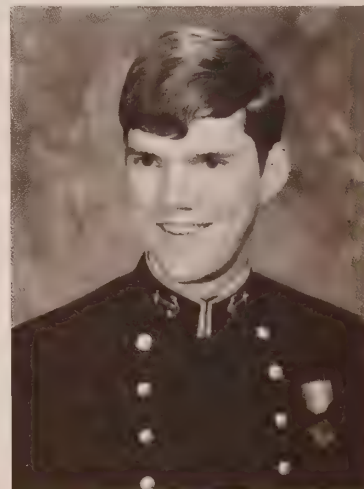
Richard Anthony Stich

Back in the hills of Kentucky some revenuers cracked open a still and Rick rolled out. Plebe year Rick inverted the old custom of plebes sleeping out of the rack before Army by sleeping in the shower *after* Army. Other than that, Rick adjusted to Navy quickly by validating half his required courses, or so he told us, and told us, and told us.

Youngster year Rick engaged in academics and professional endeavors, excelling in both, by qualifying YP OOD in record time and bilging the profs in the chem. dept. This so exhausted him that he spent his final 2 years at Navy in the rack.

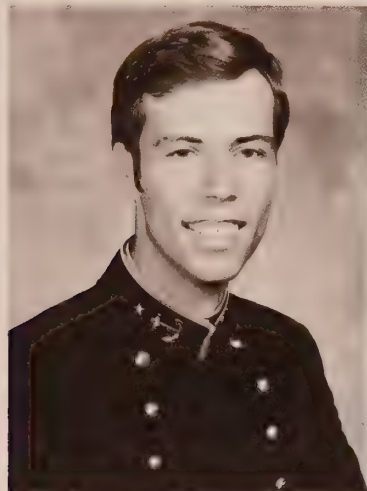
When he wasn't in the rack, he was either in Dahlgren or at Hood College or occasionally participating as a member of the Brigade.

It's easy to see that if he doesn't blow up his boat first, he will be the next atomic brain of the Sub Force.



Kenneth John Stockwell

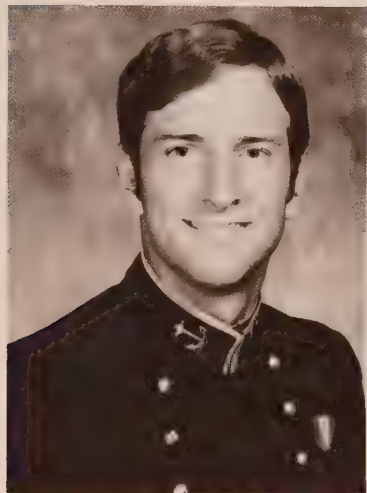
After a distinguished high school career in his hometown of Miramar, Florida, Ken came to Navy along with his twin brother, Dennis. Not wanting to keep up with the other half, Ken set after his own goals. Ken's academic achievement and overall performance entitled him to an interview with the Admiral. Not sure of wanting to win nuclear power, Ken did not risk boarding the bus and immediately dedicated his services to the surface community. Ken almost received the coveted Black N for boarding the wrong bus to a theater production in D.C. and ending up on the USS Constellation in Baltimore. By general consent he was given the good housekeeping award for maintaining the cleanest first class room and should prove to be an outstanding husband for some lucky (?) girl.



Randall Wayne Waldrip

Randy Waldrip, better known as the "Drip", the sexual athlete of 30th Company, has logged more rack hours (both solo and dual) than any other space blaster in this virile class. While coming to Navy via the Philippines, California and Cornwell Heights, Pennsylvania, he calls Calvert Country "Home". Putting things in their proper perspective, Randy always knew his priorities; i.e., number one, preparing for the weekend; number two, the weekend; number three, recovering from the weekend; number four, studying (maybe) . . .

Yet, he still managed to get in some tube time while keeping a respectable QPR. Randy's love for Oceanography has exemplified by his "synchronized" swimming — he should have tried out for varsity water ballet. We're sure Randy will do well in the air if he can leave his bota bag on the ground. Hey, Randy, take a walk on the wild side . . .



Keith Thomas Weaver, II

Keith, "Evil Bo-Wevil," "Ol' Great Rigor," "Weavero," "Weenie," and the other "D-Bag" (Ref, Homer H. Holmes) comes from good Navy stock in Falls Church, Virginia. As a varsity crew jock and captain of the lightweight alcoholics, Weavero was able to leap tall barbers in a single bound, bump into trees, Puke, and row the next morning. Keith, being technically inclined, steered away from the easier options at Navy, and chose to join ten other classmates in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and JORR. While in Pensacola, drinking rum and coca-cola, he'll be singing "Aloha, Randy and Keith" as he wings his way into the wild blue yonder. We will always remember this oarsman, who was the epitome of that great naval saying: "Bag it for six days and pull an all-nighter on the seventh."

In the summer of '72 George decided that it was time to do his duty to his country by joining the Navy.

Being a mild mannered geke with a fascination for the sublime, he quickly found his way into the hearts of his upper class, with the exceptions of "Poz," "Vorno", and "Gastons." As a true sportsman of the water, George became an Aero major, where he learned the Aerodynamic property of breaking wind.

Big George has been spending his waning years at the Academy driving old, too small British cars, wearing old, too big clothes, and looking at the undersides of old, too high tables late at night. George aspires to great glory as a leader in having three stripes, one each set, and as few stars as possible. When it comes to service selection night, George's only question will be: "Where do I go to Row."



George Meredith Wheeler



Ted Glen Achorn

Ted hails from the "booming" metropolis of Florence, Alabama. While at the Academy Ted participated in such athletics as company basketball, fieldball and a slight touch of intramural sailing. Ted's main efforts were towards academics and finding ways to escape the grasp of Mother "B". It can safely be said that Ted was not exactly on the first string "tube team," but let there be a good football game on and he would always be there (especially when one team was wearing crimson ... as in Tide!!)

Ted's future plans are in the Navy's nuclear power program.

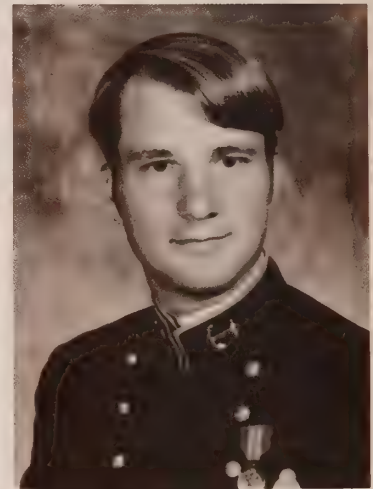


Raised in the shadows of the Cascades, on the shore of the Sound, Charly came out East ready to go with the slope and ride with the tide. Cruising through plebe year Charly developed his refreshingly frank attitude to a tool of searing sharpness which he effectively wielded in countless battles against the forces of right and virtue.

Continuing his uphill struggle for out-of-company stripes, Charly waged war from the depths of the tube room, scarfing up on strategy from untold episodes from the flickering screen.

Second class year found a new crusader attempting to gain the battle of the sexes. Hiring out as a mercenary Charly rampaged through the yard, Hood and Marymount, leaving broken bodies and burning passion in his path.

Looking ahead to NucPwr Charly skated through 1st class year (Rickover?! Who's he?)



Charles Anderson

Howie hails from the rainy town of Eugene, Oregon. Plebe year was marked by a successful year on the varsity golf team. He also became a "record spinner" for the Navy's radio station, WRNV. His ensuing years at the Academy were spent playing golf and records, and chasing women. In the last area, he seems to have been with his current girlfriend for 17 months, and from here, it looks like it will be a lot longer. Howie plans on going for submarines as he had heard there are extensive golf facilities on board, in which case, we can only wish Howie the best of luck.



Howard Bernard Aschwald, Jr.



Roy Joseph Balaconis

Roy Balaconis came to Annapolis from the stronghold of South Boston. During Plebe Summer he proved himself a worthy opponent by slugging his way to the 127 lb. title. Turning to sailing, he devoted many of his weekends to road trips on order to represent Navy at the regattas and ensuing parties. In the twilight hours, he could be found pursuing his studies in rack or composing one of his many love letters.

He had many brushes with the administrative code of conduct, finally breaking into the varsity, with 75 and two, second class year. In fact he was in and out of potential crises so often that he rivaled the great Filo McGiven.

Roy will long be remembered for his contributions to the art world. With a beer and a brush, he could paint the world.

After graduation, Roy will set sail for surface line and Pearl Harbor.



James Stephenson Bane, III

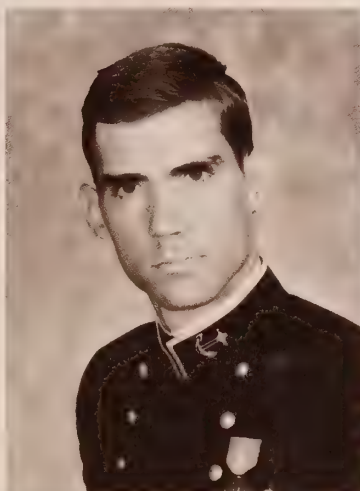
Coming to USNA from ETSU was quite a shock to Jim's system — the custom of wearing shoes and sitting on chairs instead of tree stumps took some getting used to.

Plebe year was hectic for Jim, but things probably would have been worse had it not been for his well-known roommate "Ernie", who proved to be some sort of screen.

Intramural sports were the name of the game for "Youngster" year, and spring found Jim as Sixth Battalion rugby's "Happy Hooker." Coxswain sounded better, so crew was the sport for the next two years.

"Bruiser Bane" made his entrance to First Class year as a squad leader on the Plebe Detail. Long weekends plus a car made him scarce.

Fair winds and smooth seas will be with Jim as June sees him launch on a voyage planned since second class year, surface line.



Gordon Russell Brown

Gordo always got by. He never really had a tough time with grades, but always managed to keep busy with something. He always took a heavy academic load trying to milk the academic portion of the academy for everything he could. On top of this he actively participated in the varsity sailing program, and numerous extracurricular activities including Handball Club, Bridge Club, Pep Band, Chess Club, Military studies Association, Sigma Pi Sigma (Physics Club) and a few others.

Nevertheless, his busy schedule was satisfactorily integrated with hours of relaxation in the "tube" room, ship model building, and an easygoing atmosphere which caused him to stretch a few regulations, but kept him cheerful and ready to help out a friend.



Stephen Matthew Champlin

Steve, hailing from Buffalo, N.Y., came to the Academy with high hopes, an analytical major during his tenure at Annapolis, Steve was also a member of the hockey team. As first set Batt Ops, he found out stripes were more work than fun and games. Along with Mac, Roy, and Jim, Steve became part of the gertel family, making his stay at USNA more tolerable. The surface line community will be waiting for Steve upon graduation.

Steve Clark hails from St. Louis, Missouri. An outspoken stubborn old goat, Steve has mellowed with time. He joined the ranks of the Marine Corps, a potential "lifer." Only Ping knows what he is up to.



Steven Edward Clark



Charles Rivers Cleveland

Mendel hails from "Meiretta," S.C., coming to the USNA as a jock, but about all he has done physically here is provide the Medical Department with headaches. Especially effective are his hinged ankles. Rivers started off his career at the Banana Factory with a bang, being the only plebe privileged enough to get a single room Plebe Summer. But after that he has gotten a "roller coaster" lecture about every other semester from his company officers. When it comes to women folk, who else do you know who can convince their ladies that he has Paul Newman eyes when they are actually brown. He came back second class year with a car, but the second day his engine burned up. With luck like that he's sure to be a big success at Pensacola.



Allen Woodrow Groves

It is rare when one can pinpoint a Mid's desires, but with A.J. you can: his woman and his yearning to fly the wild horizon, (the faster, the better). The first objective finds its end in a June Week wedding that started even before slipping out to see Sallie on Sunday afternoons of plebe year. A.J.'s special flying cruises have often gained him irate company officer sneers, but he always managed to end up successfully in the clouds. Both these objectives have been only approached by one other, common to everyone - Getting Out. July '76 will see Al in a flight suit instead of fencing sweats sporting the meanest "handlebar" you've ever seen!



George Robert Hicks

He who when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth tells it boldly and had done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling (i.e., quantitative analysis and instrumental classes of O.W.R.).

Bruce was here and then went out. He fought a fight but lost the bout. But he came back to fight once more. He found the fault and opened the door.

Stuart M. Johnson ... derelict! Stratford, Connecticut would hardly recognize him. If you couldn't find him in his rack or playing with his leather balls (rugby, that is), you'd find him watching Baretta.

Stud's weekend endeavors followed his uncanny ability to sniff out the suds. If he wasn't practicing "curls" he was on the relentless hunt for that special lady, as he left many assorted affairs behind.

If Stu could be found studying, it was only to boggle his mind in his major, Chinese. His foremost question upon graduation is, "What's a Chinese major doing in nuclear power?" His favorite number is 5.

Joe never really had a hard time juggling at Canoe U. (although you never would know it just listening to how bad he did on his last test, "Sure, Joe.") When not excelling at the Boat School, Joe has been busy rescuing damsels and conquering circuits (in that order!). I believe 'Hayseed' has coined the next famous naval saying to be seen in Luce Hall: "But really Al, this time I *know* it's the real thing." "Sure, Joe." Nuc Power and subs lie in the immediate future for UNDER PLUNDER, but his ceaseless energies and determination will serve him well throughout his life.



Bruce Anthony Hougese



Stuart Manfred Johnson



Joseph John Martinka



Kevin Patrick McNamara

Kevin came to the Academy from the "DA" Bronx, and despite the many rumors never owned a chain in his life. While at Annapolis he divided his time between books, sports, tube, rack and girls but certainly not in that order. He majored in Foreign Affairs not completely out of a respect for different cultures, but more of a hatred of the four C's (calculators, Chemistry, computers, and Calculus).

Perhaps his most outstanding attribute was his ability to get in on a good deal. He spent the twilight year of his existence, at the Academy, as Vice Honor Chairman, a position that was greatly appreciated on nights when fish was served. They didn't call him Big Mac for nothing. He will long be remembered for this cow-lick, his telephone and his Irish temper.

Upon graduation, this frustrated flyer will head down to Pensacola and N.F.P. school.



Blaise Patrick Miller

Blaise came to the Naval Academy after spending a year at NAPS. During his plebe year he was a member of the J.V. lacrosse team but gave that up because of academic difficulty. Since that time he has been a staunch supporter of the USNA intramural program.

Blaise didn't have much trouble adjusting to military life, but he did have some academic problems. The reason for Blaise's academic trouble was probably due to the frequent visits of his classmates seeking the wisdom of the "old man." Through all his trials and problems at the Academy Blaise managed to keep his sense of humor which helped to brighten the spirits of many of his classmates.



Mark Allan Mula

Young and eager, Mark came to USNA straight from high school in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. and quickly became an integral part of the system. The hardest challenge he has encountered since his institutionalization has been the suppression of his quick wit and keen sense of injustice in favor of a more career-enhancing congeniality. While this won him the unanimous favor of classmates, his strict and persistent adherence to regulations caused him to be regarded with woe by those below him. Academics were a gas and 3 years of Varsity sailing proved a sufficient escape from the more irksome facets of Navy life: formations and parades. Mark's controlled violence and ability to bring out the best in his acquaintances will surely help him as he walks the surface line.



Ronald Carl Schuller

3rd Compnay's token "Who's Who in College Students," Ron followed his father and brother to the Academy and the Analytical Management major to grace the halls with his friendliness and sociability. Affectionately known as "Hot Dog," "White Shoes," or "Dirtball," and one of the original company rackhounds, Ron nonetheless has maintained a 3.0+ average and has risen to be one of the company stripers.

Sculls played "Joe Willy Q.B." on the company football team and swung the big homerun stick for the softball team. First class year he left "Mother B" for "home-away-from-home" at U.Va., majoring in racing his Blue Max.

Graduation will find Ron taking the Southern ticket to flight school with his pretty wife to tear up the air over Florida. Friends have no doubts of his ability to find the friendly skies of the "Straight and Level" community. Heads up Navy Air!



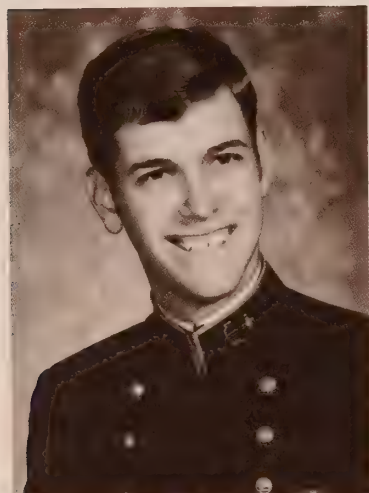
Peter Steven Varsanyi

Pete alias T.G.F. has the distinction of coming from the "armpits of the nation" - Newark, N.J. via NAPS.

Pete has a distinguishing physical characteristic - stinkfoot. They were so bad a dead bird once flew into his shoe (discovered lifeless therein by exploring toes at sunrise one morning during one of his memorable E.D. marathons.)

Camel could have easily been the fifth musketeer as shown by his excellence in achieving 4 varsity letters in fencing. But his teammates will always remember him for those lively parties in the back of the bus on away trips and driving to practice in his red Vette.

Pete's weekday Mr. Hyde in Bancroft Hall was characterized by some incredible antics. However, at precisely 1505 on Friday enter Dr. Jekyll; the mild mannered muffman headed back to his "nest" in D.C. Pete's rare ability to function well in the most debase and complicated environments should serve him well in the surface community.



Walter Frederick Watson



Gerald Alan White

Wally, affectionately called "Waaally" by his classmates, comes from San Jose, Calif. The academics here managed to hold his interest for 2 years before giving way to the Christian life and watching T.V. The fascination of the tube has caused a continual drop in grades, making the possible nuclear future less secure. The association with Christians has brought on a company label of "B.B." or "Bible Beater."

The future holds some intriguing possibilities. The surface navy is sure to get him for 5 years and after that there is only a big question mark. The only thing Wally is sure of is that whatever he does about a possible career will be based on his beliefs.

The last thing of note in his time here at Chesapeake U. of Wally's consistent rooming with Gordo, the goat. It's an experience which cannot be easily matched.

Jerry, backbone to the infamous camel, came to the Naval Academy from California via NAPS. He was always a conscientious midshipman and was quite often found reading the Reg Book (I guess to see how many he had broken and gotten away with). Jerry didn't have too much trouble with academics because most of his efforts were channeled towards ardent study at his girl's apartment on weekends. He loved cars so much that he disguised his Chevelle like a steward's just so he could keep it near him at Ricketts Hall parking lot ("only on the weekends").

Since coming to USNA, Jerry has always looked forward to being a pilot and is sure to succeed in this endeavor.

Wings, a native of Falls Church, Virginia, originally came to the Academy to row crew and became a Navy pilot. During his Youngster year he retired from crew and became a professional company intramural athlete excelling in soccer, football and softball. Also during his 3/c year Paul got involved with the Navigators and started to learn about himself and his walk with Christ. The next two years were a growing experience as he worked with the Navigators and deepened his relationship with Christ. His plans after graduation are still to fly planes and walk with Christ.



Paul Riley Wrigley



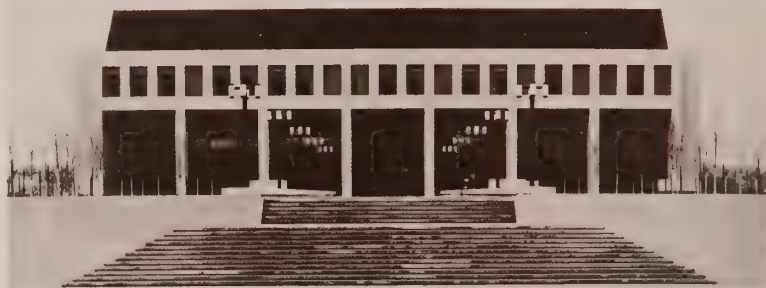
Charles Ingalls Campbell, III

Charles Ingalls (Chipper) Campbell, III coming from Kansas City, Mo. had no problem slipping into Academy life. After getting close to a first class "Buddy" he cruised thru plebe year.

Youngster year when not answering to the "Call of the Rack" he spent his time swimming and "A Carolling" with the Catholic Choir.

Second class studies hil Chip hard and he was forced to study for at least an hour or two a week. During this year he also joined Tensle Corps and his flashing smile could be seen for miles on a sunny day. Never one to say no to something free Chip went on many a Rosemont rendezvous.

After spending his summer with our Allies across the water he embarked on the thankless task of getting women (ECHHH!!!) into the Naval Academy. Upon graduation Chip plans to see the world from the back seat of a jet.



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Thomas Phillip Cook is known to the closer as "TP the Crook". He's a scrappy 150 pound Coors powered Datsun driving diegan. Tom majors in Analytical Management with his hand to be on the throttle of a big bird. A gnarly lightweight oarsman, and one of the tops, he's developed the lightweight slogan: "If it hurts – quit." Tom's bout with the books found him burning the midnight oil, but more often than not resulted in a quick nod and an upright doze. T.P. seem to keep times of 'trouble' in perspective with; "If they can't take a joke –." Never to be one-upped he can out-stare a clock and takes great pride in the control of his midriff muscle. A firm believer in "If the minimum weren't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum." T.P. hopes his new horizons are sky blue and the only minimum to watch out for are the days to graduation.



Thomas Phillip Cook

Lyal, alias "Boy Foot Bear" came to us from out west near a small town called Ely, Nevada. A graduate of White Pine High School, Lyal has pursued his studies in the Systems Engineering field. Visions of the future could bring a career in the nuclear navy or surface community. Also known as "Laddiebuck" Lyal, captain of the heavyweight crew team, is a hard worker. Dedication is one of his best attributes. His cultural range covers Bizet to Robbins with various in-betweens. His humor is not exceeded, right! Mr. Eagle?. A country gentleman by nature Laddiebuck has his blue days, but a quick call to Gub, Big Bill or Fussy and all's well. Asked about his choice of Navy over the cows and the good country life Lyal replied that the Navy interests him more. I guess you could say he "Saw the water."



Lyal Barclay Davidson

Paul "Whip-It-On-In-Here, Buck" Deppe came to the good ole USNA from the flatlands of the checkered flag and oval tracks. Amongst his expounding academic endeavors of computer design are many hours down in the mysterious vaults of the EE Department.

Being the shutter-bug of the company, we all knew the real reason for those NAAA sideline passes; camera in hand, and a pretty lass in the viewfinder! His Batt cross-country training surely came in handy for chasing down those beauties. However, experience proved that it wasn't the wisest of ideas to ask him to set you up for a heavy date, unless, of course, you had some liking for bricks!

At any rate, I'm sure that after the initial shock is over, the aviation community will make a good home for Paul, and we all wish him the best of luck!

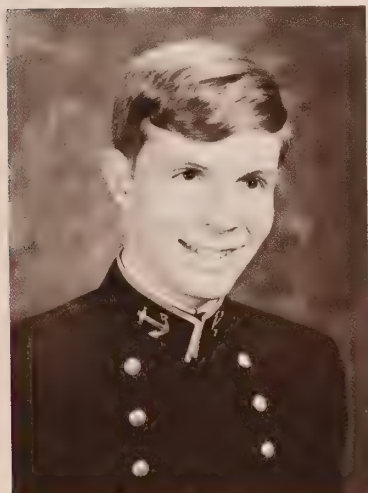
No one looks forward to June '76 more than Mike Freeman. The Academy's academics proved to be rather difficult, but Mike excelled in everything else.

A man of genuine Southern protocol, Mike always appears easygoing. His good humor and natural leadership carried him to the top of the company.

Never one to mix business with pleasure, he studied hard during the week, and lived for the weekends.

The outdoors and natural sciences are his major interests, and there's something to be said for rockhounding in South Carolina too!

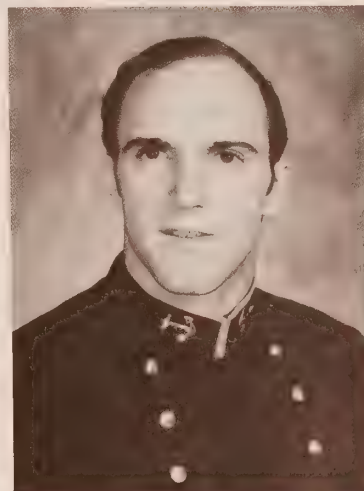
Mike's seen the East Coast, so June will see him off to the West. Surface line is what the Navy is all about. What ever ship gets Mike will get one of the hardest working officers to be found. He'll be long gone during his leave, though.



Paul Richard Deppe



Michael Dean Freeman



Thomas Allen Gardner, Jr.



Thirty-second Company's "good buddy" came to us from the town of Signal Mountain, Tennessee. Being a little homesick during plebe summer, he decided to take a two-week vacation and go home and see his girl (and play in the Tennessee State All-Star Football Game). Discovering that this wasn't bad duty at all, he decided to make it a tradition, and subsequently took three months off each fall, "To get ready for the Army game," and it must have paid off, because Tom finished his football career with three N-stars to his credit.

Seriously, Tom was a hard-working individual both on and off the gridiron, managing a 3.0 cum (same order of magnitude, anyway) in spite of all the time he put into other activities.

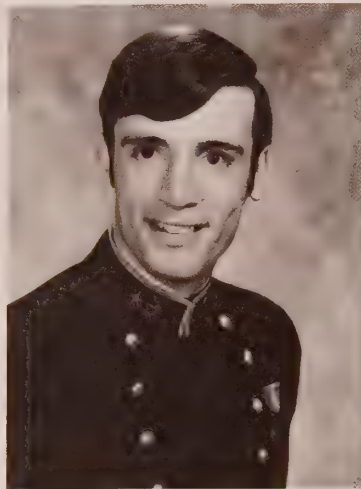
As service selection nears, he is heading for subs and a rendezvous with ol' Hymie himself. We all wish the best of luck to him, a real friend.

Jim (Gus, Jimmy Lee, Hey You) made the 3000 mile leap from the endless summer of Santa Cruz, Calif. to the endless bummer of USNA with the same carefree abandon that characterized his four years here. Blending into the scenery as a plebe, he caught little of what rolled down hill that year, and endured a relatively reg existence.

A regular at "The Lawns," and "The End of the Dock," Jim was never too proud to drink beer from cans, and rallied with the best of them. First class year he made use of four stripes and a Porsche to blaze the trail to Hood bi-weekly. Having an appreciation of a row work to play ratio, and the brains to support that appreciation, he took to heart the motto, "Bridges are made for those that can't skate across," and breezed through his ME major on his way to submarines, and the "Unclear" Navy.



James Lee Gustafson



Garry Evan Hall

Garry Evan Hall came to the Naval Academy from Buffalo, N.Y., via NAPS. He came here with the idea of being a surface line officer but has since changed his mind no less than 100 times to finally decide on a career in the air.

The Great Garo, a name he acquired because of his talent with magic had many encounters with females during his tenure here. His magic and balloons, besides his being a member of the Flying Bambarino Brothers, always got him started with the girls but there were a few times he had to go to his "lucky dime" to pull him out of trouble.

Garo was also a cycle nut who had a tendency to go over the "high side" with friends. He finally settled down with his "red bus" and the Bode.

Garo also a member of the most exclusive clique was always up for a night of ponies and nurses, well almost always.



Ernest Spriggs Halton

When Ernie first arrived at the Academy from Washington, D.C., he knew what he wanted to do when he graduated four years later and that was fly helicopters . . . However, things didn't quite turn out that way. One of his few disappointments was his not being able to be a Navy soccer hero but a cheerful and boogying Ernie came back to entertain with the Academy's soul rock group, The Variations. On weekends he would always faithfully point his heart toward home and to a certain young lady. As a senior he discovered another attribute, coaching. While coaching the company soccer team, he coached with a style that would have even made the great Vince Lombardi look like an ordinary school boy in comparison with his determination to win. Soon after graduation Ernie plans to "Tie the Knot" and become a surface warfare officer, a welcome addition to any ship.



Dennis Willard Hilligas

Dennis Willard Hillegas (or Will as he was called by his closer friends) was a firm believer that USNA was not the place to be on the weekend. He took his weekday classes at USNA and his weekend classes at U. of Delaware.

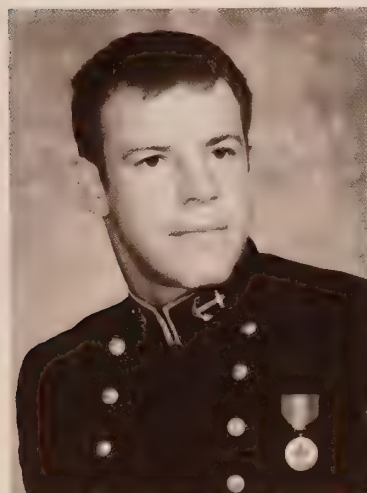
In the afternoons, Will could be seen playing Co. B-ball or kicking field goals and reating mayhem on the heavyweights. This, of course, imitation for Coach Higgins.

Will was on AnaMana major and carried a 2.5. His most famous saying was "I'll hit the rack now and get up early to study."

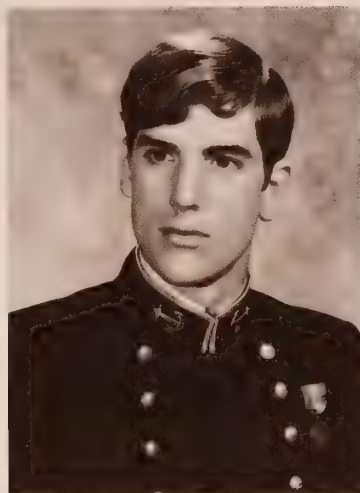
Will's happiest moment at USNA (and probably his only one) was when he was officially declared a "Bat-eyes" and confined to restricted line. Since Supply Corps was all he talked about, it's obvious he was heartbroken.



Donald Scott Marston



Phillip Randy Hutcherson



Christopher Mark Joachim

P Randy Hutcherson arrived in Annapolis from the Disney Capital of U.S.A., Fullerton, California. Hutch was never one to mince words be they with either officers or classmates. It was this "walking tall" attitude of Randy's that secured his starting spot on the football team for two years.

Grades also came easy for Randy who never fell below a 3.00 in his Aerospace major. His major laid the foundation for aspirations to become a Marine aviator.

Never one to show fear, Randy was often seen on the back of Garo's Honda and even received the title of easy slider after one infamous June Week party.

Randy entered the Academy weighing 215 and standing over six-two, however, after his ankle operation he started first class year at 190 and six foot. Hutch was often heard stating "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

Jokes, as he is more commonly known, came to USNA for one reason – it had more rules to break than any other school in the country.

He is at the top of the class when it comes to crew, Physics and Sea Law.

Get some "gravy" at 4 weeks, and "happy days" are here again for the rest of the semester. And there's nothing more satisfying than a 90 percent "A" either.

A quick mind along with high motivation for the Navy makes Jokes a certain career man. "Besides," he says, "I'd rather not have to work for a living!"

A firm and longtime advocate of RHIP, Jokes found it necessary to clean up his act during first class year. Jokes will make a find Admiral, unfortunately, he must start out as an Ensign.

A certain success at whatever he puts his mind to, he's headed for nuke subs and the West Coast after graduation.

Donald Scott came to the Naval Academy from the foot of the "humble" Wasatch Mountains to pursue Aerospace Engineering as his major.

"Squat", as he was called on the football field, was an asset to every game (his commentaries from the bench were often very helpful). His major love (and investment) was his '65 Vette that provided him with many memorable times and chances to spend his pay checks.

Never one to back out on a Tippy's run – Scotty was known to have raised a pony or tow. Rumored to be the founding member of the "Pre-Nupes" Club and a member in good standing in the "If you don't know about it, you're not invited" clique, Scott led this "faction" to many a steak dance.

A true roamer in the mess hall of life Scott was voted "Most Likely to sit in the back seat" Scott will make a fine NFO and with luck, Ensign.



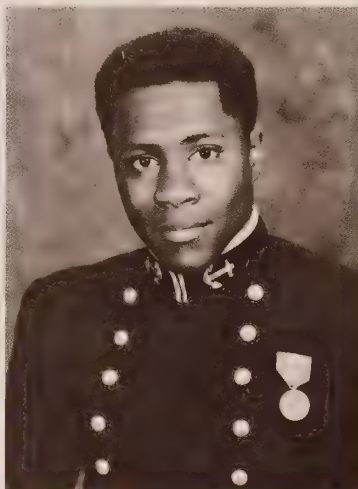
Theodore Louis Mencke

Theodore Louis Mencke is referred to as Ted by most everyone. Occasionally known as "Torpedo Ted" due to a bad landing as a plebe crew coxswain.

Ted majored in an arduous curriculum of reading science fiction books *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, eating, periodic wardroom drills and briefly delved into some postgraduate sleeping. Besides this strenuous academic load, Ted managed to minor in Aerospace Engineering.

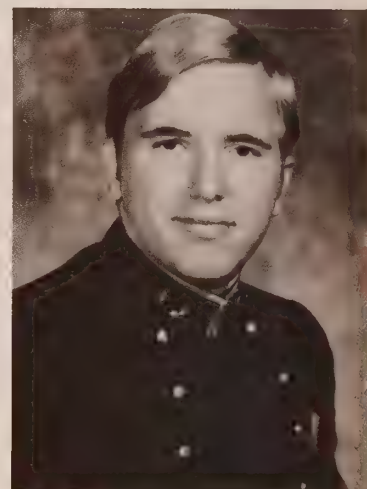
Ted showed his dexterity through participating in various ECA's such as the Karate Club, plebe crew coxswain, company fieldball and football, and battalion squash. Ted just missed becoming captain of the swimming sub squad (rock squad) by failing to drown in any of his 1/c swimming tests.

As for service selection, airplane models and pictures of the F-14 on his bulletin board made it obvious what his choice was.



David Alan Miles

Dave hails from Mullica Hill, N.J. and comes from a Navy family. After completing his first year, Dave knew he was made for Navy life. As he moved through his next few years his goal changed from naval officer to Marine Corps officer, countless times. Dave became a physical fitness nut. Being aggressive and having a great love for physical contact were just two of Dave's outstanding qualities which caused him to become involved with the Navy Rugby Club. Saturday afternoons in both the spring and fall would find Dave actively involved in a battling and bruising rugby game. When not involved in working out, books, or playing rugby Dave could be found anywhere on the East Coast trying to tease and please the ladies. If the Marines are looking for a few good men they will surely find one in Dave.



John Charles Sundquist

John, known by all throughout the Hall as "Sunny" hails from that too far away land of California. Plebe year was no good deal for this young buck, but he made up for all those tribulations by taking an all-expense paid vacation with the Grey funnel line to the exotic lands of the Far East.

Youngster year brought a lot more excitement and challenge into John's life. Nominated to the exalted rank of 3/c Wardroom King, he found out that the academic world didn't entirely pay tribute to him in the proper manner. That year slowly passed by to be saved by that illustrious 2/c summer. New London proved to be a most rewarding visit.

After becoming a true blue Boat driver 1/c summer, he was ready to get it on and over with.

Sunny doesn't know exactly what lies ahead but no matter what, he'll make it for sure.



David Jerome Sweeney

David Jerome Sweeney, or as he was called by his friends, "Bodey" left his brothers in Walnut Creek, Calif. to become a naval aviator. At the Academy he was well known for many things. Sweenys were greatly renowned for his frolicking antics with the "Great Garo." Together they were sometimes called the flying bamborino brothers.

During his years at Navy, Dave became a man of priorities. High on his list were pony eights, nuturing Zed and disassembling his first class car.

Having an innate love of the sea he majored in Oceanography. It is even rumored that he shared a brew with none other than Jacques Cousteau himself.

According to Dave, his aspirations in life are simple — bathtub Porsches, Gordon, and an occasional trip to Canada. But most of all, flying those big birds.



Bernard Eric Vandsall

Bernie hails from Lansing, Mich. and like many people from the "Great Lake State" he is a lover of the outdoors and water sports. In his first years at the Academy Bernie was very active in the Navy swimming program. Bernie is also a member of Navy's high-stepping Drum and Bugle Corps which delights crowds at football games and parades with their musical and marching talents. His love of airplanes and success as an Aerospace major has caused Bernie to aspire to be a Navy pilot. Bernie's head often points to the sky for reasons other than dreams of flying. A devotee reader of the bible Bernie strives to imitate the almighty in his thoughts, words and deeds toward others. For relaxation Bernie loves to go ice skating. He also loves ice cream and it doesn't matter what kind as long as there's a lot. Bernie should make a great pilot, Good Luck!

Breezing into Annapolis from Harrison, Ohio, Bugle in hand, "The Wolf Man" gave USMA a few months to prove its merits. And decided they could keep him. "The unknown Plebe" to the firsties, Wolf spent more time out of company as a plebe than most firsties did. Youngster year brought the challenges of an EE major, a heavy partying schedule. Never one to let slashing interfere with listening to good music, or making his own good music, Wolf was nevertheless "the man with the plan" when it came to computers, wires, or calculus, and was knowledgeable to be 32's stereo whiz kid. With first class year came three stripes as "Corps Commander", president of Trident Brass, and best of all — the Vette. If he survives the grueling race of striper liberty until service selection at the end of the set, Wolf plans on taking an all-expense paid 18 month vacation in Pensacola.



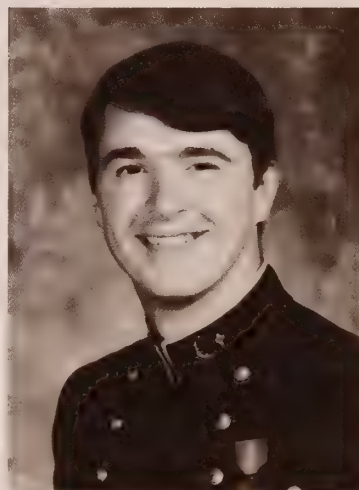
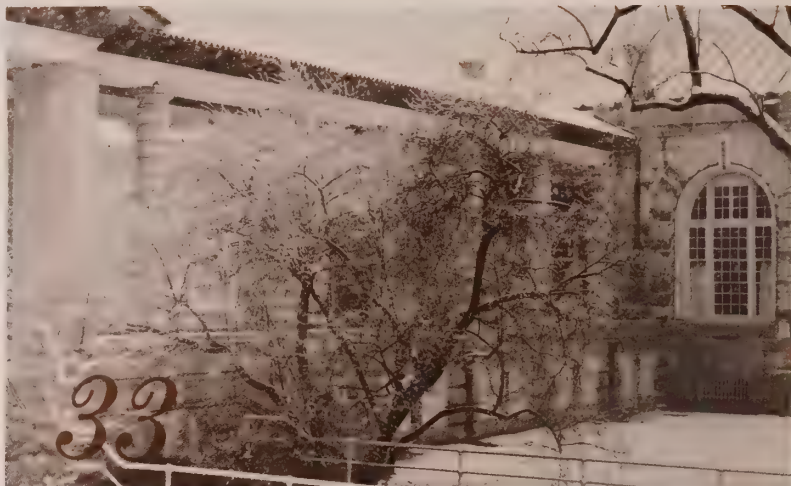
John Richard Woelfel



Chris Leonard Alberg

Chris came to Camp Annapolis via the football route but soon proved he was more than an air-headed jock. Majoring in studying and meals he quickly impressed everyone with the way he aggressively pursued all goals. Unlike most guys, Chris could never adjust to Maryland. In fact, the never adjusted to the West Coast at all – he just brought Carson, California with him. He was a terror on the heavyweight football team and the "A" side club rugby team. Chris was also a four year letterman in varsity lunch and many, many gallons of firewater were consumed in the California party wagon.

For two years, "The Berg" lived the social life of a monk: After the divorce, tho' barely a skirt shuffled that Chris didn't notice. Rumor has it that Hollywood may grab him as a stunt man for George Kennedy. The "Berg" plans to "take her down" as a bubblehead after graduation.



Lawrence William Astyk

Larry came to Navy from the Polish stronghold of Buffalo, New York. "Styk" brought with him an easy-going attitude and witty humor that would draw many friends. After a few minor setbacks plebe year (all rolled into a "package deal"), and terrorizing the Far East on Youngster cruise, Larry settled down to hard work with his major – "nuclear" management. A natural athlete Larry was active in many sports – football, lacrosse, hockey, mates' desk throwing, 12 oz. weight lifting, "laying the boots" ... When not studying (?) or participating in some sport, he could always be found with his best friend – the rack. Last, but not least, among Larry's many time-consuming activities was eating. His favorite being anything with ketchup on it. After four years of hard work Larry was a little disappointed that Navy wasn't going to let him go back to Jimmy, Dave, Kong, and Kevin to take over the "ounce", but he took the closest alternative and chose the Marines.



Rich Andrew Baggot

Having come from sunny San Diego, California, Bags (Bag-it or any other term relating to one's general tendency to not work) had a real challenge to meet in adjusting to the East Coast climate. Be that as it may, Rick has distinguished himself as the company musician. No bar – no matter how small – with a piano in it has failed to be honored with a little jazz at his hands. This, though, is not the main place at which Rick's musical interest is manifest, having been a member of the Academy's own dance band, the Trident Brass for his entire visit here. Bags is really "into" sailing – good excuse for wanting to join the Navy. Why Rick became an engineering physics major is hard to figure out except that music isn't offered. Maybe it is all the better for a planned entry into the ranks of the nuclear-trained officers and eventual return to California.



Garth Richard Beckett

Garth Beckett had his work cut out for him from the beginning when he roomed with the legend 33rd Company. Garth quickly overcame this obstacle and learned not to hang around his room during study hour. From this he soon adopted good study habits and worked hard for Adm. Rickover's Navy.

Garth is an avid golfer and he could be seen many times returning from the links, hanging and shaking his head, telling everyone the score he could have had save a few bad hits.

After three years of managing the Big Blue Garth decided to give it up which gave Navy its best season in 10 years. BZ Garth!

Garth's claim to fame plebe year was having the ugliest brace in the world. He was always a go-getter. He has also been referred to as a basic 'sweat' working hard to keep away from the flak.

Everyone wishes Garth the best of luck as a bubblehead and many prosperous years.



John Benjamin Bridgeman

The man - J.B., the town - New Martinsville, W.Va. Bridge swooped in from the coal mining camps to Canoe U. Greener than the moss on a log his old nickname of "hoops" got changed to "hillbilly" right quick. We all knew him for his gangly walk and slick mouth. Full of spunk J.B. was a brigade boxer for a spell, but his real love was hunting grouse and drinking Strohs.

Weekends would find him patronizing the Weems Creek Tavern or the Palomino Inn; never one to take his studies seriously, he lived by the Engineer's Code - be in the rack by twelve, no matter what. But when it came time for a test he always seemed to get the gouge, though he was often accused of having a pair of knee pads "ahangin' out by the shed."

Bridge swears he'll be a flyboy, but we all figure he'll wind up in nuke school. We wish him the best of luck no matter which way he goes.

Fidel is a very surprising person, he seems quiet and shy at most times but when he sees a chance to play a practical joke, he is the first one to get his hands and mind into it. He went to great lengths to pull his capers, one of which involved filling an entire room of his classmates with newspapers, he had saved for 3 months.

Fidel worked hard at academics during his tenure as a midshipman and he managed to stay on top of the load most of the time. His favorite course being rack 627. Swimming not being his strong suit, Fidel could be found many afternoons returning from Macdonough Hall.

Fidel soon began spending his spare time in Hagerstown and then purchased a "mobile playboy Pad" (i.e., his van) to make the trek more pleasurable. Fidel's second spot of frequently was Schrader's Sound where he could always be found trying to find a good deal.

The fleet will certainly be uplifted when "Stellanos" joins the team.



Fidel Lira Castellanos



Paul Roderick Dorin

I rvington, New Jersey is the borough Paul calls home. Being a foreign national, however, was no handicap for this lad. He thrived on Academy life and soon made many friends. He demonstrated more than athletic prowess on the ski slopes; on one occasion performing a little unscheduled surgery on himself. A real "terror" in the academic field, Paul was often found lecturing his classmates on his vast knowledge of the topic of probability and statistics. Deep-selected for civilian clothes and an auto, Paul kept second class year lively with his familiar weekend jaunts to the D.C. "O" club in his new Camaro. And few will soon forget how skillfully Paul played "Dialing for Demos", passing up the grand prize on several occasions to be an "alsoran." This systems engineer has always had an eye on the air — and one on the ground. No doubt the future will find Paul flying in the fleet. We wish him luck and hope he uses a plane.



A fter living all over the country and spending a year at NAPS, Gary "tracked" into USNA dazzling us all with his wit and colorful sense of humor. He's spent most of his time here jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, recovering valuable water glasses from sunken wrecks, terrorizing the girls at Hood, and occasionally studying. No one can say that "parastud" isn't well-rounded, if not a cool individual. He claimed he could pick up a date whenever he wanted one but could never fall victim to a DMR as did some of the rest of us. Gary's athletic exploits included several controversial calls a basketball ref and some spectacular catches for the 33rd Co. lightweights. Although his Jaguar was the fastest in the company, Gary managed to avoid mailboxes and stay on the road unlike some of our grand-prix classmates. Gary's long time ambition to fly F-14's will carry him far at Pensacola and perhaps someday into NASA.



Gary Michael Freeman

E lmer Kenneth Grey, Jr. gave up the fun and sun of California (Maryland) to join the ranks of Mids at USNA. He had his eyes set on swinging with the wing of the elite green machine. This led to much dismay with Chief Grey and the "watch" goose. However the constant sore feet and hangovers of Quantico cured that major malfunction of his psyche.

Zelmo distinguished himself on the intramural fields of soccer and football. Also he was the only man to pop his shoulders out at every obstacle on the O-course four years straight. Being the resident redneck of 33, Zelmo was seen driving around in an oversized breadbox, which sounded like a "geek" with indigestion. His love life was ... well only U.M.B.C. knows for sure.

Well Elmer finally graduated, say Hallelujah, with better than 2.0 in Oceanography. As he heads for his pilot's seat we all wish him best of luck and happy landings.



Elmer Kenneth Grey, Jr.

Moni came to Annapolis from the metropolis of Hagerstown, Maryland. His good humor and easygoing manner made him well-liked by all, and while the life at USNA was much slower then than in the "Valley of the Jolly Olive Midget" he quickly found things to keep him occupied. He was active in football and track in high school and continued his athletic endeavors on the rugby team here. His performance can be described as "not just great, but greater than . . ."

Moni started his academic career here at Navy a head below everyone else, where he remained for the entire four years. His hero while at Navy as Jose Cuervo. He and Jose had many a fun weekend together. When he was not studying, scrumming, or partying with Jose, he was catching Z's - or rolling them. Upon graduation, he will be increasing the number of good men in the Marine Corps.

Jeff, nicknamed Chips has achieved much in his four years at the Academy. He began his plebe year by telling tales of service station exploits, and pouring stuffed bell pepper gravy on his squad leader.

He quickly established his academic reputation and has to date gone through 32 pairs of Navy blues and gold knee pads and gained a total of 3,421 "after class points." His hours of study and prof. coercion were well rewarded however with a Rhodes Scholarship nomination.

Chips also found time for extra curricular activities. He attained qualifications as Schuba diver, sky diver, lecture attendee, and has attempted to fly 6 girls in from Wyoming for June Week (all of which had to wash their hair that week).

In his final two years, Jeff earned a type command, ComShtCnBckShft. He performed his duties well and was only fried once for a "gross command."



Ramon Lynwood Guerrero



Jeffrey Craig Hoy



Patrick Alan Jacobs



Pat came to the academy from the deserts of Eastern Oregon. He skated through plebe summer and on into the academic year largely due to his ability to kill walls and awe firsties with his "judo kicks." Judo Jake" terrorized the intramural ranks of wrestling and lightweight football. He was also the Judo Club's president for 3 years and did well enough to get the Eastern Collegiate Judo Championships held at USNA in '76.

His many exploits off the mats invariably involved his Triumph and his Bacardi. He left people wondering if he was really driving with his doors open. From his favorite meal of London Broil to his affinity for mail boxes, Jake was already for a party. He topped it all off by being the first set Company Commander of the partyingest company in the brigade.

After graduation he will be off to Pensacola and Navy air unless '80's, ladies convince him to take TAD as a Judo instructor.



Robert Louis Kates

Started out Plebe Year at a deficit due to a roommate that seemed to have an Bob, Bates, or Rollers attraction for the wrath of the firsties. He even managed to be raided by the OOW, AOW, MOOW, CMOD, BOOW, and CDO, when it was reported that there was beer in his room. There was, but it was planted, and one firsty bid USNA a premature farewell, while others merely joined the dawn patrol until graduation.

Youngster year, Rollers attended an away VMI game, and ended up greasing the gym floor at the "victory dance." VMI won't forget Bob. Bob dates many girls, but on most of these dates he finds no Joy.

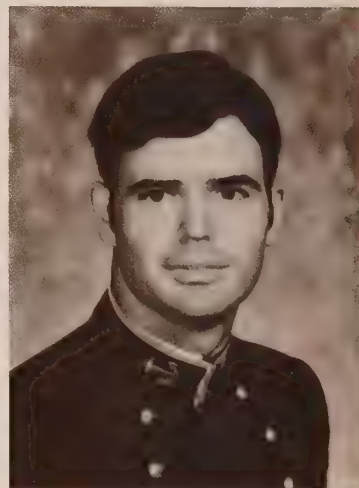
Bob was always an individual, but he really expressed himself 1st class year. When all his classmates were buying sports cars and vans, and rings with cat's eyes, etc., Bob bought a tank and a pink ring. It's a free country, Bob.



Jack left the ranks of the Marine Corps and came to a more glamorous way of life in 33rd Company at USNA. He spent his first year rooming with parastud and gained the respect and admiration of his classmates through his efforts as Fourth Class watch coordinator. At about this time he acquired the nickname, "Jirk."

Jack chose Engineering Physics as his major, but soon found the going much too rough and switched to a much easier major – Systems Engineering! His diligent studying and high grease paid off and Jack cashed in on the Battalion subcommander billet during the 1st set of first class year.

Jack is well remembered for his witty humour, his love of the rack, his backstabs, as handsome attacks, and for trying to mate his Corvette with parastuds' Jaguar. He was the only former Marine remaining in the class of '76, before graduation. The only one who failed to get the word!



John Joseph Kirk, Jr.

Known by his more intimate friends and female associates as the Iceman, Ivan came to the University of Navy to pursue a career in Naval Aviation. Three years and many all-nighters later, Ivan passed up the Navy to become a four-eyed Marine Flight Officer. An Operations Analysis Major, Ice is a product of Dullsville ... I mean Pleasantville, N.J. Athletically endowed, he participated in track, 150 lb. football, brigade boxing (127 b. champ 1975) and captain of Coach Higgins' "Aqua Rocks." When not asserting himself in academics or athletics, Ice could be seen cruisin' about in his pimpmobile or getting off on the latest albums in his room. A fashionable dresser and lady's man, he'll always be remembered for the cool and easygoing individual he is.



Ivan Wayne Lassiter

We called him "the Doze." A product of Hawley, Pa. Jeff came straight from Wallen Paupack High School. An avid admirer of "the Duke", Kanga mimicked his idol and developed a pretty good "Wa'll, ah'll tell ya ...". Faltering in Engineering, Jeffrey avoided academic problems by side-stepping into SPS. The Polack accepted a lifetime membership to D.Q. and received the miracle of oral circuitry (sap). Neurosis arose and Jeff adjusted by fulfilling a lifelong dream; thus the Mad Flasher was born wearing a set of SDB.

In sports Metal Mouth was lean and mean on the intramural b-ball team. Come the winter, tin-man was a terror on the heavyweight gridiron, and in the spring, Doszer enjoyed the leisure of the softball fields. Notable achievements include perfecting "the wedgy" and developing "the apache."

A sincere heart, level head and good looks should carry Jeff through whatever challenges lie ahead for him.

Scott, as he prefers to be called (Pugh if you can't remember his first name), has his roots in Lake Charles, Louisiana; but he is a definite convert to the Maryland way of life. Having suffered the many pitfalls of being a midshipman, (i.e. losing his hometown girlfriend and having the wrong thing out at the wrong time), Scott has survived on a basic diet of good food, long weekends, and a daily tennis match. One of his major interests and activities is the game of tennis; but he also enjoys such pastimes as ice skating, water skiing, and hunting. Other interests include not only the usual girls, cars, and music, but also the unusual "how-to-build-a-better-mousetrap." Being an engineering physics major, though, Scott should have no problem with the mousetrap or his career. He has spent many nights computing forces, angles, vectors, gradients, flow, TEMPERATURE, AAAUUUUGGGGHHHH ..., but hopefully for nuc power school rather than traps.



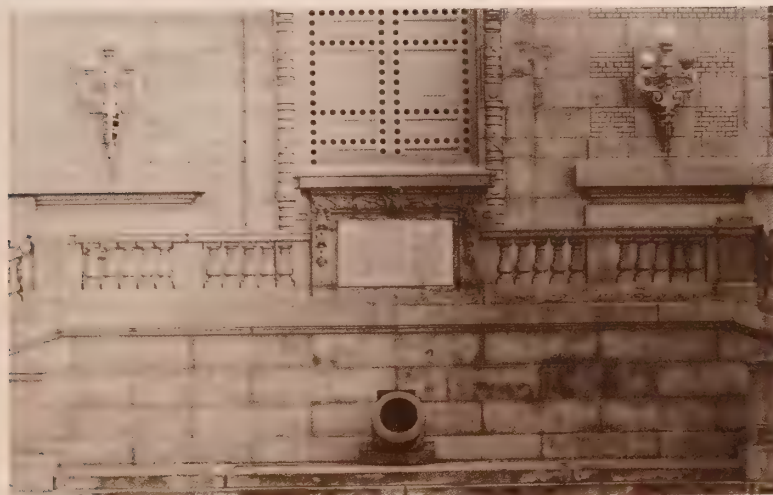
Jeffrey Maydosz



Kenneth Scott Pugh



David George Renaud



Dave came to the Academy from booming Somerset, Mass. (Population 102). Known as "NODE" by his friends, Dave arrived as a young innocent lad, but did not let that stop him from becoming one of the company's better partiers. After a "very boring" plebe year, Dave settled down to learn the important things in life. Dave picked a basic major - chemistry - so he would have plenty of time to concentrate on more important topics namely - wine, women, and more wine. Dave will always be remembered for his tremendous athletic prowess. Whether struggling on the tennis court or leading the powerful company soccer team - Dave hardly ever gave up. Navy invested in some heavy hardware to improve Dave's friendly smile. Dave, now experienced in metal work, decided to customize his illegally kept car with a bridge. Promises of a rewarding career in Nuc power did not sway Dave from the glamorous playboy life of Navy Air - awesome!



Lee Smith III

Lee Smith III hails from Stouton, Mass. and entered the Academy as a 1972 graduate of NAPS. The Reverend Leroy, as he is affectionately called due to his unreligious beliefs and practices, started out at USNA on the right foot by always having "rettes" available for the "smokin' firsties". Youngster year he took the lead for most hours logged in the company "droom". He fast became our class wardroom king and was our very own walking T.V. guide. He became our company car rep early year 2/c year which was only right since he was the first second class to get a car. The Rev. won the "ugliest van of the year" award that year too — it was ugly! With a major in "rack" and a minor in oceanography, Leroy makes it by with a 3.0 average. A 4.0 in "rack" and a Reverend Leroy will always be remembered ugly van and all, as one of the best-liked guys in the company.



Richard Louis Snow

Drifting into the Naval Academy from the great Oregon Territory, Rick always had a ready smile and a happy-go-lucky attitude towards everything. A varsity intramural athlete he quarterbacked the company lightweight football team four years running. "Checks" could always be found with a ball in his hand, if only to throw at his roommate after a long night of booking it. Regarding books, Rick, being an Oceanographer major, never had much trouble with grades and could usually be found getting a good night's rest early in the evening. Rick was well-liked by all and famous for his sweet-tooth (peppermint and certain Southern delights were his favorites), his nocturnal escapades and his exciting addition to the 33rd Company parking lot. Rick thought he had better things to spend his money on than cars — mainly girls, an item Rick never seemed to be short of. Upon graduation Rick will be headed to The Surface Navy unless Adm. Rickover gets him first.



Mark Stephen Thorpe

Mark came to the Academy from the Cuban suburb of Miami via Naps. At the mini-Academy he took up the manly art of bone-crunching. On lonely weekends as a plebe he met a local Swedish maiden and was never seen again on a weekend at the Academy. As the years passed, he improved on the gridiron and won his N star as Navy embarrassed Army 51-0. Due to his hard work over the books his grades were an inspiration for his less gifted classmates. Mark furthered his spiritual development by signing out for church parties Monday through Friday. It could only be a coincidence that a certain blonde was also there. He was one of the few, more specifically the only, in the company to buy a family car. Due to his great concern for the needs of the Navy and his love of the sea he plans to fly P-3's. Mark was a very humane person as was shown every Saturday night when he could be found helping his troubled roommate to the head with a bad case of stomach cramps.



Charles Frederick Walton

To know Chuck Walton is to know greatness. It was just too bad that he was born before the first edition of "Webster's Dictionary", because the only definition for "greatness", and "perfection" Webster could use would be "Chuck Walton."

To be more serious, I feel that Chuck is one of the finest products of Ohio. He is both a gentleman and a scholar. His resilient personality is his greatest attribute. No matter how bad things go for him, and many things do because he has what he terms as "Charlie Brown Luck", he still remains optimistic.

For the record: We all know he is going to be an outstanding officer, but few realize that in him the Navy will possess a very powerful secret weapon. For only Chuck Walton can stomp twice, and send a shock wave reverberating around the world destroying everything in its path except the ground he is standing on.



Guy Nicholas Wynn III

When Guy came in off his ranch in Texas to join us at Navy, the debate team picked him in the first round of the draft. Plebe year found him intentionally dumping pears on himself at the table and earning fame as "Wynn Dear." If you ever needed anyone to go out with for a few drinks and a good commentary on politics or sports on Saturday night, Guy was your man. The bars of Annapolis will definitely miss that crowd of heavyweights. We'll all remember his blind date for Ring Dance - "Bridge" was mighty jealous that night. Although a dedicated occupant of the "droom", Guy's grades were always among the best. By the fall of first class year he had begun to consider Nuclear power school. If his plans carry through, the surface nukes will gain an ambitious young boat driver.

Fred found his way to Annapolis from Las Vegas, New Mexico and has endeared himself forever to his classmates in 33rd. As a plebe Fred wanted to be a pilot, but sometime youngster year he had a flameout and decided to follow Uncle Lew's footsteps to Nuc Power school.

Better known to the Catonsville Police as "the swimmer" Fred has become a proponent of tequila, rugby, skiing, and physics. When the weather was too bad for him to roam the streets of Annapolis in his Clint Eastwood pancho doing sketches of the local architecture he might have been found in his room writing a long letter to his O.A.O.

Besides being the only firstie to get lost enroute to the green alert, Fred accumulated the most extensive music collection in the company, from Tiny Tim to artist on the contemporary side and Rossini to Beethoven on the classical.

Having the most diverse interests around, Fred wins our vote as "Most Likely to do Something Memorable Anywhere."



Frederick Daniel Yarger



John Rutherford Allen

John comes to the Naval Academy from NAPS and Flint Hill Prep. He is a native of Nokesville, Virginia and a member of a Navy family, but he'll break with the Navy and commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Marine Corps, becoming one of the few good men. John was busy holding a number of positions throughout his time at USNA: 4/c Company Commander, 3/c Brigade Commander, 2/c 2nd Set Deputy Brigade Commander, 1/c 1st Set 2nd Regimental Commander, President of the Karate Club, and an active member of the Parachute Club. The rigors of 4-1 living had John residing in a single for most of the set, due to his sub commander's nocturnal habits. His dedication to service organizations was demonstrated 1/c summer by his inspection tour of Hawaiian O-Clubs, and his brief association 1/c year with the Girl Scouts, or individual segments thereof. Good luck, John. Airborne and Arooga!!



Alfredo Luis Bequillard

Begs came to us from Managua, Nicaragua to challenge the wires department in a three year battle of wits: who shall win remains to be seen, who is winning is not discussed.

Probably his most outstanding accomplishment has been at the piano, where he spends most of his time.

When not hypnotizing his colleagues at the keyboard, Alfredo can be found either down in the gym training with fellow members of the Karate Club, or out with his O.A.O.



James Earle Boyle

Our Chicago Hick, James E. Boyle, alias "The Burl" is the "Class A" case of you rate what you get away with.

Our 4 year head-pounding meat squader, whom no one pushes around, never knows when to quit. Those little guys toughen up when cornered on a dock eh Burl? Cruising in his shiny white Vet which has been in a 'once-a-round' on the turnpike - just a little crinkle - Burl is thinking of sprouting wings (\$100 worth) as he flies through South Carolina on his J'ai Alai spending spree.

Mister Cool has so many attractive young females he even dares to bring one or two out into the open. Take Mis NIMF. The doll who wouldn't get lost. Of course, Burl never had problems in finding dates. When all else fails just fly one in from Chicago.

Say Burl, remember Friday nights; the mornings after, and good old Rip's; what say we get the boys together again?



Mark Thomas Costello

Mark Costello, the midget from Park Rapids, Minn. (where?). The only mid to grow 2" and still not meet the height requirements.

Coss is the number 2 man in the "You rate what you get away with club." Fortunately he was "overlooked" when the deuces came.

Solo anyone? Where's the party Coss? Turn your skivies around. Wrong word again. You gonna save that too! Could you write a little smaller?

I hear the Supply Corps is looking for scavengers, extra dessert anyone? Need a good stereo? \$10.

How about some practical work in finance? Make sure you keep the "books" straight. Why not contact the insurance company?

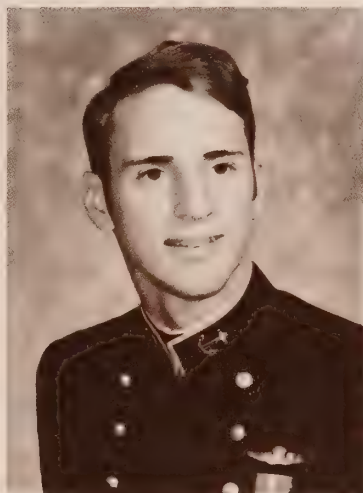
Tough practice? Shouldn't the wrestling captain work hard enough to lose more than ½ lb. in a workout? try an ice cream diet.

Remember 8362 as the gang trucks onward.



James Monte Davis

James Monte "Frog" Davis came from Irvine, California. Instead of getting demerits, like his roommate, Jim was lucky to get "Dee Marie," his girl from home. They'll tie the bond of mattressmony once June Week '76 rolls around. Jim came to Annapolis after spending a year at NAPS. He had hoped to play football for Coach "Forzero" and worked hard to earn himself a spot on the locally acclaimed Navy "Meat Squad". After a frustrating season of football, Jim decided to try a new sport pole-vaulting which proved to be a great help when Miss Rife so conveniently moved into the Adams' home adjacent to the Academy Chapel which is a short "vault" from Gate No.3. No, Jim wasn't really a pole vaulter, but he was really great at going over that old wall. We all wish Monte well as he leaves to become a "grunt" and hopefully avaiate his way towards happiness.



Nicholas Louis Flacco

Flac, Clint, High Plains Drifter, all these are aliases for the man who claims he taught Clint Eastwood everything he knows. Thus, Monterey, California has a superstar, and Clint Eastwood for residents. Yes, Navy fans, this can only be Nick Flacco.

We are sure he has some good qualities but, over four years we haven't seen them. He does have sparkling sense of humor: who can forget those fake Form 2's for gross rooms, setting clocks ahead an hour, or hiding his new roommate's shoes before watch squad.

It seems that the Nuclear Navy has drawn Nick to its ranks and since he was always well above 3AT he'll do fine as long as he has a roommate to remember his class schedule, lab days, and parking spot.

Maddog Jim Francis rode into Crabtown on the bay on a horse but it seems that he never sent the horse back to his Buffalo, Wyoming home. A man of nature, he'd be off to the high country at the drop of a hat – or W.E. chit. Problem was that it seemed there was a remarkable lack of his beloved cowboy dances with – what else – cowchicks in the local area. By the time first class year rolled around he accepted this phenomenon and found that Eastern (Glen Burnie) girls could pass the weekends (and weekdays) away.

A fitness nut, Jim was perpetually heard asking "Come on, let's run, you'll feel better. No? How about some handball, man?"

When it came to studying, no one buckled down more. He's the only Mechanical Engineer who did *all* of his problems. Admiral Rickover liked that.



James Leland Francis

Denny came to us from Baker, Louisiana and after coming to the realization that the whole world wasn't a swamp, settled into Academy life. Denny spent much of his time playing split end on the 150 pound football team. He'll long be remembered for his blinding speed and flashy "jukes" on Thompson Field. The rest of the time he spent slashing to keep up the old QPR. Still grades never got the best of him. He was never found to be at a loss for conversation, no matter what the subject. One subject always on Denny's mind was girls. As one of our resident sex idols, he always had trouble keeping his little black book in order - too much volume! Denny plans on going surface line after graduation and will try to stay on the East Coast. It seems the East Coast entries in his little black book are a little more in order - one entry in particular.



Dennis Wayne Franklin



Kenneth Barry Goodrow



Scott Willard Goodson



Steven Holibonich

Characterized by a majestic proboscis that nearly covers his frontal exposure Ken "Gorilla" Goodrow hails from Levittown, Pa. Ken's first award at Navy was as winner of a Plebe Summer dance contest. He used more moves on his partner than he ever used on the mat. Being the outstanding E.E. major in the Brigade, Gorilla spent many a study hour "Inspecting" (listening too) his stereo gear. As captain of the wrestling team the biggest match he ever won was against a 150 lb. Form II his third class year. That was real whale of a match. Not so fortunate, early in his senior year he lost, but the "head coach", trying to aid and abet him, gave him a month to recuperate. If there was a party going on you could expect Ken to be there no matter if it was on 8-3 or the back seat of his Nova. Spartans will now be a thing of the past but Ken will become a "Spartan" of the Corps.

Scott came to us from up the turnpike in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he had a stellar swimming career at Taylor Alderice High School.

Scott had little trouble adjusting to Academy life and the easy going manner he exhibited during Plebe Summer earned him the nickname of "Goody". He had the natural ability to keep himself on the Dean's list most semesters and still never miss a party in four years, his idea of a good time is a hunk of cheese, a bottle of wine, and a lovely thing to keep him happy.

Scott intends to take his academic prowess to nuclear power school where he will probably remain the gouge man for his less fortunate classmates. After a submarine tour it looks like graduate school.

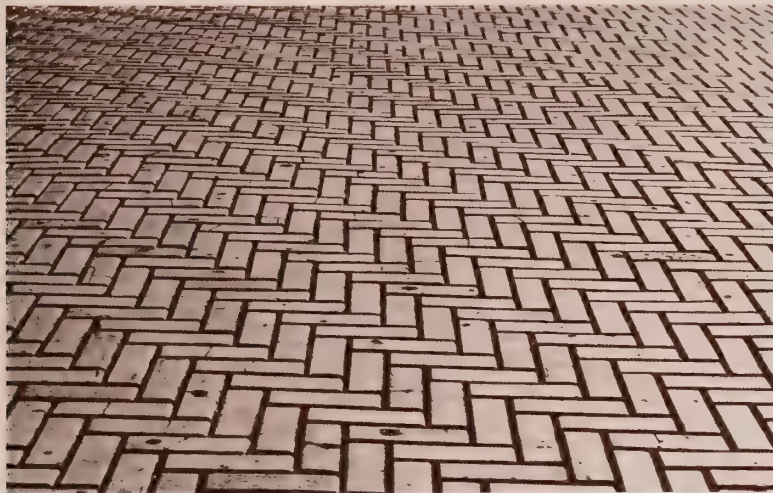
Scott by some day prove that EMC but until then I'm sure his services will be greatly appreciated by Admiral Rickover's men.

Steven "P.C." Holibonich came to us from Poland, Ohio and is still maintaining he has no Polish blood. After surviving an interesting year with Kevin Dilley he moved on to youngster year while making friends with an occasional NO Parking sign along the way.

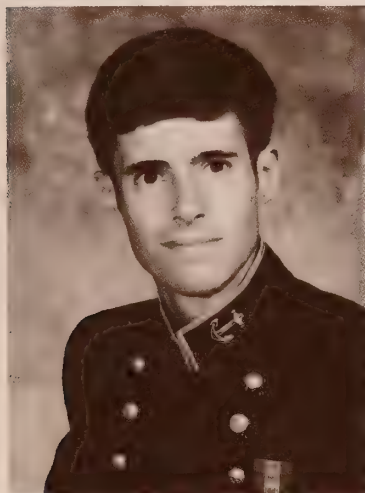
After setting records for the most injuries acquired during an intramural game he went on to become a permanent member of the Misery Hall Gang. To insure his place would never be forgotten he then joined the USNA Parachute Club to see if softer landings could be made from higher altitudes.

An avid Delaware Chicken supporter, he can be seen dashing to the affluent luxuries provided by our civilian counterparts.

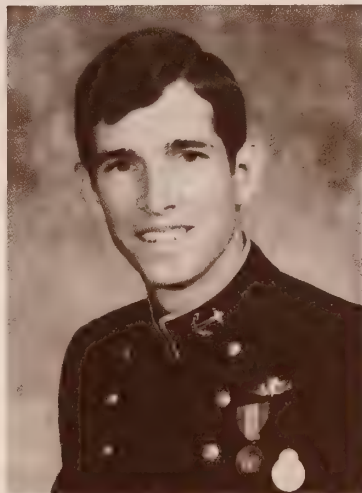
We wish Steve well as he steams out to the fleet while in constant search for the weekend.



John Arthur McEwan



Lawrence Meriwether Jones



Patrick Charles Laine

Bones, as Larry was called by his classmates because of his Herculean physique, came from Fayetteville, New York. Best known for his academic achievements of near 4.0 all four years, he also earned quite a reputation as a masochist because of the unbelievable amount of running he did for the Varsity Cross-Country Team. Larry earned his N★ second class year but this event shared the spotlight with the purchase of a yellow Porsche 914. The remainder of second class year was spent in valiant but vain efforts to keep the "VOLKSCOPORSCHE" outside the seven-mile limit. Weekends were filled with concerts and wild parties, where Larry earned the distinction of always being the center of attention, but also the well deserved nickname "beer-and-a-half Jones." Post graduation days will find Larry heading for the bounding main via Nuke power school with a certain someone special possibly in his future.

Arriving from El Contro, California, "Night Train" came in with a fast tan, and never did stop California dreamin'. A near 4.0 student, Pat could be seen frequently down in the library, until first class year when the temptation of the wardroom and the rack proved too much to resist. During second class summer, Pat sacrificed leave for Fort Benning and further efforts won him the coveted wings of gold. A veteran of the party scene, with solid blind date experience, Pat was always a welcome addition to any party. His capacity for spirits was and will remain truly legendary. Second class year he joined the in crowd and purchased a sporty and economical MGB. Many a weekend were wasted (?) with secret meetings at and around the notorious Glen Burnie car wash. Pat might likely end up as President, but he's sure to get some good Navy flying time in long before then.

Born in Hawaii, and having lived in Alexandria, Va., the Philippines, Argentina and Peru, John came to the Academy with the open mind of a traveller. Many nights at the Academy, he wondered if he had been *too* openminded.

The love of his life had always been the science of electronics with which he had long been acquainted. He majored in Electrical Engineering, an act of which he felt unusually proud. Every day he invented a new minicomputer for his 1975 Corvette. That car was programmed to do everything from racing to literally listening to John and start its engine at his spoken command.

Among his favorite pastimes are playing and listening to the music of the Beatles, Carol King, Elton John and Bob Duncan, and at a higher level: eating and sleeping.

His outstanding personality will win him friends everywhere he goes, and his view of life will win him happiness.

Rog came to USNA from Fremont and was definitely a Californian in both spirit and actions. Roger was in the tough major of Aerospace Engineering, but he never let this stand in the way of his extracurricular activities such as karate, NA-10, flying and scuba. After running into some turbulence in Aerospace, Roger broadened his horizons to a more general field where the resistive drag coefficient was a little less. From then on, Rog turned his interests towards the finer things in life, and his social calendar was never lacking for engagements. Roger was also very much respected for his strong moral convictions and high standards. He is perhaps best known among his classmates as being a person that gives a lot more than he takes, and is sure to be a great asset to Navy Air.



Roger Allen Nesbitt

Despite his obvious sex-appeal and intellectual prowess, JB had an appalling lack of female companionship while at the Academy. Not letting this get him down, however, he still managed to maintain a most honorable QPR in his Physics major. JB correctly surmised, early in his career, that Physics was not the only important thing at Navy. Photography was. The Lucky Bag photography department would not have existed as it did without JB's thoughtful leadership. His self-induced expertise in tennis took a downhill swing during first class year, however, due to the large amount of work he did for the Bag. (also due to the large numbers of good-looking girls who needed their pictures taken). No resumé would be complete without mentioning that JB holds the distinction of owning two new TR6's. Not at the same time of course. On goes the endless search.



Mark Cullen Nesselrode



Nick Hurndon Nunn, III

Ness, known more affectionately as "Beaver-Back," came to USNA from an uncharted fishing pier out West carrying only a swim suit and an undying trust in his classmates. Four years and four thousand burgers later found Ness an hardened first classman. Udeniably the most professional midshipman in 34, Beav refused to wear any shoes but real leather, patiently instructed plebes on topics from guided-missile knockabouts to nuclear-powered weather balloons, and always knew how many days until the next leave. A virtuoso in the art of sponging, Ness developed the philosophy, "What's mine is mine and what's yours is mine," borrowing everything that wasn't nailed down. Only recently did he come to discover something better than destroyers and Hank Aaron's batting average - women. We can only hope that the future holds plenty of chow and a roommate who can stand snoring for Mark.



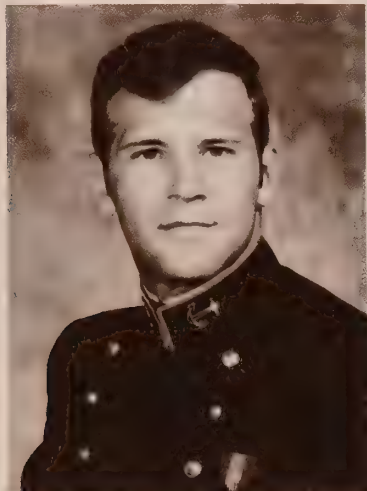
John Bennett Parrett

Hailing from Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, Nick Nunn is 34th Company's version of Mark Trail. Nick spends all his weekends trudging up and down the mountains in Western Maryland and Pennsylvania as he seeks wild turkeys, deer, bear, or anything else that happens to be in season.

Along with hunting, Nick also enjoys fishing, camping, water skiing, ice hockey, and fieldball. Besides being a great sportsman, he is also a model airplane enthusiast with several flying models.

After graduation, Nick intends to either join Adm. Rickover's men in Orlando, Florida, or the proud wing of aviators at Pensacola, Florida.

Lots of luck Nick, may your 'Vette run long and fast.



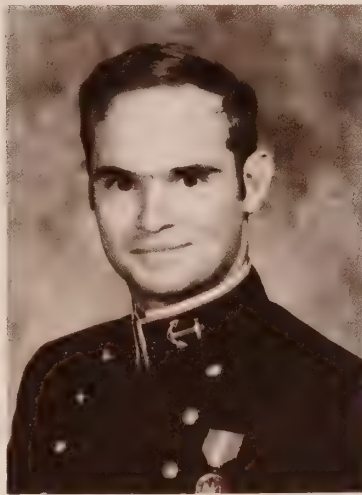
Frederick Vaughn Raley

Arriving four years ago with his copy of *Modern Bridge Bidding Complete* in one hand and the new issue of *Playboy* in the other, Fred's first question was "Are there any female Math profs here?" As the Math Department let this lightweight football Heisman Trophy winner down (in more ways than one), he turned to other important tasks, such as acquiring part ownership of the stereo department of the Mid Store and three-quarters ownership of an "M&M" franchise. Despite tea fights and "helpful" classmates who lived in Maryland, Fred maintains that his best year for the females was plebe year, and even his MGB-GT (complete with ice cooler-beer cooler in the back) did little to change his luck past the freshman stage. Whether his well-honed eyes are finally claimed by Adm. Rickover or the A-6, Fred's goals remain the same - the endless search continues.



Frederick Allan Schenk

Unique in all the world, his jaw firmly set and his hide fully matured, Fritz has definitely come from a custom mold. He is a native Californian of the flowers, bead and surfboard era having graduated from high school in THE YEAR 69. After a fling at San Fernando Valley State College and a stint in the enlisted Navy at San Diego and Treasure Island, Crabtown and midshipmandom finally laid claim to the crusty ET3 Schenk. He smashed his way through plebe year by drawing heavily from previous academic and real world experiences. Engineering Physics drew the nod and Fritz commenced exercising his enviable ability to get it all together the night before the final. Guitar, cuisine, and wine have occupied Fred's attention between the passing of girlfriends. Fritz's future attention will be focused towards the Marine Corps.



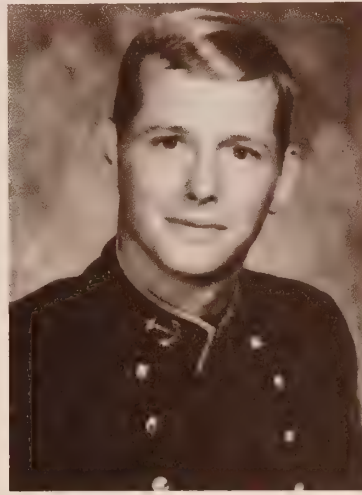
Bruce Allan Smith

Bruce came to us from the other side of the fence having spent a year with the University of Texas NROTC unit. When nostalgia prevails he still found time to pull out the old formal SDW picture complete with handlebar moustache and dream of the old college life.

Marine Engineering didn't quite agree with Bruce, and Rick's gang lost our young warrior to General Engineering and Navy Air.

One of the proudest moments of Bruce's midshipman career was when he became a triple ace in the Battle of Bancroft. Armed with only his high-powered rubber bands, Bruce brought down his 15th moth early second class year. He has since pinned up several hundred kills and will certainly have many tales of fierce battle to relate to the folks back home.

Bruce had us fooled for awhile, but recently has also become an ace with a certain young lady.



Richard Daly Spencer

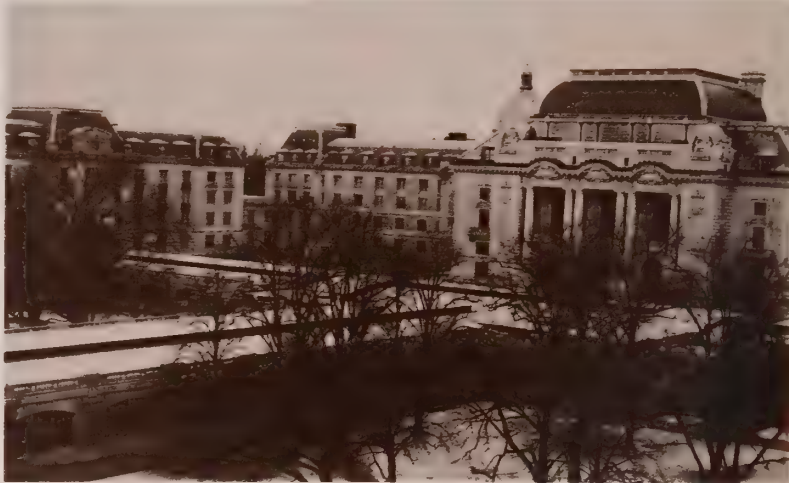
Tow-headed, blue eyed, adorable young Duke hit Crabtown after eighteen years of modern day Huck Finn emulation in the cornbelt city of Davenport, Iowa along the muddy banks of the Mississippi. Duke rolled in gate one on I-Day with a corncob pipe in his mouth, a Panama hat on his head and a guitar at his fingertips. Influenced by Elton John, Cat Stevens, Uriah Heep, Joni Mitchel, various good looking girlfriends, and Bruce Springsteen, Spence spins distinctive lyrics of life and love. Wherever an audience will gather is where this natural showman can be found. If a smile could be squeezed out of a rock, then Duke would be one to do it. Athletics and Lawrence Field captured a good deal of Dick's time as he managed the varsity baseball team for three years and played intramural soccer and lightweight football. The future for Duke lies with surface line and then ... Concerts West?



Gary Lee Stark

Crickett came from Midland, Texas, three hundred miles from everywhere, to USNA, four years from Pensacola. With the moral support of Roger Staubach and the Dallas Cowboys, "The Power of the Universe", was able to survive the great transition. He has overcome the Physical Science Department and cut his niche as the resident expert on the long-green-table. "Flash" is also famous for the company basketball "medium break" and the lightweight football "delayed streak". Crickett is, without a doubt, one of the most colorful personalities to attend USNA since the United States was annexed by Texas. As an avid artist, Gary's talents have been in great demand from the days of plebe football projects to the nights of novelty tee shirts.

We wish him well in Pensacola. He will be easy to recognize. His P-3 has its own rifle rack and "America, Love it or leave it" sticker.



Kevin Francis Stone, just a chip off of the old block, or could it be he's the block misplaced since '52. Nevertheless the similarities between original and copy are in appearance and relation only. This dastardly dude comes to the Academy as a Navy junior from Silver Springs, Maryland, after the completion of a year at NAPS. Kevin's major at the Academy has something to do with butt lines, curves of form, and other ... descriptive lines essential to the study of naval architecture. Outside of the classroom Kevin enjoys looking at 21 year old scotch, buying old paintings, and eating at French restaurants. In sports, Kevin manages to get a few kicks in during soccer season, absorb a few kicks in lightweight football, and take the rest of his frustrations out on the sheets in company sailing. To this stone, may he always have light winds and following seas.



Kevin Francis Stone

After graduating high school in 1972, young Jim Stuller departed the "land of Lincoln" and made his way to USNA. Taking to the water like a cement block, young Jim found out that there was no future for him in swimming so he decided that he would have to find some floating object to traverse the seven seas.

One stormy day, as he was hanging his head over the side of a fishing boat in a sudden fit of seasickness, Jim spied the most wonderful craft afloat, a YP. Several hard years of work aboard one of these sophisticated vessels culminated in a YP command.

Well-prepared by his four years of hard labor, Jim will set forth for nuclear power school. After a fun year of books, valves and long hours, he will head for the fleet where we hope he finds the ship of his dreams, an AKN, or nuclear-powered attack knockabout.



James Clayton Stuller



Lewis Dundon Thompson

Big Lew came to USNA from New Jersey with aspirations of becoming an all-American fencer but became an all-American miler. Known for his quick wit Lew developed many close friendships. Youngster year found Lew developing close relationships with Z-man and rack-boy. This also brought the disappearance of toothbrushes, ship models, door plates, mattresses, etc. Being a supporter of the Big Blue, Lew was always at pep rallies whether he wanted to go or not. Because of his physical endowments Lew was many times mistaken for a member of the Big Blue always leaving the questioner with "not this year". Being the leader-type Lew volunteered for Plebe Detail where his camouflage jumpsuit became known as "the Sherwood Forest." Seriously, Lewis we wish you smooth sailing and following seas as you pursue your career as a member of the surface community.



Alan Anthony Turk



Charles John Weiss

Al, came to USNA from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He cites the analogy that Schlitz is the beer that made Milwaukee famous and Al is the mid who will make USNA famous. Obviously, Al was joking because he earned a great nickname from one of his summer school professors "Admiral Two-Below Turk." When Al is not planning ways to be anchor man in '76, he writes his hometown sweetheart Linda Brezovar. He plans to get married back in Wisconsin shortly after graduation.

Al finally earned his "N" star letter during his senior year (black). He has had great success obtaining "missing" laundry and other items through the use of lost laundry forms, how do you think he got his MG? With all kidding put aside the aviation community could receive no one finer upon graduation in June '76.

I'm just an Oakie from Muskokie. Well, he wasn't from Muskokie, but John "Seagull" Weiss was certainly from Oklahoma. Oklahoma City lost its red-haired son to the clutches of the Naval Academy and Navy Air. Seagull always wanted to fly, but during his time as a mid, he was confined to flying with Bud Soda's. Our Company Commander as a firstie, Gull showed good leadership qualities. Gull was a veteran of the blind date circuit, accumulating a feminine following of female midgets and truck drivers. True love never found Gull while he was at old USNA, for the girls he was set up with always had minor character flaws; i.e., moustaches, switch blades, halotosis, etc. . . . But, Gull will certainly be a fine naval officer and pilot. The air community better be ready for a hard charging, fun loving Seagull Weiss. If they're not, he won't worry. Another Bud Soda and the whole world loves him.



Harold Joseph Zimmerman

Zeek came to us from Camp Springs, Md., on the outskirts of D.C. He distinguished himself early plebe year by becoming the first in the class to earn his Basic Scuba Qualifications without leaving the company area. The relaxed atmosphere of 3/c year saw Zeek spending more than a few nights in the "youngster wardroom" thanks to the comforts of the Physical Science major. Zeek's plebe year athletic efforts were spent on the "meat squad" of the plebe football team, but from 3/c year on Z's strong athletic interests were taken up by company intramural squads - and his never ending defense of "Sonny & Billy" to the wardroom cynics. Second and first class years were spent with a minimum of study and a maximum of good times. Following graduation Zeek will be off to Pensacola and Navy Air will inherit another "Young Turk."

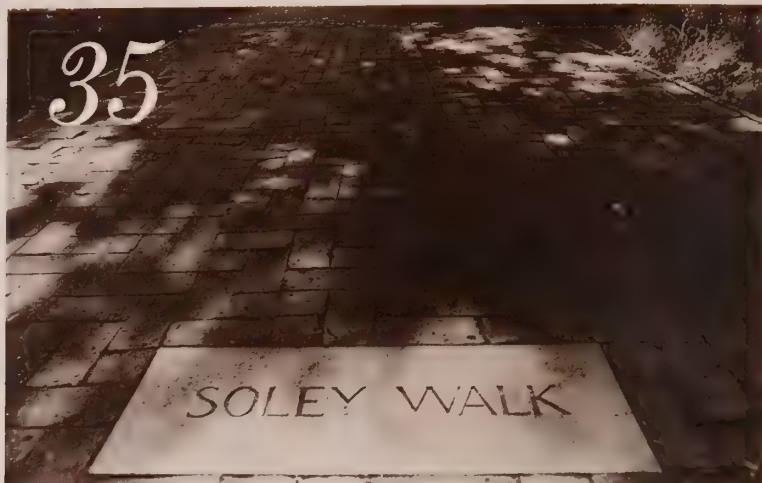


Steven Frank Barilich

The legend of "The Bear" began many years ago in South Bend, Ind. when he was just a cub.

As the bear grew and grew and grew and then grew some more so did his legend. As a high school football player, he was notorious for crumpling all those that got in his way. It was lucky for us that he chose USNA to play ball for over the fighting Irish. Out of fear, he was elected co-captain.

He is never without a smile, never without a joke and has never stopped dreaming of Julie, who will hold a tight rein on this bear when he leaves in June. As the brawn of the three musketeers he will go far, about as far as Clinton, Ind. His friendship is valued by all he has come in contact with and although he will be gone in June, he will not be forgotten. Hey, Steve, did you tell her mother yet?



Alan Peter Bonser

Big Al Bonser, a native of Arlington, Virginia, having spent his youth in merry old England was our resident Limey. A man of superb eloquence and the most refined of manners, Big Al was a legend in his own time. A disciple of "J.J." in his formative years, Al learned early that self discipline was a necessary evil. In athletics his talents were second to none, as was his ability to get debilitating injuries at the most crucial times during the sports seasons. A very model of efficiency, Al's organizational skills endeared him to his classmates. An avid sports car buff, his blue "trix" could be seen blazing along the highways and byways of several states on his personal search for notoriety. His free spirit was finally captured by a comely lass late in his academy career. In whatever service his path now leads him, he will be sure to leave his mark.



Jerome Addison Buck

Jerome's tenure as a midshipman has been speckled with the elements of two different lives. He has done two of just about everything here. While being active in the Rugby Club yearround he also plays soccer and fieldball for the company. His major was naval architecture before switching to G.E. (Graduation Express), necessitated by his outstanding study habits and high standing as a wardroom commando. Art & Printing took up some of his valuable rack time. Tecumseh needed his weekly make-up and frequently asked for his favorite stylist, Jerry, the one with the soft touch. Speaking of soft touches, Jerome's reason for being pinned to two babe's at once was due to his heart condition. As one of my wingmen in the JORR, Jerry performed well; I passed. Although he does not entertain thoughts of standing in front of an alter I have faith in his heart condition.



Andrij Serhij Bushak

Andrij S. Bushak, alias Boo-Boo-Bushak, largest member of the infamous (Boo-Boo, Koo-Koo, and Wee-Wee) Kahoona Brothers, came to USNA from Parma, Ohio. He gained notoriety as a plebe for personally threatening upperclass and having no real retaliation taken against him for fear of loss of life. After plebe year he was able to establish his outstanding athletic ability at the college level. His upperclass years could be reflected by a strict sense of discipline in following his self made table of priorities. At the top of the list was football followed closely by eating, sleeping, and drinking. Boo spent 4 years here in a relentless search for the elusive gouge and a so-called "nice girl". At this time he is still pondering which service selection will release him into the ranks of professional football the quickest.



Fred Byus

F B. Us came to USNA, taking a 4 year siesta from El Paso, Texas. Freddy was able to meet his upperclass years with success, dazzling the Commandant with his own unique idea of stowing skivies in a bucket. As a businessman, Fred obtained controlling interest of the stock in Peerless Clothiers. He is well-liked and admired by his classmates as shown by the warm, lunar greetings he receives by the mate's desk. He is the Don Juan of 35 and the epitome of officerlike conduct in the sensitive prose he sends to many of his fans. Who else would fly a girl up for the weekend and leave her waiting at the airport in D.C.? Who else can con a prof into giving him a "B" for a course after going into the final with an "F"? Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Next President of the United States, Mr. Trayden Post. Good Luck to you, Freddy!



Lawrence Kwong Chong Doong

D ong (some people call him Larry) surfed to the Academy from the Hawaiian Archipelago with a ring of pineapples around his neck and a can of Primo beer in his hand. Donning his Maui smile, this one-time coconut tree-climber has modified his talent to climbing up in his rack, where he invariably spends most of his "studying" (I have never been able to find out which course includes Playboy and Oui as supplemental reading). Being a connoisseur of women, "Lover Larry" is known worldwide for his Roman eyes. Actually, the ring around his collar is surpassed by the ring in his nose, which his pretty damsel put there when they got married Youngster Year (Ha! Ha?) After his promising 20 year career ends, Larry plans to maximize his talents learned at USNA by becoming a professional beachcomber.

T he shores of the Severn may be a far cry from the sunny beaches of LaJolla, but Gerr took the four year residence at Boys Town East in stride. Who else could have bluffed his way through the Physics Department with a 3.5 cum and a 4.0 in rack, tube and outside reading? A 1/c long weekend, the call of the open road and a bottle of wine transformed our veteran wallflower into the local Columbus (or was it Casanova?). On the athletic field, Gerr was ready to try anything once as was witnessed by experimentation with squash, lightweights, tennis and soccer. Always a lover of hiking and the great outdoors, Gerr plans to make his way West where the call of the bubbleheads is ever so attractive. His easygoing outlook and an ability to make friends quickly will undoubtedly make him a success in all walks of life.



Gary Wayne Evans



Bruce Alvin Giron

B A. was suddenly propelled out of his podunk in Texas ... Beaumont, and into the limelight of "the great stone walls". When he wasn't taking a weekend "in the hall" one could find Brewster busily making his way to the library where he has become an honorary member of the Nimitz drudgery hour club, and has been on more or less permanent display there as an example of the studious midshipman. Alvin even has a book locker there with his name engraved on it. Next to his locker, BAG's most prized possession is his stereo. He spends almost as much time "getting down to some tunes" as he does studying. I think studying wins though. Brewster has been endowed with a keen interest in what is and isn't and probably never will be. He's always seeking to find the "answer." He hopes to find it out in the wild blue yonder in the near future. He *will* succeed.

J ohnny came to the Naval Academy from the far off state of Alaska. How he ever found out about the Academy is still a mystery. It was a long trip, but with a good dog sled and a lot of determination he finally made it. Plebe year Johnny found out about a place called Hubbard Hall and soon was spending more time there than in classes. He has a secret ambition to be C.O. of a crew shell shome day, but the billets are limited for service selection. Johnny is an active member of one of the local Baptist churches, where he is a Sunday school teacher and youth director. He also spends a fair amount of time with the OCF, reading his Bible, and entertaining a certain young lady. Medical school, a commission in the Medical Corps, and that certain young lady are all hopefuls in the future of this Christian officer.



Johnny Bert Green

H otlips Hartwell, alias "My Man Dan", came to the Academy four years ago, as a red-necked, finger-lickin' banjo pickin' country man. (Needless to say that he hasn't changed a bit). It was hard to break him from blue jeans-overalls and pickup trucks but it has all paid off. He now dons a studly blue uniform, combs his hair and even drinks beer instead of moonshine. He is very intent on becoming the Navy's best helo pilot there ever was. The only trouble is who's gonna tell him that the Navy doesn't have crop dusters? His love and devotion for Navy is always present. Twenty years from now, Harts plans to put his oceanography major to its best advantage ... so he says that he wants to become a farmer ... something about raising turkeys? Good Luck Harts, you'll need it.



Daniel Newman Hartwell

Hank floated into the Academy one day and has been trying to float out ever since, but due to the prevailing inward wind here he could never get out. He is a good guy to have around because he keeps everyone's ceiling clean. As a choir major he does not seem to do much studying but his grades are always good. If you need help in anything just ask him and he will explain it in a day or two while also serenading you with a medley of old Glee Club hits. As a sportsman he is one of the company pencil necks, his big sport being soccer where he starreed with a bunch of guys hwo were not too fast with their feet but fast with their fists. His little TR6 made lots of trips to Laurel to visit a beautiful blonde. Depending on the day of the week he will say yes, or no if you ask if he is getting married but if he does not marry her he wasted a lot of gas. In twenty years . . . ?

David James Kuriluk is one of the original three Kahoona Brothers (which included Boo-Boo and Wee-Wee). Kuriluk is a born comedian and clown capable of talking his way into or out of anything. Koo-Koo, a nickname he picked up plebe year from El Trago Brasco while living with Boo-Boo and Wee-Wee, probably has the most hours in the wardroom of all his classmates. Still searching for a way to make a living with the most entertainment, expensive cars, girls, and vacations in Hawaii, with the least amount of work possible, or no work at all. *He has a chance of Succeeding.* Before graduating and going to Pensacola, he will have been the proud owner of five Corvettes. After graduation he has no plans for marriage, even though during his second class year he almost went south of the border.



Henry Calvin Irwin, Jr.



David James Kuriluk



William Walter Matzelevich



Wild Bill Matzelevich came to the Naval Academy from Massachusetts, founded by Puritans fleeing from the depravity of the Anglican Church. Bill, being a patriotic son, did his utmost to carry on the traditions of his state's forefathers. Ah, but even the spider buoy may drift in weather of hurricane porportion, and such forces even had an effect on Bill by the time of his first class year.

Bill worked very hard throughout his four years at the Academy and participated enthusiastically in everything he was associated with. A Physics major and member of the Physics Club, Bill always kept his grades high and rose to the command of his company in the fall of his first class year.

An outstanding member of his class, Bill will undoubtedly be an asset to our Navy in what ever branch he lends his services to.

Captain of the wardroom commandos, with most recovered fumbles, Chuck has distinguished himself as a corridor wrestling champion of 8-2. He is one of those few O.A. men who jump out of airplanes just to see how fast they can hit the ground. Never being the most coordinated around here, he is always sticking himself with his gold jump wings. His ideas for Art and Printing Club posters are never used but he has a great time doing all the menial chores. Residing in some hick town in Ohio, Chuck refuses to let women hamper his social life. Voted to be the first of the "Barretta Fan Club," Chuck wants also to be a Marine. His desires for the future are to fly helo's and perfect the Groucho and pressed ham. Chuk's ever smiling face and open generous style will be forgotten by few as he leaves for bigger and better places.



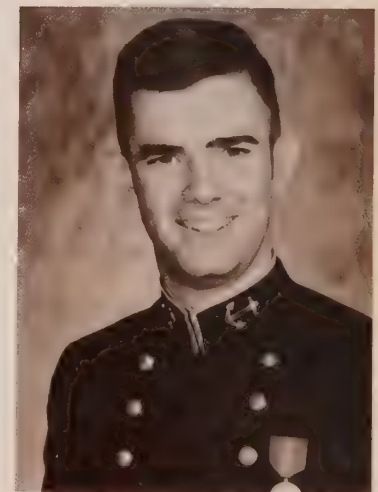
Charles John Mehalic

Walt journeyed from the wilderness of Long Island to follow his brother to the Academy and immediately impressed everyone with his brains and his body; abundance and lack thereof, respectively. After validating through youngster year, he double majored in Engineering, went on a nuclear 1/c cruise, and then chose P-3's at service selection (?). Trying to divide his time between classes, D & B, card games, and the rack has been a constant challenge for Nebo, one that has not been met without a measured amount of success; just ask his pad. Nebo spent most of his weekends First Class year wearing out his tires between Annapolis and New York, much to the satisfaction of his O.A.O., who somehow has outfought the entirety of the female population for his body. Everyone knows that he will be very successful in the Fleet - all he needs is a haircut.



Walter Neboshynsky

After four years of the world's finest education, Steve is still intent on joining the Marine Corps. Majoring in sleeping and minoring in root beer drinking, Steve will be forced to pound the ground for 20 years because his gut won't fit in a tank. Unique in his own way, Steve shuns "Playboy" for "Model Railroader". Being deeply religious, he goes to church every Sunday, and sometimes even stays awake. Once in awhile he stays until after the offering plate goes around. All kidding aside, Steve is known to be fair, just, and soft-spoken. Maybe that's why he lives in the heart of Flamer's Row and directly across the local fire extinguisher. After Steve retires, he plans to buy a railroad. Amtrak ... Standby!!!



Robert Stephen Paris





Russell Jay Pope

Eric the Red came from the lofty heights of Apollo stardom to provide the Academy with entertainment. All were agog, as Eric, kept continuously conversing for four years – amazing, when noted he was talking only to himself. Idle chit-chat about his girl, his car and himself filled the halls with a boredom very few have realized is possible. In all honesty, it must be pointed out that Rusty paid lip service to no one unable to give him his ultimate goals, four stripes, a cheerleader, and NPQ. For the last goal, he had to expend little effort, three years spinning a watch in front of his face, saying "I don't see well," and a sincere donation to the Lion's Eye Bank. In spite of this Rusty was very proud. Who else going to an all male school would spend one hour and twelve minutes a day brushing his hair? Well, jokester, the jokes on you. Who's ever said "Service line is mighty fine?"



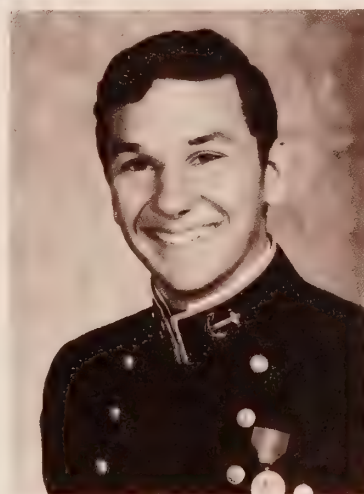
Charles Leroy Rader

Charles Leroy Rader, a Beverly Hills wetback and ex-migrant, drifted into the Academy assuredly apparelled in his Wallaby's and Cord's. Upon arriving in the climatic wonderland of Annapolis his first reaction was to hang ten and return to the ultraviolet paradise he loved.

An avid and ardent history student, Cleroy is the resident encyclopedia of bull. A major interest of his, beyond preserving books from the ravages of Academy life, is the study of Italian.

His modus operandi is professional, and dedicated to the spirit and image of Dagoism (Pure Dago however, only in the minds of his frolicking, frivolous friends). He has waged a 4 year uphill battle with USNA'S selection of gourmet specialties and with regal diligence and self-discipline he conquered unpalatable nightmares. Being masterful with trivia, Charles is on the road to a brilliant Naval career.

J. G. tripped into USNA from Pound Ridge, New York, but still managed to survive his four year tenure. He is well known throughout the Brigade for many things other than his "schnazoo." As president of the Art & Printing Club, he can be observed driving his pawns in the printing of posters and painting of "the Indian in the front yard." And if he has a brush in hand, it is only to swat the flies. John is majoring in Aeronautical Engineering but is seldom found studying since he is saving his eyes for Marine Air. And, of course, he is a member of the wardroom commandos, receiving his qualifications early in his first class year. It is a shame that all this is wasted as he will be making the stroll to the altar in short time. Although D'Artagnion's sword is sheathed, along with the Musketeers, few will forget their legend of the past four years.



John Glenn Rader



Brian Michael Smith

Doonesbury drifted in to USNA from the well-known California resort city of La Canada. He is one of a few people who didn't shave for I-Day ... and still hasn't. Seriously, Brian has been a very dedicated, perservering midshipman these past four years. Who else would pass up studying for a wires final just to watch "Valley of the Dolls" on T.V.? He is always so gracious in extending credit and low interest rates to people when they have to pay off debts after having been cheated at spades. Another attribute of Brian's is his recent membership in the exclusive "NPQ Club" after obtaining the highly sought "ambionic eye." At least he will have the support and company of Lisa, his bride to be, as soon as she gets the recipe for making hard boiled eggs. Doonesbury, "thanks for the memories" and here's wishing you the best of good luck and fortune in the years ahead.



Appropriately nicknamed "The Blade", Dennis hails from Miramar, Florida, close to where he will soon return on a DD out of Mayport if service selection night is kind. After taking alot of flak on the airplane of love, Blade punched out for the greener pastures of bachelorhood, Mary Wash., and a new Toyota. Nobody can say that he hasn't got his priorities straight. Excelling in academics as a "mud" major, he overcame a slow start to rise to the top of his class. Being an ardent tennis player, one of his cherished dreams is to bounce a civilian off the courts so a waiting mid could play. Being one of the many men badgered into applying for Hymie's elite corps, he saw the error of his ways and didn't step on the bus. The Navy can look forward to the services of an exceptionally competent officer in Dennis. Good luck and smooth sailing, Blade.

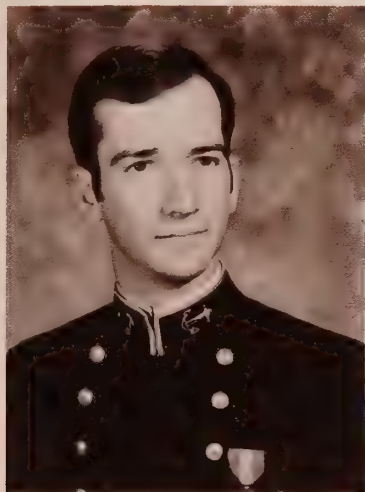


Dennis James Stockwell

Vic, also known as "tombs" and "thimbles" came to the Academy from City Island, N.Y. One of the youngest men in the class and the son of a harbor pilot, he arrived that summer with high hopes and his own copy of *Jane's Fighting Ships* under his arm. A superb athlete, he sailed varsity three years, but finally came ashore to join his comrades on the intramural fields and pursue a certain local subject. Forsaking the sea entirely now, he has chosen to become one of a few good men and fly choppers. Always a friend when you needed one he was more than willing to offer his time, his famous chow packages from Mom, or his help in any way. Academics were never a problem. He took his engineering major seriously. Though the Navy has lost a good man to our boys in green, Vic's talents and drive will see him to success in any service.



Victory James Thombs



Wayne Alan Walters

Wayne came to USNA from Homer City, Pennsylvania where he mastered the art of sailing and dabbled in ice boating and cave exploring. Plebe year found him hiding from the firsties in the depths of the D & B, "Sacrificing" his weekends for the glory of the Blue and Gold. Youngster year the old sailin' bug came back and the D & B had some tough competition for Wayne's time, only to be completely swamped second class year by the call of the weekend. By first class year Wayne proved to be among the best of the liberty hounds, as sailing succumbed to afternoon libs and company sports, and liberal amounts of rack. OCF has been among Wayne's more important activities, to which he has contributed much time, effort, and prayer, being elected president first class year. Something that flies and a certain young lady would be good bets in the future of this Christian Officer.



Jeffrey Charles Watson

From the day it was heard that Jeff was the only one supposed to take the bulletin to Mr. Campbell, all were sure "tire-biter" was doomed for something special. The heartbreak of seeing those wonderful firsties phased him only briefly, as he set himself to new and sorted tasks. Number one was to get the old school back to his "R-Double-S" dreams. Ream, steam, and scream were Jeppee's mottos. Number two, work off 30 lbs. of extra gut by strenuously racking whenever the urge to work-out hit. Number three, be decisive and have a definite service selection, limiting it to naval air, nuclear power, and Marine Corps by the big night. Number four, to put the equivalent of 400,000 miles on his car driving to and from New Jersey to visit his friends . . . Mother? Really, Jeppee, from the depths of Georgetown, we wish you a hare Krishna and a happy new year.



John Pohl Wilkinson

Jack came to the Naval Academy to perpare not only for a career in the Navy but to bring back the glory days of wooden ships and iron men. To sharpen his sword for his future endeavors Jack zealously leaped into the YP Squadron and through his demonstrated professionalism, leadership and just plain deceptiveness rose to Commodore of the gray ghosts of the Severn. He tested his ability to perform at a relentless rate by making all nighters an every night affair with frequent pit stops to the coffee machine and the wardroom CRT. He honed his adroitness to direct personnel to perform to the utmost efficiency by bolting out of his rack at the five-minute call and issuing orders to his roommate to sweep out, dust the deck and wipe down the sink area. A man marked by military ancestry Jack will undoubtedly distinguish himself in his career ahead leaving a legend for posterity.



John Robert Willis

John, or J.R. as he is sometimes called, has accomplished quite a few things in his four years at Sing-Sing on the Severn. He got engaged youngster year and managed to survive for 3 years. Even though his true love was in Kansas, Willis still found some way of entertaining himself on weekends. He also got good grades without really knowing too much. First class year John lived with a bicycle, the 8240 memorial clock (held together by athletic tape), 40,000 pictures of his wife stuck under his blotter, 300 different tee-shirts, his entire civilian wardrobe and 2 or 3 roommates. John planned on getting married a day after graduation, studying neutrons for a year, and then joining the sewer-pipe Navy to find out what a sardine can looks like from the inside. We all thought John would succeed. What he would succeed in was another question.

Leaving the big city of Downers Grove, Illinois, Rick entered the Boat School with big ideas. Plebe year proved to be entertaining, to say the least, as Rick lost a roommate and spent his share of time on the E.D. field. Spending the majority of his time with the books, 'Bubbles' did manage to find time to participate in company intramurals, being famous for his nice, even temper and his accidental dental work on his roommate. Having trouble keeping track of his car, Rick was the first to buy a \$5000 tire gauge. Rick's pleasant personality greatly improved when Paulette arrived and soon 'the apartment' became a favorite watering hole for many a mid. Rick is looking forward to flying the friendly skies of Navy after graduation, hoping to have his steak and eat it too.



Richard Craig Carstens



Douglas Crawford Deem



Michael Duncalf Donnelly

Let me tell ya. 'Deemer,' rising up from the depths of some steel mill in Pittsburgh, Pa., came to the Severn University with hopes of wine, women, and Corvettes. Majoring in Electrical Engineering with a minor in hypertension, he has fought a courageous battle with the former and will graduate with honors in the latter. Self appointed Jim Thorpe of the Brigade, Doug has excelled in all intramural sports and could always be seen worrying about his upcoming wires test while watching the Steelers on television. No stranger to the fairer sex, Doug has accredited to himself many varied experiences ranging from a one night stand with the local yokel to his true love with a playmate of the month. He has accomplished all his set goals (wine, women and Corvette), contributed to the distinctness of the company, and has become a strong friend to many. Provided that the Navy is ready for him, Doug will surely find success in his future years of service.

Being a Navy junior and having an older brother at the Academy, Mike had little trouble adjusting to the rigors of plebe year. Because of an inquisitive mind and his love for the outdoors (especially Cape Cod), Duncalf dove into the challenge of Ocean Engineering. Trying to be the 36th Company photographer rep, Mike never left Mother B without his trusty camera. His natural athletic ability was apparent in his feats on the intramural athletic field, leading his team to many victories. By turning his Cape Cod home into a summer resort, Mike introduced many of his classmates to Guinness Stout and the Irish Pub. His extracurricular activities ranged from Scuba to Honor Board. At the turn of first class year, Mike was blessed with three stripes as the company 'Burger Run King.' Turning in a destroyer for a bulldozer, Mike should have a fine career in the CEC.



Cristopher Robert Earl

Born and raised in Glendale, Calif. Chris was a natural for good old USNA. He didn't let that stop him, though, and to date is probably one of the most unnatural people around. Early in his academic life as a Mechanical Engineering major, Chris learned a universal law which has guided him like a shining light through the wilderness of the Academy. In short, the easiest route between two points is the path of least resistance. Among the signs of the stoic view on life are viscous rack scars, a gargantuan protuberance above the belt, and permanently burned out retinas from his constant homage given to the tube. Not often seen in the natural light of day, Chris can usually be found wandering through the hall at night in search of true gouge as one Diogenes searched for an honest man. Through it all, though, Chris has been a good classmate and helped brighten our four years here.



Mark Lodge Evans

Coming from downtown, urban Elizabethton, Tennessee, Mark armed only with an East Tennessee drawl, stubbed into the waiting arms of the bastille by Baltimore. Astounding both firsties and classmates with his mastery of English pronunciation, he soon became one of our most popular classmates because of his table performances.

In sports Mark had to unfortunately settle for second best behind the "Jim Thorpe" of the Class of '76. After a short try out for plebe cross country, Mark settled on intramurals where his true worth to the company was finally recognized. Here it was not only cross country but football and softball where he excelled, behind DCD of course.

You can be sure Mark will surmount any odds the future may bring, and the Naval Aviation program will receive a fine officer upon graduation.



Patrick Joseph Giancattarino

Gino, made the scene of Navy U. from the southern part of Philly. He had little problem adjusting to the life of a midshipman since his brother made it in '74. Plebe summer rolled around and he took it with a breeze, except for translating his roommate's southern accent. After doing quite well his first year, he decided to take on the "Nuke" major of Marine Engineering and maintain a 3.0

Although Skee proved his excellence in academics, he worked hard on Navy football for 2 years and was a member of the "meat squad." Gino was still found time for the opposite sex at such places as Rosemont, Mary Washington, Hood...

After hard work and travel, the nuclear navy should receive an officer who succeeds in what ever he undertakes.

During his stay here Gary has enjoyed himself immensely. Especially since, thanks to debate, he was taking more weekends as a plebe than the first class were.

Long the captain of the excused squad, he was dropped from the team and has since been seen daily at the track in preparation for the mile.

His first three years at the Academy were spent successfully skating his way through Political Science. Finally, as a first class midshipman he was enlightened and discovered that a technical degree was a prime requisite for being a good naval officer. So, he entered the field of Systems Management to get his masters degree.

It came as a real blow to Gary when he discovered that there were no PG's in the Great Lakes on the list of ships for service selection.

In all, Gary can best be described as a true thirty-year man.



Gary Gordon Greenfield



Mark Bishop Hoekstra

Mark "Hoke" Hoekstra, the All-American Boy, tromped down to USNA from Kalamazoo, Michigan on a set of snow-shoes (or were they tennis rackets?). Hoke set the place on fire Plebe year, and watched his roommate go up in smoke. That put an end to kissing Mr. Whiskers! Hoke always like to gnarl, until "The Bear" made a pretzel out of his shoulder. When the time came to pick a major, he chose Operations Analysis, a simplified version of Systems Engineering (and he did well enough to maintain a 3.3 average). Somehow he survived the "War of the Worlds", despite the water fights, T-shirt rips, and the general insanity of youngster year. Second class year was a time to study and learn (hearts, pinocle, and spades). As a firstie, Hoke earned his third varsity letter and became captain of the tennis team. Famous Quote — "But I can't play cards tonight!"



From the backlands of southwestern New York came Kraussy, the only dark haired Kraut to invade the Brigade in this decade. His initial knowledge in Electrical Engineering was "shocking" and now as graduation day approaches, his "EE" background is still nothing to kill you. The law that Germany is the land of the great beers and beer drinkers has been proven over the past four years, for our sweet Krausser has never lost a chugging contest! Among his greatest memories will be the summer of '73, in which his window shopping exploits in Amsterdam led him to a major NIS investigation. Needless to say, he came out of the ordeal smelling like a Dutch tulip! After graduation, Baron Von Krauss will begin his career as a Navy pilot and hopefully will realize that the cockpit will be that one lonely place where he'll not be able to take a snooze!



Craig Edward Krauss

Hailing from the DEEP SOUTH ('Pole cat' country), Cy with his good natured personality easily made the transition from NAPS to the Boat School on the Severn. Always looking for a challenge, Cy became a hard-working tennis manager and, much to his dislike, was not allowed to join the boys on wonderful Worden every Wednesday. Although Youngster year proved to be uneventful, second class year made up for it when he assumed the roles of Evel Knevil / Perry Mason as a result of his first love. The "Vette". Spending more time developing his wonder body than his mind, Cy was seldom seen burning the midnight oil. After turning down a career in the SEALS, Cy will be searching for adventure and excitement in the Gator Navy.



Cyrus Randy Large

Brad came to the Academy in the footsteps of his father from sunny Glendale, California, after turning down a football scholarship from USC. During his first two years at Annapolis, Brad spent most of his athletic time as a participant on the 150 lb. football team and Brigade Boxing. Known throughout the company for his knowledge of the inner circles in Hollywood, Brad quickly became the connoisseur of the tube. Missing the sandy beaches and year-round sunshine of home, Brad turned to vitamins from Mom, beauty lotions, and a sunlamp to maintain that healthy California glow. On occasional weekends, "Big Spender Brad" could be found at the Playboy Club, contemplating the old adage that "beauty is only skin deep". A very dedicated and conscientious worker and smoker, B.J. should provide the Naval Service with one of its finest officers.

Allie Mysliwy, known far and wide throughout the Brigade for his voracious appetite, which sometimes included food, was born and raised in Highland, Indiana — ten minutes away from "beautiful" downtown Chicago. Allie, with his usual devil-may-care, come-what-may attitude, promptly lost fifty pounds during the first two months as a plebe. However, he did manage to bulk up a little since plebe year (much to the dismay of the Repair Tailor Shop). His high academic standards were in direct proportion to his fine grade point average in his Analytical Management major. Although recruited to play Navy football, Allie joined the ranks of those lonely souls playing fieldball in forty below weather and loving it. Although much of his time was spent in front of the tube, Allie managed to get three stripes. All in all, Allie's four years were all well spent.

USNA / DTSS. USER NUMBER — 767000. World to George, World to George. Come in George. That is George, who has to be tied down to keep from drifting away. Hidden in his world of systems and computers, it is rare that one actually gets George to speak back. George's favorite phrase was ... 6:28, 6:29, 6:30. A one-time wrestler, George found all of the loopholes in how to avoid life in his later years as his favorite sport became procrastination.

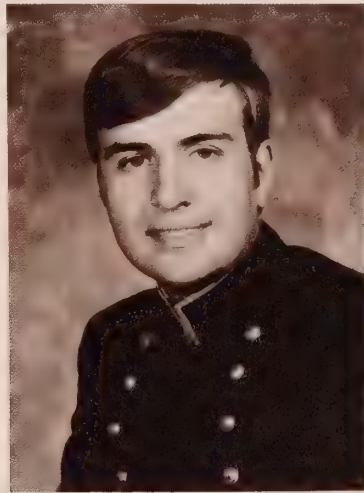
By no means ignorant, George has let many a professor know who was right. His command of the English language, however, is limited to a dramatic interpretation of the "Nanosecond," a favorite among the Systems people. To utilize the vast wealth of knowledge he has managed to avoid at USNA, George has committed himself to the depths of the unknown, hoping to later emerge as a Burke Scholar.



Bradley Jay Little

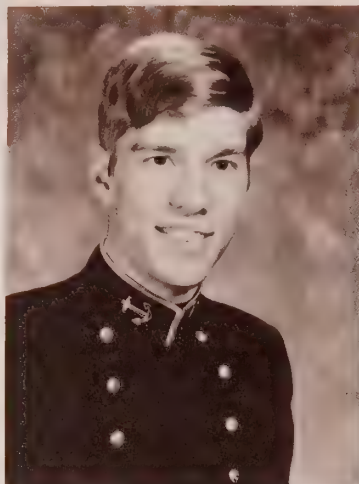


Allie Raymond Mysliwy



George Daniel Puddington





Bradford Arthur Speer

Brad, who is also known as "Spiro", came to USNA from Iowa. Youngster year he started skydiving and later, scuba diving. He became a qualified scuba instructor and was not disheartened when he nearly suffered a casualty in his first class.

Second class year, the hard core nuke spent many a weekend looking at the sky from Nimitz Library, where all good Rickoverites should be. He did, however, find time to teach several scuba courses, and act as President of the Parachute Club.

First class cruise, Brad graced a boomer — two months of unadulterated lack of fun in the sun. With the start of first year, the hard core Navy pilot realized the error of his ways and could no longer be found in Nimitz Library. His is now seen and heard on 6-2 saying things like, "There I was at 30,000 feet . . .," and "As I went to pull the ripcord . . .".



Chico now hails from San Antonio, Texas after an intermediate stop in Fort Worth. As everyone knows Texas is where they raise things big and Greg has proven to be no exception. To go right along with his big 3.49 QPR is that one phone call of \$50.00 to a little cowgirl back home. "I could have sworn the rates went down the longer you talked", Greg pleaded as he caught "ears" full of flack. Oh, well, money is big in Texas too.

Nowadays, though, Greg has acquired a new love, his bright shiny orange Porsche 911, disguised as a Volkswagon, to fool the vandals. If only he had some more signal cards!

On the serious side though Greg and his Physics major plan on making submarines their home in the Navy. While here at the Academy Greg has excelled in both varsity debate and tennis. The Navy will be acquiring a super shipmate and a great friend.



Gregory Martin Vaughn



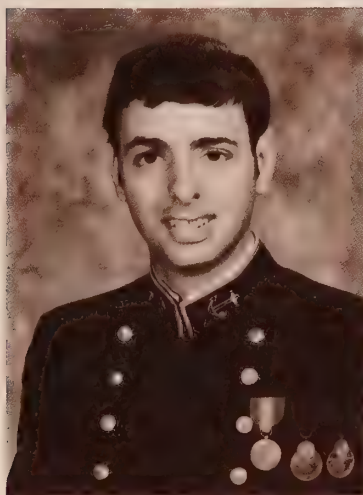
Craig Michael Williams

When "Willie" came to USNA, his biggest problem was learning a new language-English. Craig's Tennessee Twang was a natural for passing chow, but confused both firsties and classmates alike.

Willie's success continued and earned him top dog plebe summer, numerous southern belles, the highest respect from his classmates, and good grades throughout his years here at the Academy.

With the arrival of his automobile, Craig was liberated his third year. The snows came in January and there was a new face on the slopes - Jeane Claude "Willie."

In the summer between that great year and his best year, Craig saw the light and found his destiny in the "world beneath the waves." What better place for a Systems Engineer of Craig's caliber to serve the Navy and shoe his classmates that "pride runs deep."



David Douglas Winters

Diamond Dave Winters is a Southern Illinois farm boy whose dreams were far beyond the sunrise he noticed doing the morning chores. Wearing the Gold Wings of a Navy pilot will be the realization of one those dreams. Behind the wings will be a heart dedicated to profession of a naval officer. He has proven that he can succeed, that he can overcome the challenges of the service.

Four years at the Academy have made the farm boy into a man. He has mastered the sail boat between the assaults from what was hidden inside of his textbooks. There have been other challenges met, but the academics of every semester have taken their toll of summer leave. They have left their scars, but they have left someone stronger than had first chopped through Bancroft's halls.



Francis John Wysocki

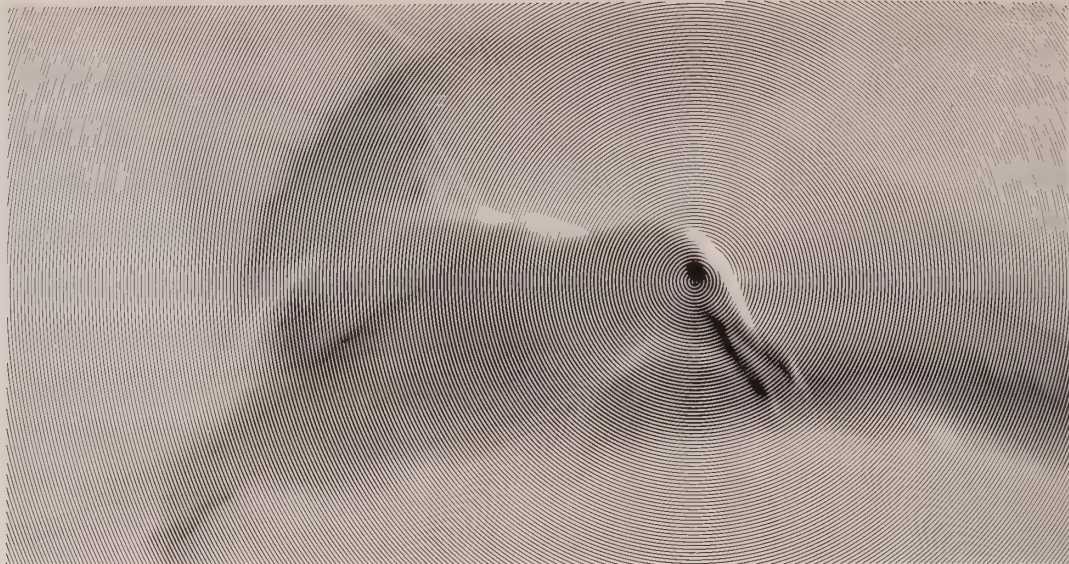
Commuting weekly to the Academy from North Central Pennsylvania, "Socki" is a one-woman man of wide and varied interests, the three main ones being art, poetry, and combat, not necessarily in that order. A natural born soldier, it is no secret that he has scorned the sailor's life, and set his heart on a Marine commission (recon, sir!) where the "real" action is.

With his time devoted increasingly to the marshal arts, his roommates bruises attest to the rising levels of skill which he has attained. As a former member of the Navy wrestling squad, he keeps his skills honed to a fine edge in the weekly company "gnarls" where he is a true star. Surely, for such a Warrior Odin holds a special place in Valhalla. Keep your eye on this man. He is destined to accomplish great things ... if they don't hang him first.



Gary Walter Yagiello

The Yag came from formerly obscure Kearny, N.J., but it is now a tourist attraction for most of his friends who can "do a few 'trainers.'" Possessor of the best "arm" at USNA for the last four, make that five, years, he may set a new record for grenade throwing when he hits the Corps. Yag used to get taped up for Navy football and baseball but says he really gets the "tape job" at the AC boards and conduct hearings. He says that his ambition in life is to on a first-name basis with Elvis and "The Fonz" being that he is already on a first-name basis with "The Deke". Since coming to this company two years ago he has accumulated a wealth of friends due to his easygoing and carefree manner. Gary possesses a keen aptitude towards the military and its leadership as is demonstrated by his knowledge of the profession and his influence on others. He's coming to join you, Chesty!



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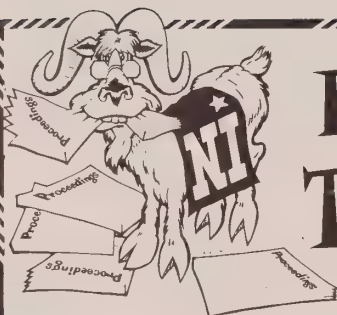
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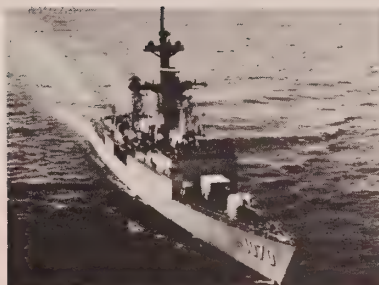
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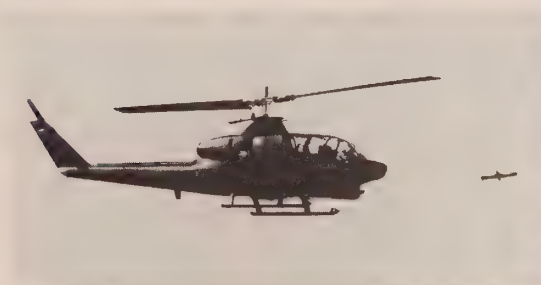
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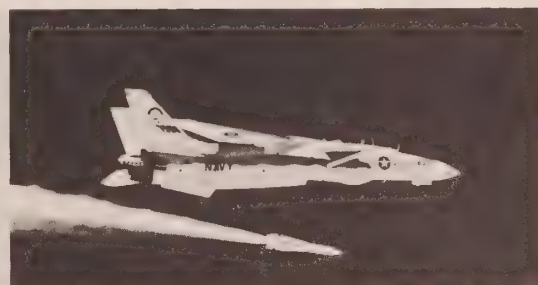
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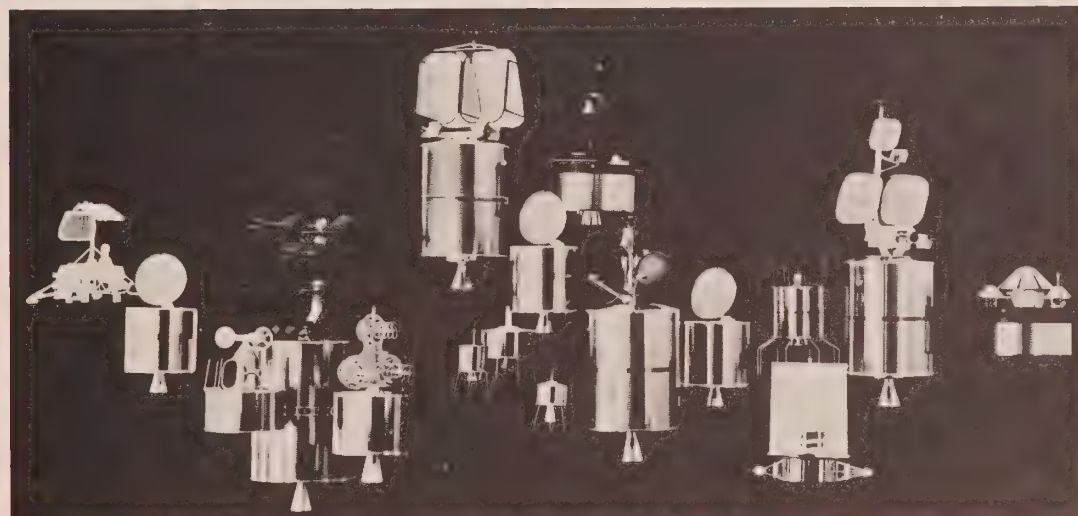
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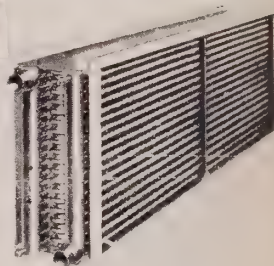
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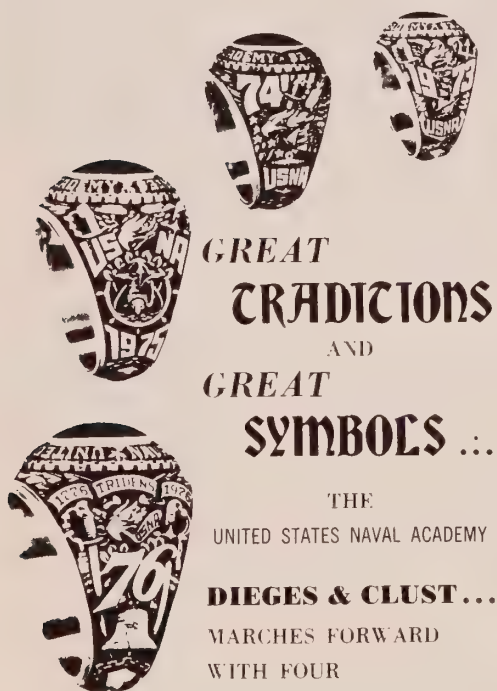
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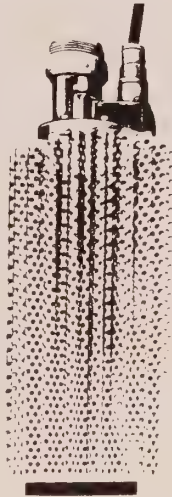
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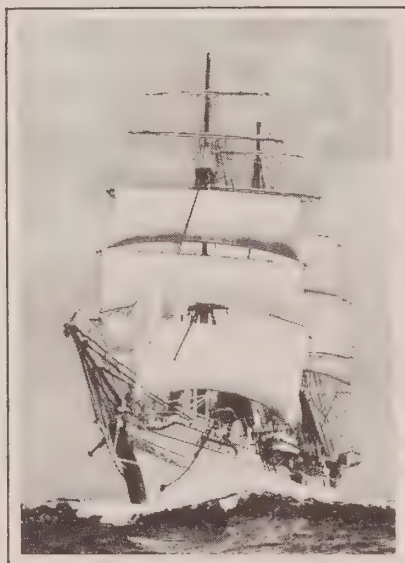
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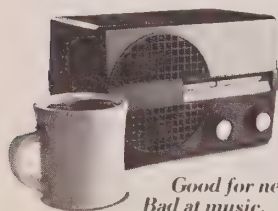
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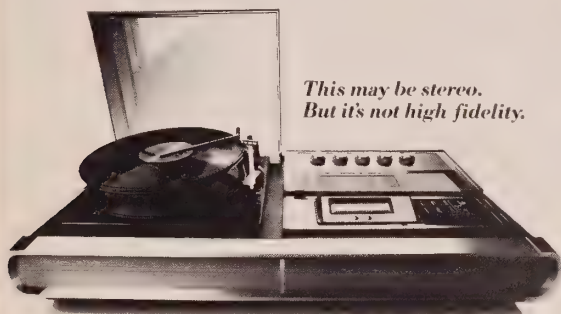


*The \$900 worth of
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high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as that made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary. Today, in 1976, good hi-fi



components (as opposed to bad "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.



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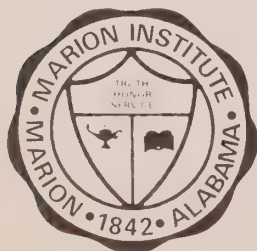
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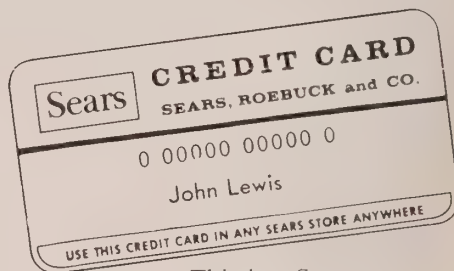
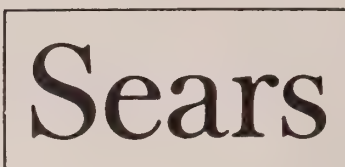
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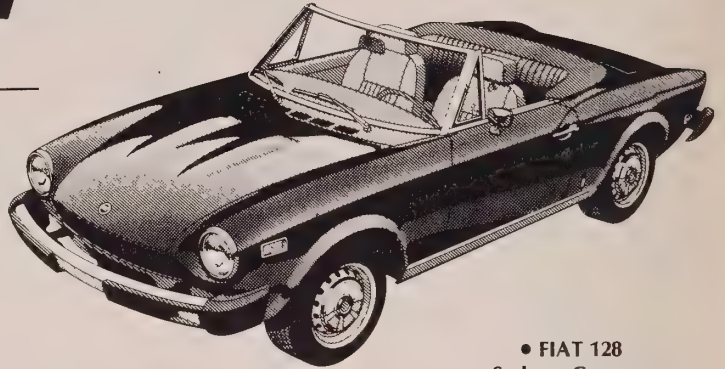
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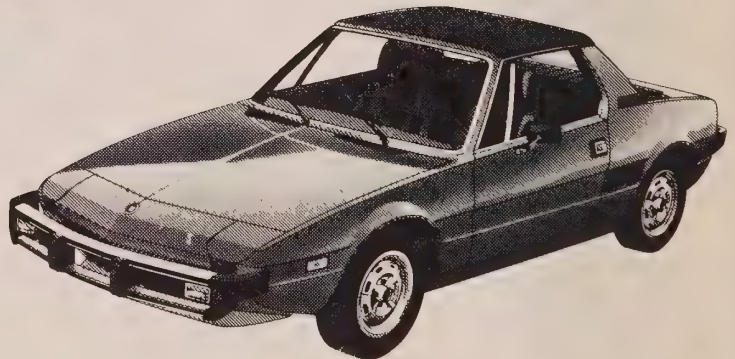
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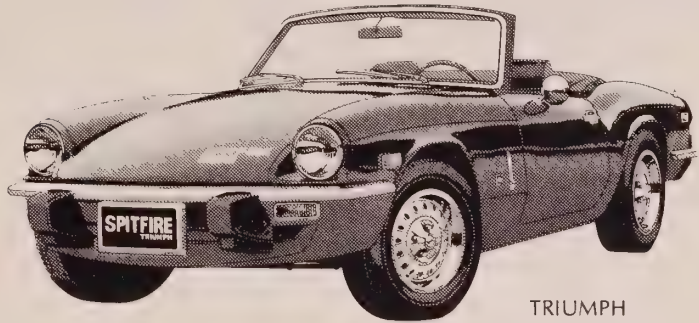
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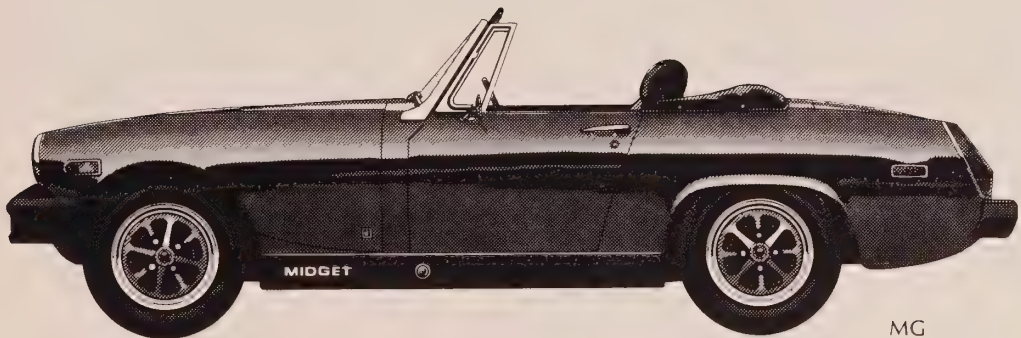
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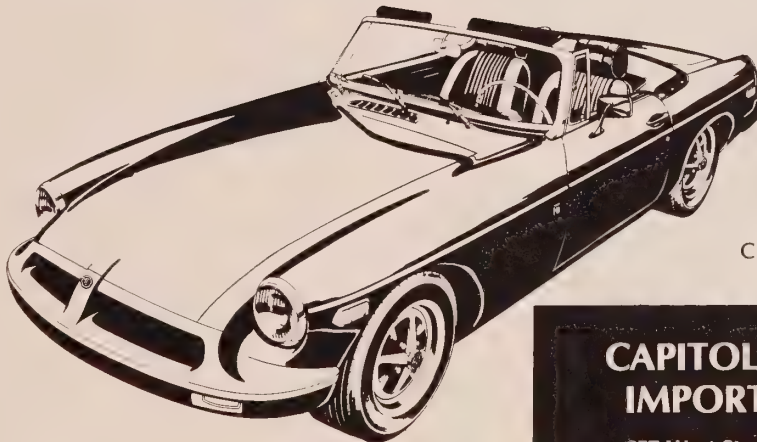


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